

FIRST DRAFT
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THE PAIR A DICE

An Original Screenplay

by

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AN ISLAND/DAY

Alone in the blue vastness of the Pacific Ocean, the tiny island of Alulea is like a perfect jewel set in the glittering sun-drenched sea...beaches of dazzling white sand...tall palms stirring in the gentle Pacific breeze...a single jungle-covered slope dominating the interior...a peaceful lagoon...

As we begin to examine this remote, uninhabited island more closely, moving in on the lagoon, the regal palms, the white sand...

OPENING TITLES BEGIN

An ominous undercurrent in the MUSIC that continues behind the TITLES seems to subtly inform us that there is something insidious about this place, some portent of things to come...

TITLES CONCLUDE

CUT TO:

STREET/PATTERSON. NEW JERSEY/DAY

Rain! An ugly drizzle issues from a gloomy sky and splatters the parked cars and shabby houses in a seedy residential section of Patterson.

We're looking at a tired two-story house, a duplex with asbestos siding and an unkempt yard littered with junk, including a 72 Chevy on blocks, the torso of a rusting Harley Davidson, and a refrigerator with no door. Three cars, two of them Police Cruisers, pull up in front of the house.

Two DETECTIVES in raincoats emerge from the unmarked car, a late model Ford. As they head for the front door, the four UNIFORMED OFFICERS from the Cruisers split in twos and move hastily around each side of the house, all of them unhappy to be in the rain.

CRUNCH! The FIRST DETECTIVE steps on a plastic GI Joe toy on the rotting floor of the veranda. The face of a woman, MARGIE, appears briefly in the window, then disappears, eyes alive with fear. The veranda is as cluttered as the yard...broken chairs, a torn sofa, a battered tricycle, a set of Big Wheels. The FIRST DETECTIVE looks at the broken toy, kicks it aside and knocks on the door.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

As the DETECTIVE outside raps forcefully on the door PICK knocks over a high chair as he heads for the back door trying to pull on

his jeans as he runs. BABY ETHAN, eight months old, is screaming at the top of his lungs and MARGIE, who's looking out the back window now, speaks urgently, fear in her voice...

MARGIE

Pick! They're out back too. They got guns!

Still pulling on his pants, PICK arrives at the kitchen window and sees she's right, he sees the UNIFORMED OFFICERS in slickers moving stealthily around the delapidated garage, weapons drawn...

PICK scowls. He's trapped! His eyes glitter with frustration, he wishes BABY ETHAN would shut the fuck up, quit screaming and screaming and screaming...

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM/MINUTES LATER

KEVIN, PICK'S four-year-old son, watches the DETECTIVES roughly cuffing PICK'S hands behind his back as MARGIE clutches BABY ETHAN to her skinny chest and tries to soothe him.

PICK is twenty-eight, wiry and well-muscled. Besides the greasy blue jeans, he's wearing a soiled t-shirt that allows a view of the tattoos that decorate his muscles...tattoos that feature elaborate renditions of snakes, eagles and skulls as well as cruder jailhouse symbols. His eyes are what's special about him, they glitter with mesmerizing intensity...

The DETECTIVES don't like PICK, they're shoving him toward the door. Twisting angrily and defiantly in their grip, PICK glimpses KEVIN'S frightened face...

PICK

Don't let 'em scare you, Kev, they're pussies, they're just showing off. They're nothing but bullshit!

That earns PICK another rough shove toward the door. As they "escort" him out of the house, PICK calls back to MARGIE...

PICK

Call that lawyer, babe. Tell him to get his fat ass down to the jail right away.

MARGIE just stares glumly after him. She's twenty-five going on forty, you get the feeling this isn't the first time. BABY ETHAN is screaming again as we...

CUT TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM. JAIL/ANOTHER DAY

A plump, youthful ATTORNEY in a suit and a tie is talking earnestly to PICK...

ATTORNEY

The important thing to understand here is that Mister, ah...

(consulting notes)

---Mister Springer...is not on trial, he is not the defen-dant. You are!

The ATTORNEY smiles plumply and triumphantly at PICK like he's made some big important point. PICK, now wearing a three-day stubble on his cheeks and jailhouse coveralls, looks back at him clearly unimpressed.

ATTORNEY

What I'm trying to convey to you, James, is that, while the fact that this guy cut you off and, especially, that he gave you the finger, would no doubt have a mitigating influence on the jury...it would make them sympathetic to you...from a legal standpoint you would still be...up shit creek. The law just doesn't accept that sort of provocation as grounds for ramming him with your truck or beating him with a tire iron...

Totally unintimidated by his turkey attorney's gas, PICK looks him in the eye, his own eyes glittering...

PICK

My kids were with me. He endangered my kids' life cutting me off like that. And my wife.

ATTORNEY

Right, right. But James...the kids were still in the truck when you rammed him, right? So the jury may conclude that you endangered the children even more than he did, and that the welfare of your children was not your primary concern or motivation. You see?

PICK

How much time?

ATTORNEY

They're talking 18 months but I might be able to get them down to maybe 14. With your record that's about the best I can...

PICK

Bullshit!

ATTORNEY

Okay, good buddy, it's your call. But if we go to trial you're going to have to try and impress the jury, you're going to have to try and win them over. And I think the best way is for you to try and understand their point of view. You need to be aware that they're afraid of people with quick tempers, people who show less restraint than they would in a similar situation. For example...

Grimly PICK listens to the pompous mouthpiece rattle on as we...

CUT TO:

COURTROOM/A MONTH LATER

Wearing a full body cast, propped in a reclining wheelchair, SPRINGER, a 250 pound bearded biker, is being questioned by an unctuously sympathetic DISTRICT ATTORNEY...

---and subsequently to that, Mister Springer...can you tell us what happened after he rammed your truck...?

SPRINGER

(whining)

Well, I tried to get outta the truck cause I was afraid it might catch fire, but the driver's door was stuck from being rammed...

PICK is sitting at the Defense Table beside his plump ATTORNEY, his eyes on SPRINGER. Behind him, MARGIE, KEVIN and BABY ETHAN are alone in the otherwise empty spectator section...

SPRINGER

(continuing)

---so I hadda crawl over the seat an' climb out the other door...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

And what was Mister Nick doing at this time?

Seated in the jury box, the JURORS listen attentively, earnestly performing a civic duty...

SPRINGER

(like a 250 lb. baby)

He was out of his car, coming at me with a tire iron. His old lady was screaming at him "Stop, stop..."

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

And did he stop, Mister Springer?

PICK'S eyes glitter as he shifts in his seat. Sensing the movement, his ATTORNEY casts a nervous glance in PICK'S direction and tries a little smile, a "calm down" signal. It doesn't work at all. PICK is like a steel spring, compressed...

SPRINGER

No, sir. He hit me with the tire iron a buncha times...about ten times.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(coaching)

And is that all?

SPRINGER

(responding obediently)

When I was down he kicked me in the ribs. He was calling me names and kicking me and...

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, fat boy...Springer! You gettin' any?

Everybody turns and looks toward PICK, who's leering at SPRINGER from behind the Defense Table...

PICK

(continuing)

Come on, you big pussy, tell everybody what a tough guy you are.

Grinning, PICK is getting to his feet and starting around the Defense Table as THE JUDGE frantically bangs his gavel.

JURORS watch open mouthed as PICK advances on SPRINGER, whose eyes are wild with fear...

PICK

I thought you said you were gonna kick my ass, dickhead. Come on, tell everybody what a heavy shit you are. Call my wife "cunt" again, why doncha?

Helpless in his cast, SPRINGER can only cringe fearfully and look to the DISTRICT ATTORNEY for help as PICK looms over him.

PICK

Hey, I'm not gonna hurt you. You look like a big butterfly in a cocoon. I just wanna know how your sex life is going...

Sitting at the Defense Table, the ATTORNEY rolls his eyes helplessly and buries his face in his hands as solemn-faced jurors watch BAILIFFS surround PICK, who's laughing, not resisting them at all.

MARGIE is staring bleakly straight ahead into the grim future while SPRINGER, safe now, is looking indignant and ridiculous in his cast and we...

CUT TO:

VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY/DAY

We're looking down on the bay from a great height as a confusion of sailboats clutters the glittering blue water with white sails and colorful Genoa jibs. A lone freighter lumbers solemnly through the confetti of sailboats heading for the Golden Gate Bridge and the sea and the endless horizon beyond,

The only sound we hear is the hump-hump-hump of a xerox machine on automatic and then JONESY'S VOICE offscreen...

JONESY'S VOICE (O.S.)

What's this for?

Pulling back, we realize that we're on the 20th floor of an office building looking down at San Francisco Bay through a large plate glass window near the xerox machine.

Two women are attending the busy machine. LILA is an attractive secretary...but JONESY is stunning. She's heading for thirty-five, tastefully dressed in an attractively understated way with a good figure and a rich mane of blonde wavy hair. She's staring at one of the copies the machine is churning out. The piece of paper in JONESY'S hand says...

PLEASE SHOW CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS AND
PARK WITHIN THE WHITE LINES THAT INDICATE
THE FRONT AND BACK OF THE PARKING SPACE.
THANK YOU

LILA

(shrugging)

What can I say? The man's weird, there's no question about it. He does weird things.

JONESY

But what does he do with them?

LILA

Puts them under your windshield wiper if you park too close to him.

JONESY

Are you kidding? Isn't that kind of... dangerous?

The machine has finished copying and LILA is collecting the copies from the delivery tray...

LILA

You'd rough him up?

JONESY

Someone might. Or shoot him.

LILA grins and hands the stack of copies to JONESY...

LILA

Here, you deliver them. Form your own opinion. Fourth door on the right.

JONESY

He sounds like a pain in the ass.

As JONESY turns and starts along the carpeted corridor in the sedate upscale office setting, LILA calls after her...

LILA

He's a single unmarried pain in the ass.

JONESY glances back and grins as we...

CUT TO:

ALONG THE CORRIDOR/A MOMENT LATER

JONESY approaches a heavy mahogany door partially ajar. Instinctively, before knocking, she touches her hair...not really primping, just making sure she looks her best for the "single gentleman" within. Then she taps on the door.

WINGATE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes. Come in.

INTERIOR OFFICE/DAY

Entering, JONESY sees him immediately. His back is to her. He's standing at the huge window looking out, a well-built man in twill slacks perfectly cut and a light blue chambray shirt with the

sleeves rolled up to the elbow about as neatly as sleeves can be rolled up to the elbow. He doesn't turn.

JONESY hesitates, waiting for him to speak, standing on an oriental carpet in a richly paneled room in which most of the appointments are nautical...barometers, sextants, a ship's compass, a brass light, oil paintings of clipper ships...all antique, no reproductions. Finally she breaks the silence.

JONESY

Uh, excuse me, Mister Wingate, I have these...messages you wanted copied. A hundred of them...

WINGATE

(without turning)

Thank you. Put them on the desk, would you?

The top of the massive desk is almost bare except for a nautical brass paperweight on a single sheet of paper and a framed photograph featuring a 45-foot yacht, sails full, running before the wind with WINGATE at the wheel, his hair blowing wildly. The name of the yacht is visible on the bow...Dead Reckoning.

JONESY

Uh, I should introduce myself. I'm Ellen Jones. I'm going to sub for Lila while she's in the Carribean. I...

She breaks off mid-sentence as he turns and looks at her with eyes so intense she's flustered. Dark-haired, he's trim and handsome, with a meticulous moustache and a rep tie loosened to a very precise degree of casualness.

WINGATE

Hello, Ellen. Taylor Wingate.

JONESY

Uh...actually, I was going to say, people call me "Jones," or "Jonesy." Nobody calls me "Ellen."

WINGATE is carefully straightening the neat pile of copies she's put on the desk.

WINGATE

Right. Got it. Jones.

(then...)

Did you ever think when you were young...when you fantasized all sorts of fantastic futures for yourself...did you ever think that you'd grow up and argue with people over parking places?

JONESY

Uh...I beg your pardon?

WINGATE

(indicating the window)

I was just watching two tiny little people twenty floors below having a fist fight over a parking place.

JONESY

Oh...I see. (changing the subject)

Uh...is that your boat?

She's pointing at the picture of the Dead Reckoning on the desk top.

WINGATE

Yes. The Dead Reckoning. Do you like to sail?

JONESY

Uh, yes. I mean, no, I never have. I mean I wanted to but...

CUT TO:

SAN FRANCISCO BAY/ANOTHER DAY

The bow of the Dead Reckoning cuts through the glittering, frothy chop of San Francisco Bay.

Standing close to WINGATE at the helm, her blonde hair whipped by wind, JONESY, wearing a windbreaker and jeans, looks up in awe. High above the tall mast of the ketch, the Golden Gate Bridge looms hundreds of feet above them, a massive reddish construction against a bright blue sky dotted with puffy white clouds. It's an incredible vision on an incredible day. JONESY has to shout to be heard over the wind...

JONESY

IT'S FANTASTIC!

WINGATE is pleased, smiles at her. He's wearing a yellow slicker jacket, blue jeans and sneakers, superficially a different man than the straightlaced executive...

WINGATE

YOU'RE NOT SICK AT ALL?

JONESY

(eyes sparkling with happiness)

I LOVE IT!

Delighted, WINGATE looks ahead. They're passing under the bridge from the choppy bay into the vast Pacific Ocean where massive rollers shift lazily like moving hills.

WINGATE
THIS'LL BE THE REAL TEST. THE OCEAN!

Behind him, JONESY gulps fearfully, a little sicker than her big smile let on.

CUT TO:

OCEAN/LATE AFTERNOON

The sky to the West is just beginning to blush in preparation for the coming sunset. JONESY, her reddening face coated with sunscreen, is at the wheel now, looking very happy. WINGATE, very pleased as well, is close beside her.

JONESY
How do you know he'll pass on the lef...I mean, on the starboard?

She's indicating a fishing trawler half a mile ahead moving toward them.

WINGATE
Because out here rules are still observed. Out here a stop sign still means "stop," and a yellow light means "slow down," not "speed up." The sea is civilization's last stand.

Ahead of them, the trawler behaves predictably, the CAPTAIN waving from the wheelhouse.

JONESY waves back, then her eyes take in the magnificence of the ocean spreading around them.

JONESY
And yet it's...it's so wild! And primitive!

WINGATE loves her responses, she's delighting him.

WINGATE
It's the way the world should be.

They both spend a silent moment contemplating the magnificence around them. Then WINGATE gives her an admiring look as she steers the boat on the open sea...

WINGATE
Most people are sick their first time out. It usually takes some getting used to.

JONESY

I was...just a little...but I got over it. How long can you be sick in heaven?

As she steers, WINGATE secretly considers her genuine happiness, her blowing hair and smiling eyes with an affection normally foreign to his reticent nature.

CUT TO:

HEAVY TRAFFIC/NIGHT

A horn blares. An unbroken stream of headlights and tail lights whizzes along the 101 approach to the Golden Gate Bridge, almost bumper to bumper at forty-five miles an hour. A Chevy lurches into the left lane, cutting off a black Jag without signalling. The Chevy is throbbing furiously with the loud bass from a 150 watt amp in the trunk. Suddenly AN AMPLIFIED VOICE booms even louder than the Chevy, like a voice from God...

AMPLIFIED VOICE

PLEASE DON'T CHANGE LANES WITHOUT FIRST
SIGNALLING!

INSIDE THE CHEVY

A startled expression on his face, the LATINO DRIVER of the Chevy is peering into the rear-view window, trying to locate the source of the mysterious unseen voice. The other LATINO in the front passenger seat and the three in the back seat are all peering out of rear window into the glare of headlights behind them as the "voice of God" continues to boom louder even than their tape deck...

AMPLIFIED VOICE (O.S.)

IF YOUR BLINKERS AREN'T WORKING USE A
HAND SIGNAL. IT'S A SIMPLE COURTESY THAT
YOU WOULD EXPECT OTHERS TO EXTEND TO YOU.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE JAGUAR

Sitting in the passenger seat of the Jag, still in her sailing clothes, JONESY looks as stunned as the Latinos as WINGATE, who's driving, coolly hands her the battery-operated bullhorn now that he's finished with it.

JONESY

Isn't that...isn't that kind
of...aggressive?

As she says it, she can see the LATINOS in the rear seat of the Chevy squinting back at them with amazed looks as the Chevy signals and pulls aside into the right lane to let them pass.

WINGATE

The rules of the road are entirely democratic, they benefit rich and poor alike. People just need to be reminded to be considerate.

CUT TO:

PRISON CELL/NIGHT

A tattoo! It says "DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR" above a skull and crossbones. Underneath the skull and crossbones it says "SPECIAL FORCES, VIETNAM." In the background television sets and raucous VOICES reverberate in the echoey cellblock. Someone is calling someone a motherfucker, saying he's gonna kill his ass. But that's in the background. The offscreen voice we hear next is very close, even a little familiar.

OFFSCREEN VOICE

"Death before dishonor," huh?

The prisoner with the tattoo looks up abruptly from the magazine he's reading. His name is OWENS. He looks like a hard case, a guy who's seen a lot of life, most of it rough. Fixing his mean eyes on the offscreen presence, his cellmate, he glares hard for a long moment, then goes back to reading his magazine. Apparently his cellmate isn't intimidated by the tough look because he speaks again...needling...

OFFSCREEN VOICE

This don't count as dishonor, Owens?
Being in here?

(Owens tries to ignore
him)

How come you don't kill yourself or
something, huh?

Unable to concentrate on his magazine, OWENS looks up again, glaring at his offscreen cellmate...

OWENS

It ain't my fault she don't answer your
letters. I got nothing to do with your
problems.

Now we see the cellmate at last, sprawled on the bottom bunk, his eyes glittering dangerously like he's bored and wants some action. It's PICK in a prison monkeysuit, a year older.

PICK

(dangerous)

We're not talking about my old lady,
Owens. We're talking about your
chickenshit tattoos. What's that mean,
"Special Forces?" "Special" mean queer
or what?

OWENS takes a deep breath and turns back to his magazine, hoping to avoid the confrontation. But PICK is enjoying himself, leering happily as he continues his taunting...

PICK

Owens! Seriously! I wasn't in the service, I really don't know. I mean, is it like how many Viet Congs you killed, that's what's "special?" Like, you kill two hundred and you're special?

OWENS glares at PICK again. He's having trouble concentrating on his magazine...

PICK

Hey, what'd I do, insult you? Three hundred? More?

At the end of his tether, OWENS looks up and meets PICK'S eyes.

OWENS

Hey, Pick, lighten up. I know you're a real bad dude, I know you been through three cellies, I got your rep down good. I don't wanna try you out or nothin', I accept what a badass you are, okay? I just wanna do my time and go.

(getting to his feet)

But I ain't no punk. If I go down, I go down hard. I hurt you, I ain't no freebie.

PICK looks up at the heavyset monster looming over his bunk. Most people would be scared but PICK just grins up at OWENS saucily.

PICK

Right, I got it. "Death Before Dishonor."

OWENS tries to glare the grin off PICK'S face but PICK just smiles him right in the eye until OWENS shakes his head disgustedly and wanders over to the cell door and looks out into the cacaphony of radios, TVs and raucous voices.

PICK

Hey, Owens, don't be sore, I'm just fucking around, I'm having my period. Tell me more stuff about growing dope.

OWENS stares bleakly out into the grim cellblock, wondering how he got to this awful place and how long he will be tormented by his demon cellmate. He answers without turning...

OWENS

I toldja everything I know about growing dope.

PICK

(a saucy smirk)

Well, tell me the part where you get caught again. That's my favorite part. The part where you fuck up.

OWENS doesn't answer this time. He just looks into the future, his face averted from PICK to hide the single tear sliding down the cheek of his hard face. The convict who was calling someone motherfucker is still screaming, describing the horrible things he's going to do to his antagonist. PICK'S VOICE comes again from offscreen.

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

I guess you're finished with this magazine, huh?

OWENS doesn't answer and PICK, ignoring him, seizes it and lies back on the bunk, leafing restlessly through the slick pages while the sounds of prison reverberate around him.

It's one of those "city" magazines, like New York Magazine or San Francisco, full of upscale ads and pictures of slick looking people. Flipping past ads for smart clothes and exotic liquors, PICK pauses briefly at an article titled IF YOU DON'T TAKE HOME A HUNDRED GRAND, YOU'RE POOR, then he leafs ahead, bored and restless. Suddenly something catches his eye in passing and he leafs back to it.

It's an ad for Paradise Rum featuring a slickly handsome man in the foreground holding a bottle of Paradise while, in the background, a gorgeous blonde in a bikini, her skin glistening wet from the perfect blue ocean, runs toward him across a beach of white sand fringed by elegant palms. In the blue sky above is a single bold word..."ESCAPE...". The thought is completed below with more bold type under the sand..."TO PARADISE."

Ignoring the smirking fool in the foreground, PICK focuses first on the blonde in the bikini...on her golden flowing hair...on her glistening skin...the bulge of her breasts...the thighs leading to the crotch of her string bikini.

Then he considers the ocean and the palms so intensely it's almost possible to hear the waves crashing even as the sounds of prison echo around him and the voice of the ANGRY CONVICT booms offscreen...

ANGRY CONVICT (O.S.)

I TOLD YOU, FOOL, YOU ARE DEAD MEAT!
YOU ARE DEAD ALREADY, MOTHERFUCKER! YOU
OUGHTTA STOP BREATHING NOW CAUSE YOU
WASTING AIR!

CUT TO:

OFFICE CORRIDOR/DAY

The hush of the carpeted office corridor with its sconces and oil paintings is a sharp contrast to the prison as JONESY, her arms full of papers, approaches the mahogany door of WINGATE'S office and enters without knocking.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Standing at the window again, WINGATE glances at JONESY as she goes immediately to his desk with the stack of papers.

WINGATE

Ready for "the dead reckoning?"

JONESY'S eyes sparkle as she meets his, relishing the double meaning...

JONESY

Always.

WINGATE

An overnighter!

JONESY

A real dead reckoning!

JONESY gives him a saucy sexy look. WINGATE is captivated. They're in love, and we...

CUT TO:

MOONLIT OCEAN/NIGHT

Mainsail full and iridescent in the moonlight, the Dead Reckoning cuts through the moonlit waves. Lights glow cozily from the cabin portholes below as WINGATE steers from the cockpit and considers the billions of stars glistening overhead.

JONESY emerges from the warm glow of the cabin below in a silk robe, a glass of wine in hand.

JONESY

Why don't you set the steering vane, Wing?

WINGATE'S eyes sparkle at the invitation in her voice and in her eyes.

WINGATE

Brilliant idea! Pour me a glass, I'll be down in a moment.

The wake of the yacht churns with silvery moonlight as the boat gracefully slips through the water and we...

CUT TO:

SCREAMING WINDSTORM. OCEAN/NEXT AFTERNOON

Great heaving seas, grey with white foam, toss the Dead Reckoning wildly while wind screams in the sails like raging furies...

Wearing bright yellow slicks, JONESY is balancing perilously on the foredeck struggling with the tangled jib halyard while waves break over the bow up to her shins. She works valiantly, if clumsily, while the wind tears at her and flaps the sail.

Forty feet back, in the heaving cockpit, WINGATE holds the tiller as he watches her work. His eyes are carefully and coldly assessing her performance as we...

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

JONESY is making her way back to the cockpit, buffeted by the wind, clutching the lines for support. She has to shout to be heard over the gale...

JONESY
YOU ALMOST LOST ME THERE.

There's something strange about WINGATE'S manner...something's up... he doesn't respond to her cheerful tone. His jaw set, he's almost aloof as he speaks over the raging wind...

WINGATE
TAKE THE WHEEL, WILL YOU PLEASE?

JONESY
(missing his tone)
AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN.

JONESY grabs the wheel and faces the stinging spray that burns her face.

WINGATE moves away, against the wind.

JONESY
YOU KNOW I LIKE THIS! I LIKE THIS STORM!

WINGATE pauses and looks back at her.

WINGATE
THAT'S GOOD! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HER IN.

JONESY
(stunned)
WHAT?

Horrificed, she sees him disappearing below deck.

JONESY
WAIT! WING! I CAN'T...

Too late! She's alone with the fury of the sea, wind screaming, spray blinding her, and giant waves building to thirty feet off the bow under the black and lowering sky..

JONESY
WING! WING?
(no answer)
WING, PLEASE! I CAN'T!

No use! Alone! Terrified, as we...

CUT TO:

CLIFFS/LATER

Fierce seas smash against the cliffs along the coast and the wind howls. It's very late in the afternoon, darkening.

Nearly lost in the troughs of great waves, the Dead Reckoning is barely visible, struggling along the perilous coast in obvious danger.

IN THE COCKPIT

Drenched and exhausted, JONESY is still at the helm as a wave breaks over the cockpit, leaving water up to her ankles. Her voice is hoarse as she shouts for the thousandth time...

JONESY
TAYLOR! GOD DAMN YOU! TAYLOR!
PLEASE.

IN THE CABIN

TAYLOR can't hear her over the roar of the storm and the squawk of the weather broadcast coming from the radio. He's sitting at the table in the lurching cabin, drinking a cup of coffee. His hand trembles as he raises the cup to drink. It's obvious that it's with great effort that he sits here as we...

CUT TO:

THE COCKPIT/NIGHT

The boom swings, the mainsail billows as JONESY tries to trim sail and still handle the wheel. Suddenly ahead of her she sees a light.

JONESY
THE BUOY! WING! ROCKS! I'M GOING
AGROUND! I'M GOING TO WRECK HER.

She's fighting the wheel in savage seas, her face streaked with tears as we...

CUT TO:

THE MARINA/MUCH LATER

A mild breeze flutters the limp mainsail of the Dead Reckoning as JONESY, weary and dazed, steers her into the cozy marina, powered by the gently chugging engine.

WINGATE emerges from the cabin and their eyes meet.

WINGATE

Good job.

JONESY

(coldly)

Why?

WINGATE

I knew you could do it...even if you didn't. I'll lower the sails.

JONESY

I thought maybe you were dead down there. But I couldn't go down and check.

He's close to her, four feet away and she's glaring at him, her cheeks streaked with tears, her eyes blazing with anger.

WINGATE

That's the point. What if I was? What if I had a heart attack?

I had to do it, Jonesy. We were talking about sailing around the world. You have to be able to save yourself...or me.

JONESY

(trembling lip)

Muy macho.

WINGATE

Self-sufficient. Independent.

JONESY

Right.

WINGATE looks at her tough and self-sufficient...but afraid she's not going to forgive him. Then she collapses in his arms and they embrace. A tear crawls down his cheek but she doesn't see it as we...

CUT TO:

RAHWAY STATE PRISON/EARLY MORNING

The prison is grim against the morning sky. A bus is just pulling away from the bus stop close by the gates...

INSIDE THE BUS

PICK, dressed in cheap slacks and jacket, his shirt tieless but buttoned at the neck, is just taking a seat. His face is pale but his eyes glitter deep in their sockets as the bus picks up speed and he glances just once at the gloomy prison walls. Then we...

CUT TO:

MARGIE'S FACE. DOORWAY. THE PATTERSON PLACE/DAY

MARGIE, very upset, is speaking emotionally in a loud voice. Her hair is different now, styled, and she doesn't look as beaten down...

MARGIE

I mean it, Pick, the judge gave me a number, he said "just call." You're on parole now, all I have to do is call. You come one step closer and I call.

PICK is facing her from the front yard at the foot of the veranda, holding his palms out like "look, no weapons."

PICK

Why? All I'm askin' ya is why?

MARGIE

Because I've changed, I've started over again. I don't want to go back to the old way.

KEVIN peers out a window, looking puzzled and scared as PICK advances a step...

PICK

Hey, maybe I'm changed too, huh? You ever thinka that? Maybe I'm changed! I been down eighteen months, maybe I'm a little different myself. I got plans, I'm a more mature person.

MARGIE

Pick, I seen a therapist, I'm not goin' through all that stuff any more...

PICK suddenly catches sight of KEVIN just as KEVIN is lifted away from the window by a big male figure, a guy with a black beard and a bulky body seen briefly.

PICK
 (stepping forward, aggressive)
 Hey! Who's that? Who's that there?
 (and now he remembers the car...)
 Who's car is that?

PICK indicates a battered Ford Fairlane in the driveway.

MARGIE
 Pick, it's over, okay?

PICK
 Who's that guy with my kid?

VOICE FROM INSIDE
 Is he botherin' you, Margie?

MARGIE whirls now as the black-bearded TONY appears behind her trying to look tough. MARGIE shoves at his chest, backing him up...

MARGIE
 Get back. I told you to stay out of this.

PICK is advancing up the steps looking dangerous.

PICK
 Hey, you...

MARGIE whirls on PICK now, blocking the doorway...

MARGIE
 I'll call the cops, Pick, I mean it, I'm warning you, you're very vulnerable, Pick...

TONY
 I'll kick his ass...

MARGIE
 (pushing him)
 Tony, get back in there.

TONY is hulking behind MARGIE pretending he wants to fight, but big as he is, he's clearly glad that MARGIE'S not going to let it happen...

PICK
 "Tony," huh? Hey, Tony, you lightweight fuck, come on out here. Come on out here, Tony, I need a blowjob. Right away, Tony! Now! Come on!

MARGIE
 That's it, Pick, I'm calling now...

BANG! MARGIE slams the door on PICK, who's only two feet away, as we...

CUT TO:

THE FAIRLANE. DRIVEWAY/MOMENTS LATER

SMASH! BAM! PICK shatters the windscreen and dents the hood of the Fairlane with the rusty fork of a motorcycle from the decaying collection of Harley parts in the driveway.

TONY appears in the window with a rifle. MARGIE is pulling at him from behind.

PICK eyes the gun coolly and smashes the car a couple more times before giving TONY the finger, then turning his back on him contemptuously, unafraid of the weapon.

TONY glares from the window, his bravado punctured as PICK walks away and we...

CUT TO:

TICKET COUNTER/NEWARK AIRPORT/NIGHT

As the PA SYSTEM booms out announcements about flights "now boarding at gate number such and such," the TICKET CLERK goes over the ticket she's handing PICK...

TICKET CLERK

...stops in San Francisco for an hour,
but you won't need to leave the aircraft,
and arrives in Honolulu at four fifteen
p.m....

PICK

Honolulu time...

TICKET CLERK

Right. How about luggage?

PICK shoves a cheap suitcase under the counter, takes his ticket and moves off toward the gate lugging his carry-on luggage, a heavy shopping bag. Six passengers back in the line, a young woman of twenty-two in blue jeans and a t-shirt, MELODY, is being confronted by a blowzy woman in her forties with a drinker's face, EILEEN, her mother...

EILEEN

Gimme the six hundred, you little bitch!

Horribly embarrassed at the scene her mother is causing, the mousy MELODY is torn between cringing and rage...

MELODY

I toldja I don't have it. I spent it on the ticket and stuff.

EILEEN

Dope! You spent it on dope!

MELODY glances to see if her mother's being heard and is humiliated to see other waiting PASSENGERS look away quickly. But EILEEN is oblivious in her indignation, beyond embarrassment...

EILEEN

What're you in line for if you already got a ticket?

MELODY

(cringing)

To check my suitcase. You have to check your suitcase.

EILEEN

It was a loan, you gotta pay it back! Your father's gonna be pissed off! Six hundred dollars! No! Eight hundred! You owe eight hundred because of that two hundred...

MELODY

(suddenly defiant)

I don't owe the two hundred! That was for my birthday...

EILEEN

What're you gonna do in Hawaii, where you gonna get money, what're you gonna live on? I'm not gonna give you no more money, you'll just spend it on dope. You oughtta see a psychiatrist, that's what you oughtta do...

MELODY

I saw one, it was part of that program.

EILEEN

A psychiatrist! You saw a psychiatrist? And the psychiatrist told you to go to Hawaii? I'm supposed to believe that?

TICKET CLERK

Excuse me...

MELODY has arrived at the head of the line and the TICKET CLERK is ready to deal with her, but MELODY has at last got so sucked into the scene with her mother she's oblivious...

MELODY

He said I should get as far away from you and my father as I can. You don't give me any self-esteem.

EILEEN

Self-esteem! You need self-esteem? You already got too much, you think you're a fucking princess, you think you should do whatever you fucking want to do, fuck everybody else...

TICKET CLERK

Uh, excuse me please, uh...

Realizing it's her turn, MELODY steps forward to the counter with her suitcase and ticket, turning her back on her indignant mother, who's further enraged...

EILEEN

You know what? Your psychiatrist is crazy! That's right! Your goddamned psychiatrist is crazy!

(turning and addressing
the passengers in line)

Her psychiatrist is crazy! Her psychiatrist tells the little bitch she's got no self-esteem, go to Hawaii. How about that, ha ha? Her psychiatrist needs a psychiatrist!

PASSENGERS waiting in line look uncomfortable and avert their eyes as we...

CUT TO:

747 TAKING OFF, AIRPORT/LATER

The big widebody plane lifts into the sky, engines roaring, as we...

CUT TO:

747 CABIN IN FLIGHT/LATER

PICK is making his way along the aisle toward the lavatory. Reaching the cluster of lavatories he finds them all occupied.

PICK settles back against the bulkhead to wait for a toilet to be vacated. The engines drone.

Abruptly a lavatory door opens and MELODY emerges. She looks away from PICK, avoiding his eyes, looking down as she passes him.

PICK steps into the lavatory.

INSIDE THE LAVATORY

PICK closes the door behind him and frowns, obviously he senses something. Then he unbuttons his fly and piss sizzles in the pot as we...

CUT TO:

MELODY/WINDOW SEAT/MOMENTS LATER

MELODY is sitting at a window seat reading when PICK, making his way back down the aisle, suddenly looms over the empty aisle seat beside her. MELODY looks up as he sits down next to her and gives her his winning smile.

PICK

Hi, there, I'm James Nick, but everybody just calls me "Pick." I'm with the airlines, kinda policing the lavatories, you know, trying to keep a lid on the dope smoking problem, so to speak.

MELODY'S eyes widen with terror and PICK bursts into laughter, putting a reassuring hand on her forearm...

Hey, no, ha ha, I'm just kidding, I'm not a nark, relax. I didn't think ya'd go for it! Hey, I just smelled the dope in the bathroom, you know, and I thought maybe you could spare a joint.

With fearful glances to see if other PASSENGERS are looking, MELODY nervously produces a joint from her purse and hands it to PICK.

PICK

Listen, if it's your last one...

MELODY looks at him this time, connecting with his eyes...

MELODY

No; It's okay. Really.

CUT TO:

FOREWARD AISLE/LATER

Two STEWARDESSES are moving down the aisle with the food cart, distributing dinners. They're just getting started so they're still a long way from the rear of the cabin where PICK and MELODY are seated.

AFT SEATS

PICK is sitting next to MELODY now and they're deep in conversation, MELODY much more at ease, "drawn out" by PICK...

MELODY

...so they train you for, like, a week, then you're trained and you have to sit there all day punching these keys, it's very mindless, really boring.

PICK

Yeah, but it's working a computer though. It's the future...

MELODY

Yeah, it sounds good, but if that's the future...

PICK

I mean it's an important skill. I'm gonna want somebody to operate a computer for me.

MELODY

On a farm? What for?

PICK

To organize everything, to know what I got planted, when to water, how much, when to fertilize, also what crops go in when...alla that stuff, and sales too...I want it all computerized...

MELODY

"Crops?" You're not just gonna grow dope?

PICK

No way. Big mistake. Dope's the cash crop, but you gotta have legitimate crops for a cover...plus I wanna live off the land anyway, grow all my own food, you know, for my own consumption, and maybe some livestock too...

STEWARDESS

Excuse me. Miss, did you order the chicken or the beef?

MELODY

Actually, uh, I asked for the vegetable plate, the vegetarian...

STEWARDESS

Oh, I'm really sorry, honey, we ran out of the vegetarian...

MELODY

Oh. Okay. Well, nothing then I guess, I don't eat meat.

STEWARDESS

Gosh, I'm real sorry.

(to Pick)

How about you, sir?

PICK

(a smile, glittering eyes)

I'm an attorney.

STEWARDESS

I beg your pardon.

PICK

(friendly)

She's a vegetarian, I'm an attorney. I guess I don't look like an attorney but I am. Now I don't want you to take this personally, I know you didn't eat all the veggie plates, ha ha, you're just doing your job, but as a formality I have to go on the record as protesting. You understand, it's just so when I bring an action against the fucking airline, everything's been done right, see? Because if this young lady who's a vegetarian suffers because of the airline's negligence, I am going to have to sue the holy living fuck out of this airline...

MELODY is wide-eyed and slack-jawed as PICK, smiling with crazy eyes, looks up at the stunned STEWARDESS like some weirdo distorted demon attorney from hell and we...

CUT TO:

THE VEGETARIAN PLATE/LATER

It's immediately apparent that the meal MELODY is finishing off is the Vegetarian Plate. As she eats, PICK is enthusiastically showing her sheafs of handwritten notes he pulls from his bulging shopping bag...

PICK

---and then you rotate, see? You put in a different crop so the soil can rest.

MELODY

Far out! You learned all this stuff in prison! Like when you were first talking I thought you were born on a farm or something...

PICK

I can do anything I set my mind to, I believe that...

MELODY

That's important...believing. I was teaching this course...self-actualization...actualizing your dreams. Who's that, your girlfriend?

She's indicating a page torn from a magazine that has slipped from the notes PICK is stuffing back into his shopping bag. PICK picks it up and he hands it to her. It's the Paradise Rum ad showing the island and the bikinied girl...

PICK

Naw, not my girl, my island!

MELODY stares at the palm-fringed beach and the ocean.

MELODY

Oh, yeah?

PICK

That's the kinda place I wanna have when I'm successful. My own beach...palm trees...you know.

MELODY

She's pretty good-looking.

PICK

Not her, the place. Hey, you're probably better looking than that in a bikini. You know, if you had a tan and stuff...I'll bet you have a great body...

MELODY is totally won over by this guy, they're soulmates already...

MELODY

Actually I do have a pretty good body...

PA SYSTEM

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. We're going to be beginning our descent into Honolulu in just a minute...

CUT TO:

HONOLULU HARBOR/DAY

Diamond Head looms against a clear sky, the deep blue water sparkles with sunlight, white sails billow in the cheery breeze.

The Dead Reckoning is just gliding into the yacht basin with JONESY at the helm. WINGATE is busy lowering the sails. JONESY looks around enthralled, seeing Honolulu Harbor for the first time...the sandy beach, the rows of hotels.

JONESY

Maybe it's a little overdeveloped but you can't call it a "cesspool," Wing. It's lovely!

WINGATE

(lowering sails)

Yes, I can. Trust me.

OFFSCREEN VOICES

(shouting)

AHOY! HALLO DEAD RECKONING! AHOY TAYLOR
WINGATE! HULLO! WELCOME, TAYLOR.

JONESY looks for the source of the shouts. The Dead Reckoning is just sliding into a channel where rows of yachts lie berthed. Fifty yards away, on the deck of one of them, a sleek yawl named Morning Wind, she sees two figures, a man and a woman, waving enthusiastically.

WINGATE is waving back and shouting...

WINGATE

AHOY, MORNING WIND!

JONESY

Who are they?

WINGATE

(delighted)

Crawfords. Old friends. Nice people.

DECK. MORNING WIND

CRAWFORD and his wife SHAY are in their fifties, yacht people, plenty of Old Money. He's plump and good-natured, she plays tennis, takes good care of herself, is known for her sharp, caustic wit and her deep throaty voice...

SHAY

Quit looking at her ass, Craw.

CRAWFORD grins, caught in the act of inspecting JONESY from afar.

CRAWFORD
She's a looker alright.

They're watching JONESY steer the Dead Reckoning skillfully into a berth while WINGATE attends to the lines.

SHAY
She's more than a looker, I bet. Taylor wouldn't marry just for tits and ass, unlike yourself.

CRAWFORD chuckles and leers happily at his wife of thirty years...

CUT TO:

INTERIOR RESTAURANT/NIGHT

The hum of polite conversation, the click of utensils on good china. This is not a tourist joint. WINGATE, JONESY, CRAWFORD, and SHAY are seated at a table having coffees, desserts, and the last of the wine.

CRAWFORD
That means you won't get to Alulea till when? The fourth?

WINGATE
I'd leave tomorrow...
(indicating Jonesy)
but she wants to "see" Honolulu...and shop.

SHAY
Let's go powder our noses. They're getting abusive.

JONESY and SHAY seem to have hit it off. They start to get up.

CRAWFORD
We might actually be there when you get there. Right, dear?

SHAY
Around the fourth? Taking on water. Maybe.

SHAY and JONESY leave, winding among the tables toward the Ladies Room...

CRAWFORD
She's a beauty, Wing.

WINGATE

More than a beauty! An angel. She's wonderful. I'm in love, Craw. I think I'm getting soft.

CUT TO:

POWDER ROOM/A LITTLE LATER

While an ATTENDANT hovers, providing fresh towels and straightening up, SHAY and JONESY sit in front of the mirrors and freshen their make-up, already comradely...

JONESY

This place he wants to stop at...?

SHAY

Alulea?

JONESY

What's it like? Is it really so wonderful, a desert island?

SHAY

"Desert's" a little strong, I think. Try "uninhabited." It's actually very nice, very lovely. People like ourselves, blue water people, stop off to take on fresh water, so occasionally it's rather social. Otherwise it's...boring, a male fantasy, alone on a Pacific Isle, don't shave, fuck the little woman, etcetera, etcetera. Do you like mysteries?

JONESY

Mysteries?

SHAY

Books! For God's sake take books. I'm sure Taylor has provided for everything, including a visit from the Pope or a Chief of State. Unless of course he's changed?

JONESY

(a grin)

Twelve tins of Beluga caviar, four cases of 82 Chambertin, nine prime rib roasts in the freezer, rack of lamb...

SHAY

And the cigars...Monte Cristos...

JONESY
Number Twos, 200 of them...

SHAY
What about the toilet paper? Still
Charmin?

JONESY
Unscented! I bought scented, I had to
return three cases. And I have to put it
on the roller so it rolls off the top...

SHAY
Because if it rolls off the bottom it's
rolling against the wall or the
cabinet...

JONESY
Jesus! No secrets, I guess.

SHAY
Honey, Taylor lectured a whole dinner
party on how to properly hang toilet
paper. In our house!

JONESY
(laughing)
My...God!

SHAY
(very serious)
Do you love him?

JONESY
(meeting the look)
Very much.

SHAY
In spite of everything?

JONESY
Because of everything!

SHAY
(a pause, then...)
He's lucky. You'll be good for him. He
needs a little...polishing around the
edges.

SHAY gets up and JONESY does too...

JONESY
(her mood changes)
Do you really think you'll be there when
we are?

SHAY

Huh? Oh, Alulea? We take on water there sometimes but we won't stay long. We won't spoil your honeymoon

JONESY

That's not what I meant. Actually, I have a creepy feeling about that place ...like a premonition...

The two of them are exiting the powder room as we...

CUT TO:

THE SEEDY SIDE OF TOWN/NIGHT

This is the other part of Honolulu, the dark and sordid part where beat-up cars are jammed bumper to bumper along streets lined with garish neon signs. As a vintage Torino grinds by blaring music, we discover PICK talking earnestly on the telephone in the kind of phone booth that inevitably smells of piss. The phone booth is next to the SUN SEA MOTEL, a delapidated-looking joint squatting under a big neon sign that winks SUN, SEA, and MOTEL alternately in reds and blues. Since PICK'S conversation is inaudible due to the glass booth and the raucous music from the passing car, we focus instead on the motel and...

CUT TO:

INTERIOR MOTEL ROOM

The TV is on. CROCKETT and TUBBS are fighting the coke dealers of Miami while MELODY, wearing only her underwear, sprawls on the unmade bed in a litter of styrofoam take-out containers, toking on a joint and staring at the screen.

Suddenly the door opens and PICK swaggers in, his eyes bright with excitement...

PICK

Bidness, bidness, bidness!

MELODY

You found the guy?

PICK

(sharing the joint)

Yup. It's all set up.

MELODY

When?

PICK

Couple hours. The Ripper's gonna meet me here in a half hour, then we go to this rondo-voo.

MELODY

(alarmed)

Tonight? Are you...are you sure it's gonna be okay? You're sure its, like, safe?

PICK is rummaging in an overnight bag, pulling out a forty-five automatic, checking the magazine...

PICK

It's a dope deal. How's a dope deal gonna be safe? It's not supposed to be safe, that's what the big money's for. For the risk. It's like economics, right?

MELODY looks unhappy as she watches PICK tuck the gun in his jeans near the small of his back and hide it under his fringed buckskin jacket.

TUBBS/TV (OFFSCREEN)

POLICE! FREEZE!

For the first time, PICK notices the drama on the TV screen where CROCKETT and TUBBS are making a big bust, pointing their pistols at a seedy collection of UNDERWORLD TYPES. Suddenly one of the TYPES jumps through a window. CROCKETT takes off, leaving TUBBS with the others...

CROCKETT/TV

I'M GOING AFTER HIM.

As CROCKETT jumps out the window and sprints down an alley in pursuit of the VILLAIN-TYPE, PICK shakes his head knowingly...

PICK

What bullshit! Those TV people don't know nothing about how a dope deal goes down in real life. They sell the public a lot of crap, they make money off the crap, a lot of corny bullshit that isn't nothing like reality...

CUT TO:

EMPTY PARKING LOT/NIGHT

Reality! Dope deal! Real life! We're looking at the parking lot through the window of a 71 Buick Electra parked in the shadowy edge of the lot near a cyclone fence. PICK and his partner, (RIPPER) RIPULSKI, a husky biker-type with dirty blonde hair and beard, are sharing a pint of whiskey. RIPULSKI has a sawed-off shotgun on his lap.

RIPULSKI

No way, buddy. No fucking way, it's my goddam gun. You do the deal, I do the gun, that's how it hangs, that's the deal.

PICK

Half the time I don't understand black guys, I don't understand what the fuck they're saying..."mo fucka, mo fucka, mo fucka"...You got more experience with black guys, I might not understand them...

RIPULSKI

I got more experience with the gun too. It's my gun. That's the deal.

PICK

You shoot me in the back, you're dead fucking meat, Ripulski.

RIPULSKI

No, Pick, if I shoot you in the back, you're dead meat. That's how life is, it's the one who gets shot in the back gets to be the dead meat.

(handing Pick the bottle)

I ain't gonna shoot you in the back. If any trouble starts, you go down flat, roll under the car.

PICK

Bullshit! And get run over?

RIPULSKI

Maybe they aren't even gonna show.

(checking his watch)

They told you between eleven and midnight?

PICK

Yeah, but the way those guys talk...

RIPULSKI

Shit!

The bottle goes back and forth between them.

RIPULSKI

Assholes! They're not gonna show!

PICK

My old lady was watching Miami Vice. On Miami Vice everybody always shows up.

RIPULSKI

That's them! There they are!

RIPULSKI is tense, fingering the shotgun, his eyes on a Chevy Van grinding out of the shadow on the far side of the lot, headlights off.

PICK watches the van turn and hesitate.

PICK flashes his headlights twice.

The van starts toward them.

RIPULSKI

That's the signal? That's a stupid signal! Whose idea was that?

Suddenly PICK'S gun is out, the muzzle pushed right into one of RIPULSKI'S eyes and PICK is snarling dangerously...

PICK

Hey, asshole, you need some adjustments made, maybe? A little brain surgery? You need me to get in there behind your eyes and do some good work?

RIPULSKI

Hey, okay, Pick, awright, relax, take it easy, buddy, my mistake. Calm down.

PICK gives RIPULSKI a lingering look as he replaces the gun in his jeans. Then RIPULSKI watches PICK reaching under the seat the pulling out thick plastic-wrapped packages. RIPULSKI looks worried, like what kind of wacko has he got mixed up with?

PICK

How do I do this? I let them taste it?

RIPULSKI

Yeah, yeah, that's their prerogative. Just like in the movies. You check the money, they check the dope...

CUT TO:

CHEVY VAN/SECONDS LATER

The van has halted twenty yards from the Buick.

As PICK walks toward the van he can barely make out three faces in the shadowy interior....just eyes really...looking out at him.

As he gets closer, the driver, a muscular black man named COLLINS, speaks to him.

COLLINS

How you doin'?

PICK moves close to the window. He can see the man riding shotgun, PYNCHON, a black man with dreadlocks and a bad eye. PYNCHON has what appears to be an Uzi in the shadows on his lap. There's another black man behind them, POPE, crouched in the rear just behind the front seats. PICK can see the muzzle of the M16 POPE is cradling. It looks like Miami Vice.

PICK

I guess you dudes wanna taste...huh?

COLLINS gives PICK a lazy smile, arrogant...

COLLINS

Thass how it's done, I hear. You the cat on the phone? Pick?

PICK

Yeah, that's me...

PICK hands COLLINS one of the packages while...

INSIDE THE BUICK

The shotgun on his lap, RIPULSKI is watching PICK from the front seat of the Buick when something makes him stiffen.

A hundred yards away, in the shadows at the edge of the lot, RIPULSKI sees a Ford LTD slide into view.

RIPULSKI frowns, fingering the weapon.

BESIDE THE CHEVY

PICK watches COLLINS sniff coke from the blade of a jackknife. COLLINS nods, satisfied, and grins evilly at PICK...

COLLINS

Okay, thass fine, I ain't gonna taste no more, my man. White boy like you ain't gonna burn no bad nigger like me, are ya? Less get this deal down!

PICK

You wanna taste more, it's up to you.

COLLINS

What I'm savin', jack...this be an island! You fuck with me, I find you.

COLLINS hands a paper sack out the window to PICK as PICK hands COLLINS three more fat plastic packages.

COLLINS

Here you go, white boy, taste it. You wanna...

Seeing something behind PICK, COLLINS breaks off abruptly...

PICK turns to see what COLLINS sees and glimpses and Ford LTD in the shadows at the far end of the lot.

COLLINS

Whass goin' down, white boy?

Turning back to COLLINS, PICK finds the angry black man pointing a pistol in his face. Dumbfounded, PICK doesn't have a chance to try and answer because at that very moment POPE leans over from the rear seat and shoves the M16 against COLLINS' temple...

POPE

(to Collins)

Freeze, asshole!

Flabbergasted, PICK sees PYNCHON grab the astonished COLLINS' pistol and slap cuffs on him in the same movement.

PYNCHON

Federal Officer, you're under arrest.

POPE

Don't move, friend, Federal...

POPE is panning the M16 toward PICK.

PICK hits the ground just as RIPULSKI emerges from the Buick brandishing the shotgun in one hand and a badge in the other...

RIPULSKI

Honolulu Pee Dee. Drop your weapons, put your hands on your...

BLAAAAAAM! As gunfire erupts PICK rolls hastily under the van.

Two different LOUDSPEAKERS blare...

HPD LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

POLICE! DROP YOUR WEAPONS NOW!

DEA LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

FEDERAL OFFICERS! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Dumbfounded, PICK sees the glare of halogen lights turn the surface of the parking lot to "daylight." Hastily he rolls further under the van to the far side, the dark side.

A DIFFERENT VIEW. PARKING LOT

Five Police Cruisers, trouble lights flashing, are bathing the parking lot in the glare of their stoplights along with three unmarked Police Cars. POLICE OFFICERS with rifles and flak jackets are taking positions behind the cars facing the van and the Buick. The HPD LOUDSPEAKER is ranting...

HPD LOUDSPEAKER
HONOLULU POLICE DEPARTMENT! WE HAVE
JURISDICTION HERE. IF YOU ARE A FEDERAL
OFFICER, HOLD YOUR FIRE AND IDENTIFY
YOURSELF.

The windshield of the Buick has been blown out. RIPULSKI is crouched behind one fender, shotgun in hand, holding up his badge and shouting...

RIPULSKI
HONOLULU FUCKING PEE DEE! POLICE OFFICER!

At the opposite end of the lot, facing the van and the Buick and the Police Cruisers beyond, FEDERAL AGENTS in suits and bulletproof vests are hovering behind the Ford LTD, weapons drawn, spotlights glaring, the DEA LOUDSPEAKER blaring...

DEA LOUDSPEAKER
DEA! THIS IS A DEA OPERATION SANCTIONED
BY THE HONOLULU PEE DEE WITH APPROVAL
FROM THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.
IF YOU ARE HONOLULU PEE DEE, SURRENDER
YOUR WEAPON AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF.

A VOICE
Up yours!

INSIDE THE CHEVY VAN

PYNCHON is staring at a badge and shaking his head. He holds the badge up for POPE to see.

PYNCHON
He's Honolulu Pee Dee.

Still handcuffed, scowling furiously, COLLINS indicates RIPULSKI crouched behind the Buick.

COLLINS
Thass my partner you guys almost wasted.

PARKING LOT

Just then, a flak-jacketed POLICE OFFICER spots a SHADOWY FIGURE on the fringe of the blaze of light, sprinting for the edge of the parking lot.

POLICE OFFICER

HEY!

FENCE. SHADOWS

The shadowy figure is PICK. Reaching the fence he scrambles over it and drops into the alley on the other side as VOICES shout behind him.

VOICES (O.S.)

(shouting)

THERE HE GOES! HALT! THAT WAY! HALT,
POLICE OFFICER!

ALLEY

Gasping for breath, stumbling against garbage cans, PICK races through the dark alley, the VOICES behind him diminishing. He's gaining! He might make it out of this.

He's nearing the mouth of an alley when suddenly a Police Car turns into the alley coming right at him, headlights bathing him in their glare, blinding him...

PICK turns and considers running back the way he came, but now the VOICES from that direction are getting closer. He's trapped!

The Police Cruiser has stopped, red light flashing. PICK squints into the headlights, unable to clearly see the POLICE OFFICER emerging from the car, pistol drawn and pointed...

POLICE OFFICER

Put your hands on your head...NOW!

PICK

Federal Officer! Don't shoot!

CUT TO:

PARKING LOT/MOMENTS LATER

Surrounded by suit and tie FEDS, flak-jacketed POLICE OFFICERS and several PLAINCLOTHES COPS, the federal undercover guys, PYNCHON and POPE, are engaged in a raging "discussion" with the Police undercover guys, COLLINS and RIPULSKI...

PYNCHON

Tape! You been taping me! What is this, I mean that ain't no bust, I mean you guys amateurs or what? Thass entrapment, asshole.

RIPULSKI

Listen to this shit! Listen to this shit!

COLLINS

(to Pope)

Point is, you guys are way outta line, you're in our territory, you're undercovering me while I'm undercovering you, thass because you don't have no sanction...

POPE

Thass where your whole fucking operation is bullshit! You got a cop named McCarthy...?

RIPULSKI

That asshole! What about that asshole?

PYNCHON

That's our liaison with the Honolulu Pee Dee. We keep him informed, we file with him.

COLLINS

McCarthy! That fuck brain!

RIPULSKI

That moron!

POPE

Yea, well, he's one of yours, not one of ours...

RIPULSKI

The man's a prime asshole, I coulda got shot!

OFFSCREEN VOICE

Hey, is this guy with you?

The four undercover men, all of them annoyed, turn to see two POLICE OFFICERS flanking a handcuffed PICK.

FIRST POLICE OFFICER

He says he's FBI but he don't have no I.D....

SECOND POLICE OFFICER

(holding up paper sack)

But he was carrying all this dough...

All four undercover men suddenly grin hugely...

COLLINS

Sonofabitch! A culprit!

PICK can only glare helplessly at the ring of more than twenty grinning Law Enforcement Agents. POPE starts to talk like a TV anchorman...

POPE

"Federal and Local Officers cooperated today to nab a notorious drug kingpin in a carefully coordinated undercover operation..."

PICK

Fuck you, asshole, this is bullshit, this is nothing, it won't stick. I know my fucking rights!

POPE

(continuing)

"Caught red-handed with millions in cash and drugs, the highly placed mobster announced, 'I know my fucking rights!'"

PICK can only scowl at the circle of faces around him, all of them laughing as we...

CUT TO:

SIDEWALK. HONOLULU/DAY

Dogshit! Shoe! SQUIIIISH!

WINGATE

Shit!

WINGATE scowls furiously at the big glop of pungent brown on his Ferragamo kidskin loafer. He and JONESY are on the sidewalk in the upscale shopping area of Honolulu, laden with Gucci, Hermes and Neiman Marcus shopping bags.

WINGATE

God damnit! God damn morons!

JONESY

Relax, Wing, it's just a little dogshit. I've got some Kleenex...

While JONESY is digging Kleenex out of her purse, WINGATE is glaring around, looking for some culprit with a dog among the tony shopping crowd.

WINGATE

Why do people need to shit in public? It's sick!

Kneeling at WINGATE'S feet, JONESY is smearing gobs of brown "mud" into a Kleenex...a real mess.

JONESY

Wing, it's dogshit!

WINGATE is standing on one foot, balancing himself against the facade of the local Gucci while UPSCALE SHOPPERS meander past.

WINGATE

A pet is simply an extension of the owner. The owner wants to bark but he's afraid or too dignified, so the dog makes a racket for him, it's part of the owner's identity as a human being. It's the same with the shit...the owner has a desperate psychological need to shit in public but he doesn't dare...so he keeps a dog to shit for him. It makes the owner feel important...subconsciously of course. It's cruel to keep a dog in a city but people need something to bark for them, bite for them, shit on the sidewalk for them... Dog owners are pigs!

While he balances awkwardly, JONESY is laughing, wiping the last messy dabs from his shoe.

JONESY

Wing...ha ha...will you...ha ha ...lighten up!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR RESTAURANT/DAY

WINGATE and JONESY are finishing lunch at a linen-draped window table in a stylish restaurant with a spectacular view of Diamond Head. They're looking at each other like young lovers, her eyes full of warmth and affection, WINGATE as relaxed and human as it's possible for WINGATE to be...

JONESY

You know what? I think you're having a good time, Taylor...in this "cesspool."

WINGATE

You know...you're right. Because you are. You make everything a good time.

JONESY

You want to leave? Go to the island?

WINGATE

Not until you're ready.

JONESY

Really?

WINGATE

For you? Anything!

JONESY

You could really handle a couple more weeks? In the "cesspool?"

WINGATE

I'm actually having a good time!

LAVATORY/MINUTES LATER

Piss sizzles in a urinal. Stops.

Finished, WINGATE shakes it off and zips up his fly.

He turns to the sink.

A used paper towel is bunched up on the surface beside the sink.

WINGATE picks it up and puts it in the wastebasket before washing his hands.

He's on his way out of the lavatory when he notices something.

Frowning, he enters an open toilet stall.

The toilet paper is backwards on the roller so that it comes off the bottom.

WINGATE removes the toilet paper and puts it back so it comes off the top of the roller.

Then he exits the lavatory.

INTERIOR. EXTERIOR RESTAURANT/MOMENTS LATER

WINGATE joins JONESY, who's waiting at the door of the restaurant, and they step outside together. They start toward their car.

WINGATE frowns.

A tatty looking Honda Civic is cramped at an angle in a red zone in front of a fire hydrant, the front bumper almost touching the brand new legally parked Chrysler WINGATE has rented. The Civic is plastered with bumper stickers calling for World Peace and similar sentiments like "What if they gave a war and nobody came?", "No Nukes is Good Nukes," "An Atomic Bomb Can Ruin Your Whole Day," "Arms Are For Hugging," "Stop Hunger," and "If the People Lead, the Leaders will Follow."

The sight of the bumper stickers is too much for WINGATE, whose frown has changed to a glare. But before he can say anything JONESY speaks sharply...

JONESY

"If the people lead...?" I wouldn't want to follow a moron like that half a block. "Stop Hunger!" "End War!" And the fool can't even park? Too high-minded to deal with something as inconvenient as a fire hydrant, too busy dealing with big important issues to show consideration for the person in the next car!

A startled look on his face, WINGATE is staring at JONESY, who suddenly grins hugely...

JONESY

Did I say it right? How'm I doing?

WINGATE'S amazement turns to a blush of embarrassment, a shit-eating grin.

WINGATE

Not bad. Close.

JONESY

Lemme have one of your little notes. The guy truly is a bozo.

Grinning sheepishly, WINGATE hands her a xeroxed note from the inside pocket of his sportcoat. He's watching her stick it under the Honda's wipers when LOUD MUSIC attracts his attention.

Turning, WINGATE sees a wild-looking KID, eighteen to twenty, swaggering along the sidewalk toting a hug boombox blaring raucous heavy metal music at a deafening level. The owner of the car?

Apparently not. The KID swaggers past like a one-man parade while WINGATE glares indignantly. JONESY sees what's happening.

JONESY

Wing! Let the man listen to his music in peace!

WINGATE shrugs and throws up his palms in a futile gesture of irritation and futility.

WINGATE

Jackass! That's who he is! Loud noise! He's afraid if he doesn't have the volume up full blast he won't be there, he'll disappear! It's pitiful.

JONESY

(very firmly)

So let him have his identity, Wing. We have ours. Maybe we're just as silly.

She's looking him right in the eye, challenging him. And she's right. He knows it. He nods. Yeah. Right. I get it.

CUT TO:

DANCE FLOOR, SUPPER CLUB/NIGHT

WINGATE and JONESY, he in a suit, she in an expensive dress, are dancing to a mellow waltz played by a dance band in tuxes. As they move gracefully around the floor, both of them obviously very happy, WINGATE finally speaks...

WINGATE

You know...?

JONESY

What?

WINGATE

---I think you may be turning me into a human being. Thanks to you.

JONESY chuckles and kisses his neck.

WINGATE

I'm very happy.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR JAIL/DAY

Wearing the same clothes he was arrested in, PICK waits for the buzzer. When it sounds, a GUARD pushes upon a high security door and PICK walks out.

HALL OF JUSTICE LOBBY

Stepping into the lobby, PICK faces a sea of bleak faces, the WOMEN and CHILDREN of the prisoners lining up at the window under the sign "VISITOR PASSES." They look like they have hard lives, most of the WOMEN are smoking and the big room is reverberating with the squalling of BABIES and the querulous voices of SIX-YEAR OLDS. Nobody stands in line at the next window under the sign "POST BAIL HERE."

PICK is looking around when he hears her voice. She emerges from behind the line of beaten WOMEN...MELODY! She's fixed her hair and she's wearing a tank top and skin-tight jeans. She rushes to PICK who looks startled as she embraces him fiercely.

PICK

Hey! I thought you split. Was that you bailed me out?

MELODY

You didn't get my note? They wouldn't let me visit you cause I didn't have the right i.d. My license expired...

PICK

No, they don't give you nothing in there, I didn't get any note...

MELODY

I couldn't get you out any faster, I couldn't get the money till last night...

PICK looks at her, amazed and touched. He can't believe this.

PICK

You raised two grand! I thought you split. Most people just split when the shit goes down. I thought you split.

PICK holds her and looks at her like he's seeing her for the first time and she looks up at him with genuine love...

PICK

Two grand! Howdja get two grand?

CUT TO:

PHOTOGRAPH (STREET)/FIVE MINUTES LATER

The photograph is an eight-by-ten glossy, a porno shot of MELODY naked in a ludicrously erotic pose holding a rubber two-headed penis suggestively. She has a good, tight body, no question about it.

PICK

Sonofabitch!

PICK is staring at the picture as he and MELODY walk away from the Hall of Justice with two large German Shepherds, BUDDHA and MEATLOAF, at their heels.

MELODY

(very anxious)
You're not pissed off?

BUDDHA licks at PICK'S hand as he continues to study the lurid photo.

PICK

Nah, I like dogs. Meatloaf, huh? Easy, fella.

MELODY

The female's Meatloaf, that one's Buddha. Down, boy! I mean about the pictures.

PICK

You got a great little body.

MELODY

(pleased, less worried)
I thought maybe you'd be pissed off.

PICK

Hey, you bailed me out, right? You did it for me, right?

(then, a thought...)
You didn't do, like, shots with guys or anything?

MELODY

No, no, not with guys, no.
(then, very nervous)
With a woman, though. I hadda get it on with a woman.

PICK

(startled)
With a woman!

They're walking past parked cars, every space taken...

MELODY

I mean, like, we didn't really get it on, it was just for the pictures. She was as disgusted as me, we just had to go through with it. She's the one who gave me the dogs. Her old man made her give them up because of this thing with the landlord.

PICK stares at the picture again, something suddenly on his mind.

PICK

A hundred bucks a picture?

MELODY

(looking around, concerned)
Yeah. Maybe it wasn't this street, maybe it was that last street we shoulda turned on.

PICK

(following his own
thoughts)

I met this guy Mackowski in the can, he
owns a boat...

CUT TO:

NEXT BLOCK/MOMENTS LATER

As PICK and MELODY walk along the next block, BUDDHA and MEATLOAF at their heels, MELODY is looking anxiously ahead scanning the line of cars parked along the curb even as she questions PICK about his latest plan...

MELODY

Twenty-five hundred for a sailboat?
Isn't that kinda cheap for a boat? Why
would he sell it so cheap?

PICK

Because his ass is grass! His lawyer
says he's going down for five years
minimum!

MELODY

(triumphant)
This is right, this is the block, it's
straight ahead!

PICK

That's twenty-five pictures of tits and
ass. Plus some more for supplies and
shit.

MELODY

But don't you have to know stuff about
sailing? I mean, you can't just do it,
can you?

PICK

Yeah, but he taught me. I picked his
brain plus I'm gonna get a book on
sailing. And it has a motor!

MELODY

Hey, I got a ticket!

They're approached PICK'S battered old Buick Electra, the one he took on his dope deal. The enormous car is badly parked, half in, half out, of a parking place and there's a piece of paper under the windshield wiper on the driver's side.

MELODY reaches for the paper under the windshield wiper and opens it.

MELODY

It's not a ticket, it's a note!

PICK

A note!

MELODY

Listen to this...

(reading)

"Please show consideration for others and park within the lines that indicate the front and back of the parking place. Thank you. A fellow driver." It's, like, typed!

PICK is scowling at the PICKUP truck behind the battered Electra and the empty spaces in front. Looking for the perpetrator...

MELODY

It musta been the guy in front of me. What an asshole! How can it be typed? How could he know ahead of time I was gonna park close to him?

PICK

I hate this fucking place, it's a goddam cesspool! Nothing but tourists and stop signs. We gotta get outta here, sail the seas.

MELODY is ushering the dogs into the back seat of the Electra.

MELODY

What about the dogs? If we went on the sailboat could we take the dogs with us?

CUT TO:

FREIGHTER. OCEAN/DAY

The hulking freighter is lumbering through gently rolling seas.

Fifty feet above the water, on the flying bridge, the enraged CAPTAIN is ranting into a bull-horn.

CAPTAIN

(Spanish, subtitled)

YOU CROSSED MY BOW! YOU CROSSED MY BOW!
YOU'RE GOING TO KILL YOURSELF. YOU
JACKASS! YOU HAVE TO TAKE A STARBOARD
TACK. YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO SAIL. YOU
SILLY SONOFABITCH!

Far below, almost directly in the path of the big freighter, is a tiny sailboat, a twenty-five footer, bobbing like a cork on the massive slow rollers, a set of wind chimes jingling madly from the mast.

THE SAILBOAT

MELODY is looking up in horror as the huge bow of the freighter towers forty feet above them like a huge truck bearing down at seventy on a tiny Volkswagen in its path.

MELODY

Oh, God, Pick, they're gonna kill us.

PICK is fighting the tiller, eyes full of fury while BUDDHA and MEATLOAF race back and forth in the tiny boat barking hysterically.

As waves from the freighter's bow shove the little boat aside, the huge ship looms past them, missing them by no more than five yards, tossing them side in a rage of washing water.

Sixty feet above, the enraged CAPTAIN continues to blare into his bullhorn as the freighter grinds by...

CAPTAIN/BULLHORN

(Spanish, subtitled)

GET OFF THE OCEAN. YOU MINDLESS MORON!
GET INTO PORT BEFORE YOU KILL YOURSELF!

PICK

FAGGOT ASSHOLE!

MELODY

What's he saying, Pick? Can you understand him?

PICK

He says his boat's bigger than ours.

They're in the raging wake of the freighter now, shipping water, the DOGS going crazy. MELODY is suddenly past her fear, enraged now as she screams at the ass of the speeding freighter...

MELODY

You stupid asshole! You fucking bullshit capitalist General Motors fuckhead!

CUT TO:

GLASSY SEA/ANOTHER DAY

The sea stretches forever in all directions, glassy and calm.

MELODY'S VOICE is heard, singing, badly, and WE DISCOVER the little sailboat becalmed and surrounded by empty SLICE cans floating on the placid water. The wind chimes on the mast are silent as MELODY'S VOICE swells and, for the first time WE OBSERVE the name painted on the bow of the flimsy, unpainted boat...

PAIR A DICE

PICK is sprawled shirtless in the cockpit playing with one of the dogs and drinking a beer with a thoughtful frown as MELODY brings her pitiful but enthusiastic version of mad love to a vigorous close.

PICK

Linda Ronstadt! That's who I was thinking of.

MELODY

(flattered totally)
Bullshit!

PICK

Yeah, yeah. You gotta remember, she's got a mike and a band behind her. Plus they edit those songs, take one line from here, one from there. And the mikes are special, they make all the difference. Without one of those fancy mikes I bet she doesn't sound half as good as you.

MELODY

(melted)
Aw, shit, no way I sing half as good as her.

CUT TO:

SKY AND SEA/NIGHT

Stars glitter magnificently over the moonlit sea, wind chimes jingle merrily...

A silhouette, the PAIR A DICE slides silently over gentle waves. MELODY and PICK are shadows sprawled in the cockpit, invisible until MELODY suddenly breaks the "silence" of the lapping water and the jingling chimes...

MELODY

You can really tell where we are from the stars?

PICK

Yup.

MELODY

Yeah?

(a long silence, then...)

Where are we?

PICK stares upward, studying the magnificence of the heavens for a long moment. Then...

PICK

About twenty minutes outta Chicago.

MELODY giggles. Then she's silent until...

MELODY

I'm hungry. What're we gonna do for food?

PICK

You eat me, I'll eat you.

MELODY

(another giggle, then...)

I'm serious, Pick.

CUT TO:

SEA AND SUN/DAY

A blazing noon sun glares down on the vast ocean. The ocean glares back like a mirror as MELODY'S VOICE, hoarse, sings another Ronstadt number.

We discover the PAIR A DICE drifting on the glassy surface with limp sails.

The DOGS are flopped panting on the deck, nearly melted from the midday heat, while PICK, stark naked, spoons dog food from a can and eats it.

MELODY stops singing as she sticks her head out of the cabin.

MELODY

If we eat all the dog food, what're the dogs gonna eat?

PICK flips the empty can overboard. The boat is surrounded by litter, a tiny mobile slum in the middle of nowhere. PICK considers the gasping, motionless DOGS.

PICK

I think maybe...we're gonna eat the dogs.

CUT TO:

SCREAMING WIND/NIGHT

Mountainous waves loom out of the darkness as the wind, screaming in the shrouds, blows clouds past the moon and the wind chimes jingle hysterically.

BUDDHA and MEATLOAF are howling madly, dashing back and forth in the cockpit as PICK struggles with the tiller, trying to keep pointed into the waves. MELODY is nowhere in sight.

Suddenly PICK sees BUDDHA swept off into the boiling sea, lost immediately in the blackness, as inconsequential as an insect going down a toilet.

PICK
MELODY! MEEEEEL-O-DEEEEE! GIMMEE A
HAND, GODDAMNIT!

PICK fights the tiller as the PAIR A DICE struggles up a giant wave, then plummets down the steep slope on the other side. No sign of MELODY!

CRAAAAAACK! A mast splinters and just misses PICK who's, immediately tangled in the shredded sails. He's fighting his way out and hanging onto the tiller at the same time when...

CRAAAAAACK! The tiller breaks off in his hand, leaving him holding a useless piece of wood.

All around him huge seas shift, blotting out the moon.

Disgusted, PICK tosses the broken tiller aside and heads for the hatch.

BELOW DECK

MELODY is on her knees in the tiny cabin, apparently praying, as PICK sticks his head in.

PICK
What the fuck are you doing?

MELODY looks up. She's tranquil, at peace.

MELODY
Praying!

PICK
(outraged)
You don't believe in God!

MELODY
To the One-ness. To the Everything! If
we die we simply become part of the storm.

PICK

Oh yeah? You wanna know how to pray?
I'll show ya how to pray.

PICK storms angrily out of the cabin and we...

CUT TO:

THE DECK/SECONDS LATER

Grabbing at the stays for support, PICK is making his way along the plunging deck of the little boat toward the bow where the raging sea smashes furiously.

MELODY comes out of the cabin into the cockpit and looks for PICK, finds him standing on the very bow facing the night and the storm.

MELODY

PICK! PICK! BE CAREFUL!

PICK can't hear her as he stands in the screaming wind and looks up into the night sky addressing the Deity...

PICK

HEY! HEY, YOU! BIG FELLA! YO! IT'S ME
AGAIN! OLE PICK! REMEMBER! YER OLE GOOD
BUDDY, JAMES NATHAN NICK!

A huge wave heaves the boat and almost sends PICK overboard.

Back in the cockpit, MELODY shouts again, her voice almost lost in the mind...

MELODY

PICK! ONE OF THE DOGS IS GONE!

PICK can't hear her. His righteous fury is so exhilarating he looks almost happy as he hurls his challenge to God...

PICK

HEY, BIG GUY, I'M PRAYING! 'MEMBER THE
LAST TIME? WHEN MY MOTHER WAS DYING!
HEY, DIDJA HELP ME OUT THAT TIME,
ASSHOLE? HEY, NO HARD FEELINGS! YA WANT
ME? I'M RIGHT FUCKING HERE! COME AN'
GET ME, MOTHERFUCKER!

And...God appears to answer! A huge, mountainous wave off the bow....!

MELODY sees it coming, sees it building...building...building... blotting out everything. This has to be the end! The enormous wave hits like thunder and everything is black as we...

CUT TO:

SUN. BLUE WATER/DAY

A perfect day. A friendly sea is pleasantly decorated with cheerful whitecaps

Several Slice cans bob in the churning blue water as the bow of The Dead Reckoning cuts through the waves.

WINGATE'S VOICE (O.S.)

We're more than a thousand miles from Honolulu.

WINGATE appears, leaning over the side of THE DEAD RECKONING, scooping up the Slice cans in a pole net. He dumps the cans into a large plastic garbage pail in the cockpit that's already half full of similar items! WINGATE is trying to clean the ocean!

WINGATE

There's a big circle of garbage around every land mass and the circle gets bigger every year. Every year more garbage.

Greased with sunscreen, JONESY is sunning herself on the foredeck wearing skimpy bikini bottoms and no top. She's spotted something off the bow.

JONESY

What's that, Taylor? That doesn't look like garbage.

Something is bobbing on the water fifty yards ahead of them.

WINGATE steers toward it, and in a moment they're close.

It's a piece of wood, part of a tiller.

WINGATE hauls it in.

WINGATE

Tiller. Small boat, maybe a thirty footer.

JONESY

(concerned)

If they lost their tiller...do you think ...they must have...

WINGATE

(grimly)

We'll report it to Honolulu. There was a big blow here two weeks ago. A boat was reported missing.

JONESY
(getting up)
Want me to get a fix?

WINGATE
No need. We know right where we are.

WINGATE glances off the bow and JONESY, surprised, follows his look. She sees a tiny speck on the horizon, almost invisible.

WINGATE
Ten miles East of Paradise.

JONESY stares at the horizon where the tiny dot appears and disappears between rolling waves and we...

CUT TO:

BIG WAVES. REEFS/AN HOUR LATER

With thunderous concussions that send spray high into the air mountainous rollers slam into the ragged reefs a half mile off Alulea. Jutting from the water like teeth, the reefs "protect" the little cove on the southern edge of the island.

The Dead Reckoning is motoring in. From the cockpit of the Dead Reckoning, JONESY eyes the dangerous rocks warily as she tries to steer the boat between them while a confident WINGATE hauls in the sails.

WINGATE
Just keep her off on the starboard and
you'll be fine.

JONESY doesn't respond. The engine throbs, waves crash. It's a tense moment...

Ahead she can see the cove, the white sand, the lofty palms, and a sailboat anchored fifty yards offshore.

JONESY
(delighted)
Wing! It's the Morning Wind! The
Crawfords are here.

WINGATE turns from lowering the jib and follows her look. He too sees the Morning Wind at anchor in the little cove. But he sees something else beyond the yacht that makes him frown.

There's a DOG, a German Shepherd, running along the beach barking.

Now they're past the reefs, coming around the lip of the cove and, even over the mutter of the engine, they hear the urgent blare of rock and roll...the Charley Daniels Band playing Caballo Diablo.

And now they see the source of the sound, a second boat, previously hidden from view, a small boat, a twenty-five footer with a broken mast and a deck littered with junk. The name on the bow is Pair A Dice and there's a man on the deck, shirtless and muscular, working on the broken mast while a ghetto blaster squatting in a clutter of tools and junk blares the music so offensive to WINGATE.

JONESY is frowning at the sight of the tattooed hunk on the deck when her attention is distracted by the CRAWFORDS moving and calling to them from the deck of the Morning Wind.

DECK. PAIR A DICE

Surrounded by the blaring music, PICK is repairing the mast when he looks up and notices the ketch motoring into the cove, the Dead Reckoning.

He sees a gorgeous woman on the deck, her blonde mane backlit and shimmering, waving to the CRAWFORDS on the Morning Wind anchored seventy-five yards from the Pair A Dice. And then he sees the man, a trim, well-built man forty-five to fifty with a neat moustache and a stern face dominated by piercing eyes. And the man is looking right at PICK.

Their eyes meet...PICK and WINGATE seeing each other for the first time. It's almost like two gunfighters eyeing each other on a mean street in Dodge City. The Charley Daniels Band blares, the only sound now that JONESY has cut the engines...

BOOM BOX

"I may be half man, but the other half's devil...and you're just exactly like me"

Suddenly PICK affects his whacko smile, all teeth and eyes, a demented expression of aggressive friendliness that he believes is a real winner...

PICK

(a shout)

AHOY THERE! WELCOME TO ALULEA!

Abruptly MELODY sits up. She's been sunning herself on the deck, hidden from view, but now she's sitting there topless, her firm young breasts in full view as she looks around.

MELODY

What's going on, who...?

She breaks off as she sees the Dead Reckoning sliding past only twenty yards away. She sees the knockout blonde and she looks right into WINGATE'S eyes and feels his cold stare take in her near nakedness.

PICK
NEED A HAND, BUDDY?

WINGATE responds with a muscular smile, an exercise in form without sincerity, his voice cold and aloof...

WINGATE
We'll manage, thank you.

Rebuffed, PICK and MELODY watch the Dead Reckoning slide past.

MELODY
Friendly, aren't they?

Then she notices the CRAWFORDS waving at WINGATE and JONESY...

MELODY
They must know each other. I guess they're friends.

PICK smiles without any help from his eyes this time...

PICK
Sort of a little yacht club.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR CABIN, MORNING WIND (at anchor)/TWILIGHT

Ice cubes clinking in glasses. Booze pouring. CRAWFORD is preparing cocktails for four at the mahogany bar in the plush chintz-filled main cabin of the Morning Wind, talking over his shoulder to his guests, WINGATE and JONESY...

CRAWFORD
It was right after a big blow...

WINGATE
The monsoon...two weeks ago?

CRAWFORD
(continuing to mix drinks)
Right. No motor! No mast! No tiller,
for Christ Sake!

From the galley where she's preparing an elegant dinner, SHAY contributes to the conversation...

SHAY
We were sure they were going to break up on the reef. We were getting ready to try and rescue them...

CRAWFORD

(serving drinks now)

The sonofabitch was magnificent, he kept them off the reef with a piece of busted mast. Balls of pure steel!

WINGATE

(accepting a drink)

He's a good sailor?

CRAWFORD

I didn't say that...

SHAY

He's a total moron! They're both morons. She was washing clothes in the drinking water...

CRAWFORD

Their dog doesn't have a rabies tag...

Drink in hand, JONESY moves toward the starboard porthole and looks out toward the Pair A Dice as the conversation continues...

SHAY

When I suggested she not wash clothes in the water supply she told me I was "uptight!"

CRAWFORD

I tried to explain what that meant, no rabies tag a thousand miles from a hospital, but he "explained" to me that it didn't have a rabies tag because it didn't have rabies!

SHAY whoops sarcastically and WINGATE frowns, not liking what he's hearing.

JONESY is looking at the Pair A Dice, a spooky silhouette bobbing at anchor fifty yards away. She can hear the wind chimes tinkle eerily across the water and she sees a shadowy movement in the cockpit of the dark boat.

SHAY'S VOICE (O.S.)

He is kind of a whacko! You know how he fishes?

CRAWFORD'S VOICE (O.S.)

He shoots them with a pistol!

WINGATE

(sharply)

He has a gun?

CRAWFORD

He did. But he's out of bullets...

SHAY

They're out of everything. They didn't bring provisions and they were on the water three weeks...

WINGATE

(amazed)

From Honolulu? Three weeks!

CRAWFORD

Didn't say he could sail...or navigate, did I?

SHAY

Blind luck they found land at all.

JONESY

(staring out the porthole)

What...what do they eat? If they don't have provisions...

SHAY

Mostly what we give them...

CRAWFORD

And dog food. They seem to have plenty of that, they brought enough dog food for two dogs...

SHAY

(bringing more food to the table)

They plan to stay and "farm!"

CRAWFORD

"Live off the land."

WINGATE

(outraged)

Farm! Here!

CRAWFORD

I don't get the impression he knows any more about farming than he does about sailing...

SHAY

It would seem his major talent is fucking! You should hear her at night! Louder than their goddamn ghetto blaster!

(imitating)

"OOOOOOH! AAAAAAANE! UNNNNNH!

CRAWFORD

He must be quite a stud, he really gives her a helluva workout. It's kind of erotic, it turns SHAY on, right, babe?

SHAY

What really turns me on, dearest, is when she sings!

CRAWFORD

Yeah, sometimes she sings...

SHAY is setting the main course, an elaborate chicken dish, on the table...

SHAY

My greatest fear is that some night she'll try to fuck and sing at the same time. It'll do damage to the ecology. Let's eat!

Everybody focuses on the sumptuous dinner laid before them as we...

CUT TO:

MELODY'S POINT OF VIEW/NIGHT

From fifty yards away, MELODY can see the Morning Wind squatting in the darkness, she can see the portholes spilling a warm glow of light on the black water and she can glimpse the activity within, she can hear the sounds of laughter and the clink of plates and glasses drifting across the water.

She's sitting in darkness in the cluttered cockpit of the Pair-A-Dice slapping at the insects that pester her while over her head the wind chimes shift restlessly, muttering their monotonous sequence of tones.

Another burst of laughter across the water...then she hears the muffled sound of oars and sees shadowy movement near the boat.

MELODY

Pick?

A flashlight beam blinds her. PICK is pulling the dinghy alongside in the darkness and climbing aboard the Pair A Dice.

PICK

Man, was she hungry!

MELODY

You didn't bring her? How come you didn't bring her?

PICK stubs his toe in the dark, cluttered cockpit and mutters a curse...

PICK

She didn't wanna come. How come it's so quiet, whatsa matter with the tape deck?

MELODY

No more batteries. How do you know what she wants, she's a dog. Here, I already had some.

MELODY hands something to PICK in the darkness. PICK shines the flashlight on it and reveals an open can of dog food, half eaten...

PICK

I asked her.

Barely visible in the moonlight, PICK starts to eat the dog food.

MELODY

Asked her! A dog!

PICK

I said "uff uff, urfff, woof off?" And she goes "urrrfa urrrfa bow bow!" I talk the lingo now, from eating this stuff.

MELODY giggles. Then...

MELODY

I'm pretty tired of it. Also, eating out of cans isn't healthy. You could get cancer from it.

PICK

(eating hungrily)
I'm gonna start clearing land for crops tomorrow. Start the farm.

MELODY

The stuff isn't gonna grow right away. We're gonna run outta everything.

PICK

Also I'm gonna get us more fresh coconuts. Fresh coconuts are really good.

A burst of loud laughter drifts across the water from the Morning Wind and MELODY looks toward the cheerfully lit yacht fifty yards away...

MELODY

They're having a party, I guess. I notice they don't invite us.

PICK

(tossing the empty can in
the water)

We're not members of the yacht club.
Besides, they couldn't talk about us if
we were there.

MELODY

Whadda you mean "talk about us?" How do
you know they talk about us?

PICK

Cause I could hear them when I was coming
back. Where's the tape deck?

MELODY

I toldja, no more batteries. What'd they
say about us?

PICK

A lotta bullshit! What a dumb twit you
are to wash clothes in drinking water...

MELODY

Bullshit! They didn't say that!

PICK

Why doncha sing since we don't have any
more batteries?

MELODY

They didn't really say that, did they?
You're putting me on, right?

PICK

You gonna sing?

MELODY

Tell me if they said that.

PICK is moving around in the gloom of the dark cockpit bumping
things.

PICK

Nah, I was just bullshitting, I couldn't
hear them. You got a joint all rolled?
I wanna smoke a doobie.

MELODY

You're sure you were bullshitting?

PICK

Come on, I want some dope an' some music,
babe. You don't want me to sing, do you?

CUT TO:

COVE/MINUTES LATER

Three boats lie at anchor in the moonlit cove, forming a triangle fifty yards on each side. One of the boats is brightly lit, the other two are dark.

From the brightly lit boat comes the murmur of conversation and the clink of dishes and silver.

Smeared with moonlight, the water shifts gently and the tinkle of wind chimes mingles with the sound of the dinner party.

Then the sound of MELODY'S VOICE rises into the hot night air. She's singing Mad Love, off-key but with such feeling and sincerity it's as touching as it is funny. Then we...

CUT TO:

MASTER SUITE. DEAD RECKONING/DAWN

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRRRRR! The scream of a chainsaw shatters WINGATE'S sleep and brings him, wide-eyed, to a full sitting position in the silk disarray of the huge bed in the luxurious bedroom suite in the aft section of the Dead Reckoning.

Beside him, JONESY too, still disheveled with sleep, is awake and astonished, looking to him for an answer...

JONESY

What...?

Hurling aside sheets, WINGATE leaps from the bed livid with rage as the chainsaw continues to scream and we...

CUT TO:

DECK. DEAD RECKONING/SECONDS LATER

From the deck of the Dead Reckoning, the cove is indeed beautiful in the morning light, a true paradise, its perfect tranquility marred only by the murderous scream of the raging chainsaw.

Shirtless and still pulling on his trousers, WINGATE emerges from the hatch, his eyes blazing as he looks for the source of the sound.

His attention is drawn immediately to a cluster of tall palms about a hundred yards inland from the sandy beach. As excited birds circle above it, the top of one palm shifts and shudders. Abruptly the chainsaw stops and, in the loud silence, the crown of the palm disappears and a VOICE booms loudly...

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

TTTTTTTTTTTTIM-BEEEEEEEEERRRRRR!

CRASH! As WINGATE stares at the cluster of palms in disbelief, he hears the huge tree crash to the ground. Then, glancing to his right, WINGATE sees CRAWFORD, rumpled with sleep, in a robe, on the deck of the Morning Wind shaking his head sadly at the sight. Turning toward WINGATE he shrugs helplessly and holds up his palms as if to say, "What can you do?"

Just then the chainsaw begins again and WINGATE glares in the direction of the sound. He looks like he can barely contain his rage as we...

CUT TO:

PALM GROVE, ISLAND/MINUTES LATER

EEEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! The chainsaw
wages into the thick trunk of another tall palm.

PICK, shirtless, his tattooed muscles glistening with sweat, works the saw skillfully while MEATLOAF dashes back and forth barking excitedly.

Nearby, crouched over the palm already felled, MELODY is struggling to get the coconuts off the fallen tree. Braless under her tank top, she's wearing super skimpy cut-offs that barely cover her ass.

PICK

TTTTTTTTIIIIIIIIIMMMMMMM-BERRRRRR!

As the whine of the saw stops, another tall palm leans from the sky and comes crashing down with tremendous force.

WHAM!

MEATLOAF dances around the tree barking madly...

MELODY

Pick, you gotta be more careful, you almost got Meatloaf, she doesn't understand what "timber" me...

MELODY breaks off at the sight of WINGATE. He's right there, glaring at her from the opposite side of the crown of the fallen tree. It must have just missed him too.

MELODY

Uh...h-hi...

PICK has seen WINGATE too and for half a second PICK'S eyes flash like an animal ready to defend his turf. But almost immediately PICK uses the animal energy to transform himself into a sort of lunatic used car salesman with a cocaine problem as big as his whacko grin. Setting down the chainsaw, he advances on WINGATE with his hand out for serious shaking...

PICK

Hi there, how ya doin'? Dead Reckoning, right? I seen you guys cruise in. I'm Jim...Jim Ripulski, people call me "Rip" or "Ripper" and this here's my wife, Mary Jane. You want some fresh coconuts? They're very delicious...

MELODY is stunned to hear their new names as she watches WINGATE coolly ignore PICK'S outstretched hand and indicate the fallen trees.

WINGATE

You cut the trees down for coconuts...
"Rip?"

PICK

Yeah, partly, but mainly to clear the land. I'm gonna farm this land, I'm taking all these trees out in this area.

PICK indicates several stands of magnificent coconut palms.

WINGATE

(ice cold)
About your dog...

MEATLOAF is prancing around WINGATE, trying to lick him affectionately...

MELODY

Oh, she won't hurt you, she doesn't bite, come on, Meat, come on, girl, no no...

WINGATE

She doesn't have a rabies tag...

PICK

Yeah, yeah, cause she doesn't have rabies. I had that conversation with your friend, uh, Crawford. He's a nice guy, Crawford. I didn't get your name...

WINGATE

(looking Pick in the eye)
My name's Taylor Wingate. This is a remote island, a long way from proper medical facilities. A dog without a tag running free is a menace. If I see your dog running free again, I'm going to shoot her. Is that clear...Rip?

Heavy silence. WINGATE and PICK lock eyes with each other for a long moment while MELODY, looking stunned, clutches the struggling MEATLOAF tightly...

Then, suddenly, PICK grins, his eyes dancing and glittering...

PICK

You got a gun, huh, Taylor? What kind?
Maybe you got some extra forty-five
shells I could buy offa you...

WINGATE

I'm afraid not.
(then...a stiff smile)
It's been nice meeting both of you.
Perhaps our next encounter will be more
pleasant.

Abruptly WINGATE turns and starts off through the tropical growth toward the beach.

SQUISH! Dogshit! He steps in it but doesn't even notice.

MEATLOAF whimpers, anxious to be free of MELODY'S firm grip as PICK and MELODY watch WINGATE march off to the beach and the dinghy waiting on the sand.

MELODY

Wow!

PICK'S eyes glitter dangerously as he watches WINGATE push the dinghy into the water and jump in.

PICK

You happen to notice if he was wearing a
rabies tag?

MELODY

What're we gonna do? We're not gonna tie
her up, are we? I mean, that would be
cruel.

PICK

(the whacko smile)
I guess we better. You don't want your
doggy shot dead in Paradise here, do you?

MELODY looks at him, trying to figure out if he's serious. Then...

MELODY

"Ripulski" isn't what you told those
other people.

CUT TO:

COVE/LATE AFTERNOON

As the chainsaw whines in the background, JONESY is finishing a swim in the blue water. Dripping water from her gorgeous bikinied body, she climbs aboard the Dead Reckoning where she joins WINGATE and the

CRAWFORDS, who are lounging on the deck in their bathing suits drinking iced tea and baking in the hot sun.

CRAWFORD

No, I'm absolutely certain he said "Mackowski" because I wrote it down and radioed it to Honolulu.

SHAY

We thought they might be wanted by the police for something, they seem the type.

CRAWFORD

"Jim Mackowski," he said and "Margo," but he seems to refer to her as "Melody."

WINGATE

What was the response?

CRAWFORD

From the police? There was a Jim Mackowski wanted for armed assault...

Drying her hair, JONESY stiffens at the words...

SHAY

But he's in jail waiting for trial...

CRAWFORD

And these two didn't mean anything to them from the description. You wanna try radioing the cops about "Ripulski?"

JONESY looks very worried but WINGATE just shrugs matter of factly...

WINGATE

What's the point? If the description didn't mean anything.

SHAY

I'm not sure you two should stay on after we leave.

JONESY, who's applying sunscreen to her gorgeous torso, glances sharply at SHAY and they exchange a look.

WINGATE

Let's not make a mountain out of a molehill. I think the island's in more danger than we are.

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

TIIIIIIIIIIIMMM-BEEEEEEERRRRRRRR!

All four of them look toward land where the crown of another palm disappears from the now skimpy cluster following by a loud crash as we...

CUT TO:

COVE/DAWN

The next morning the little cove where the three sailboats lie at anchor is lovely in the dawn glow.

On shore, the chainsaw snarls bitterly.

Then, buzzing like a gnat, the dinghy from the Dead Reckoning motors toward the beach carrying WINGATE, JONESY and the CRAWFORD.

ON THE BEACH

MEATLOAF, at the end of a long tether attached to an inland palm, barks at the approaching dinghy from the fringe of jungle that meets the sand.

"THE FARM"

The former cluster of palms has turned into a crude clearing where PICK is sawing up the trunks of fallen trees while MELODY collects coconuts and clears palm fronds. PICK looks up from his sawing and sees the landing party.

Solemnly he watches WINGATE, JONESY and the CRAWFORDS beaching the dinghy a hundred yards away while MEATLOAF "complains" at them vigorously from the end of her rope. They're wearing a mixture of Banana Republic tropical wear and Yacht Club casuals and carrying cameras and binoculars. PICK sees them look toward the dog and exchange remarks that PICK can't hear.

MELODY is watching them too as they leave the beach heading inland.

MELODY

Where do you think they're going?

PICK

Gonna check out the plane.

MELODY

How do you know?

PICK

Like people go to the volcano when they go to Hawaii. Like a tour group. I can read people like a book.

CUT TO:

CRASHED PLANE. JUNGLE SLOPE/LATER

A snake oozes across the ruined wing of a Grumman F6F Hellcat so tangled in vines it's been virtually "digested" into the jungle.

Pushing aside broad leaves to reveal a hunk of the torn fuselage, WINGATE shows the wreck off to JONESY while the CRAWFORDS look on.

WINGATE

You can see the bullet holes. Look.

WINGATE points to neat holes in the skin of the plane.

JONESY

What about the pilot, there isn't a...I mean, he's not...?

CRAWFORD

The army people took him out ten years ago...

SHAY

Graves Registration. We reported it.

CRAWFORD

He was there alright. Skeleton. Picked clean by animals.

All of them look at the wreckage solemnly. WINGATE speaks with feeling...

WINGATE

A twenty-year-old, probably! Four thousand miles from home...from his mother or his girlfriend or his wife... All of a sudden he's going down! Japs machine-gunning his plane...smoke and fire! He can't get out, the jungle's coming up at the windscreen, suddenly he knows he's going to die in some crazy place all alone...

CRAWFORD

(after a moment)

If he was twenty then, he'd be sixty-five now...

SHAY

Retirement age.

CLICK! JONESY snaps a picture of the wing tangled in the vines.

CRAWFORD

He'd have a Toyota, a Fuji camera, a Sony TV...

CLICK! JONESY snaps another picture.

WINGATE
(to Jonesy)
You can get a better shot on the other side. The markings still show.

WINGATE pushes through some leaves, not waiting for her to follow.

CRAWFORD
And he'd eat sushi. And he'd take his wife on a tour of Japan...

WINGATE'S VOICE (O.S.)
JESUS H. CHRIST!

JONESY and the CRAWFORDS exchange alarmed looks as we...

CUT TO:

THE OTHER SIDE

WINGATE stares indignantly at the huge red letters brazenly spray-painted over the tail marking of the ancient fighter plane. Freshly painted, they say...

GO JAPS! PN LOVES MP!

CUT TO:

JUNGLE SLOPE/LATER

With occasional strokes from his machete, WINGATE is in the lead clearing the way as they descend the steep jungle slope from the wrecked plane. Behind him JONESY is snapping pictures of the jungle while the CRAWFORDS bring up the rear...

CRAWFORD
We don't know for sure it was them. The initials are wrong.

SHAY
Given the number of names those morons use, how would we know the initials are wrong? Besides, who else would do it? It's not like the government airlifts Puerto Ricans in to keep up the graffiti in the South Pacific.

WINGATE
(to Jonesy)
You have to keep an eye on the snakes, of course, but the main think to watch out for are the pigs, they can be dangerous.

JONESY

Pigs?

CRAWFORD

Wild boars! Very fierce. I saw a couple Saturday.

SHAY

(to Jonesy)

The other kind, dear, not the cocktail party type.

WINGATE

Very good eating. Delicious!

CRAWFORD

What I don't get is why in God's name would they be carrying a can of spray paint in the middle of the jungle?

CUT TO:

MOONLIT COVE/NIGHT

Wind chimes jingle in the tropical night as the three boats lie at anchor in the moonlit water. Lights glow warmly from the portholes of the Dead Reckoning and the Morning Wind. But the Pair A Dice is dark as we...

CUT TO:

MASTER BEDROOM. DEAD RECKONING

Fresh from showering, JONESY is naked and gorgeous as she enters the elegant bedroom with its rich mahogany woodwork. But something is troubling her as she slips into a silk teddy...

JONESY

Shay agrees with me. She thinks we're crazy to stay here after they leave.

Sprawled on the big bed in his pyjamas, WINGATE looks up from reading The-Bonfire of the Vanities and chuckles...

WINGATE

You mean the Crawfords are the only thing stopping the evil hippies from murdering us in our beds? Craw and Shay are our protection!

Miffed at his laughter, JONESY climbs into the bed...

JONESY

I think she meant there's safety in numbers. Once they're gone, it's just us and...them.

UUUUUUUUUUUUUNNNH! The sound of a groan comes through the open porthole.

Then silence.

WINGATE puts down his book and speaks to JONESY, who's now lying beside him on the bed. He's very serious...sincere...

WINGATE

Listen, Jones, I'm sorry. It's a reasonable concern and I shouldn't make light of it.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH! AAAAAAAAHAH! Moaning! Louder now. UNNNNNNNNNN!
Agony or ecstasy! The tropical night sweats with sex.

WINGATE

I understand. But we can't just...just run away and leave them this beautiful place. It's ours too. It's my... backyard!

OH OH OH OH OH! UNNNNNNNNNNH! UNH! UNH! Faster and hotter, the sounds of love-making from beyond the porthole.

WINGATE switches off the light...

WINGATE

Let's stand our ground, okay? Trust me.

Moonlight streams in the porthole smearing the sheets as WINGATE leans over to kiss her.

WINGATE

Okay?

He kisses her passionately and after a moment she begins to respond eagerly, kissing back, stirring in the bed, while outside, in the night, MELODY screams with ecstasy and we...

CUT TO:

ENDLESS SEA/DAWN

All sails set, the Morning Wind seems tiny as it enters the vastness of the Pacific beyond the reefs that guard Alulea. Two tiny figures, the CRAWFORDS are looking back and waving as we...

CUT TO:

DECK, DEAD RECKONING

JONESY'S blonde hair picks up the dawn light as she returns the farewell from the deck of the Dead Reckoning. She watches the Morning Wind diminish in the distance till the two tiny figures are barely visible.

WINGATE, emerging from the hatch, in a t-shirt and bathing suit, puts an arm around her and nuzzles her.

WINGATE

Breakfast is ready, m'lady.

CUT TO:

TREE LINE, ISLAND

MELODY is watching the scene from the fringe of trees along the beach. She sees WINGATE and JONESY on the deck of the Dead Reckoning as they turn and go below. And beyond them she sees the Morning Wind crawling away from the island, sails full.

Turning away from the scene she walks the ten yards to the crude clearing that is PICK'S farm.

MELODY

Well, they left. There's just four of us now.

PICK is digging, turning over soil, grunting with effort, sweating.

PICK

Good. It won't (grunt) be so (grunt) crowded.

MELODY doesn't look so happy about it as she walks over to a big bag of seeds and takes some out.

MELODY

I don't think the new people are gonna help us out, Pick. I don't think they're gonna sell us stuff or give us anything.

PICK

(still digging)

- Fuck um! We're gonna (grunt), we're gonna be self (grunt) sufficient. Totally self-sufficient, that's (grunt) the whole point!

Demoralized, MELODY considers the seeds in her hand before sticking them in the overturned earth...

MELODY

These seeds are weird looking, Pick, they might not be any good. And even if they are, they're not gonna grow overnight or anything.

PICK stops digging for a moment, rests on his shovel, wipes sweat from his brow, then...

PICK

You know what we oughtta do? We oughtta figure out what furniture we're gonna have in the kids' room. Like I was thinking of making furniture out of bamboo.

CUT TO:

BEACH/MID-DAY

The blazing sun beats down on the hot white sand while MEATLOAF, her tether lying around her in limp coils, sprawl panting in the shade of the palm she's tied to.

At the sight of WINGATE and JONESY walking up the beach the dog raises one eye laconically, nothing more.

As they stroll past, dressed in their jungle safari garb, WINGATE notices the tether and expresses his approval...

WINGATE

They're cooperating.

JONESY doesn't look very impressed as we...

CUT TO:

JUNGLE/LATER

WINGATE hacks a piece of fruit from a tree with his machete and shows it to JONESY...

WINGATE

These are safe...and quite tasty.

JONESY'S eyes are on the SNAKE gliding close to WINGATE'S foot. She speaks coolly, totally unflustered...

JONESY

There's a snake very close to your right foot.

WINGATE glances down, then calmly reaches his machete down and, with the tip, flips the SNAKE into the jungle.

JONESY

Poisonous?

WINGATE

Mildly.

WINGATE puts the fruit into a bag JONESY is carrying. The bag is already stuffed with fruits and leaves.

WINGATE

Have you given any thought to my idea?

JONESY

I just don't understand it, Wing. We don't like them...at least I don't. The reason to invite somebody to dinner is because you want their company...

WINGATE

Mmmmm, well, this is different. They acceded to my demand about the dog, they made an effort to accommodate us. Now we respond with a gesture of good will, an effort on our part. We all have to make a positive effort to get along, to be civilized. It's not so much a social event as a diplomatic one...

JONESY

Jesus Christ, Wing! You're the only person I've ever met who could think of himself as a small nation.

CUT TO:

DECK, DEAD RECKONING/SUNSET

It's the cocktail hour, the sun has turned the sky the color of a raging fire. PICK and MELODY are guests aboard the Dead Reckoning, standing awkwardly on the deck in their best finery...a gaudy Hawaiian shirt and faded jeans for PICK, a stained blouse and torn peasant skirt for MELODY...while JONESY, looking ravishing in slacks and a silk blouse, plays the good hostess, showing intense interest in her guests...

JONESY

You never sailed before...at all?

PICK:

I believe a person can do anything...as long they want to, as long as they got the desire, the motivation...

Sensing that PICK is somewhat smitten with JONESY, MELODY struggles to be part of the conversation...

MELODY

I was never even in a boat before!

PICK

(ignoring Melody)

If you really want to accomplish something, you just do it!

MELODY

He read books about sailing...

JONESY

But if you don't know navigation you could have missed the island. You'd be stuck out there, you'd run out of food and water...

JONESY is indicating the vast sea beyond the reefs darkening under the fiery canopy of sky. But PICK is swaggering...

PICK

Hey...there's fish in the ocean...there's rain. I'm a survivor!

MELODY

We're both survivors...

WINGATE'S VOICE (O.S.)

What about farming? Have you done that before?

They turn to see WINGATE emerging from the hatch with a tray of drinks. Shaved and dapper in an Izod pullover and slacks, he has the charm and the authority of the perfect host.

PICK

Same thing. I read some books. Now I'm doing it.

WINGATE hands MELODY a perfect Margarita in a frosted glass with a salted rim...

WINGATE

Melody...Margarita. Rip...Dos Equis, Jones...a Manhattan up. And for our charming host...two fingers of The MacAllan, neat.

(putting down the tray and turning to Pick...)

So...you can do anything you set your mind to, Rip...?

PICK

It's all motivation. That's what the world's about...motivation and attitude...

MELODY is as taken with WINGATE as PICK is with JONESY...

MELODY

He's right! I used to teach this judo class...Boy, this is a good Margarita!

JONESY

A judo class!

MELODY

Yeah. It was all a matter of imaging. Like it didn't matter so much if you were, like, coordinated or, like, athletic, it was if you could image yourself doing it...doing the throw...

WINGATE

"Imagine" you mean...

MELODY

Un unh. It's different from "imagine." You have to, like, make an image in your mind of yourself throwing the other person. It's called "imaging."

WINGATE

I see.

PICK has wandered forward, looking the boat over with the swagger of an expert...

PICK

Boy this is a nice boat you got here, Taylor. A real beauty.

CUT TO:

CABIN GALLEY. DEAD RECKONING/A LITTLE LATER

Seated next to MELODY at the linen-covered dinner table, PICK is pontificating to JONESY while WINGATE, wearing an apron, busily prepares the dinner in the galley ten feet away, well within earshot. A Duke Ellington piece plays softly on the CD player.

PICK

The thing about ecology is, you gotta have some to appreciate it. Otherwise you don't care about it, you can't.

WINGATE is plucking fresh basil from the little window garden he's rigged at the porthole over the sink.

WINGATE

"Have some ecology", Rip? I'm not clear what you mean...

As WINGATE drops the basil into the perfect salads he's made with fresh greens from the island, JONESY takes two of them and carries them to the table where she puts one in front of MELODY and the other in front of PICK.

PICK

Own some.

JONESY is very close to PICK, putting the salad in front of him, and he's extremely aware of her gorgeous blonde hair, perfect skin, the breasts shaping the silk blouse...

JONESY

Uh, how can you "own" ecology, Rip?

MELODY is watching, clearly conscious of PICK's glances and of his desire to impress JONESY...

PICK

Say you have a big house, couple acres of land, lotsa green trees and lawns. This is "ecology," right? Now some new guy's gonna move into the neighborhood, he's gonna build his big house. He's gonna dig a big hole in the ground, right? He's gonna cut down a buncha trees, right? Make trenches for plumbing. Now this guy is bad for the ecology, right? He's screwing up the environment. You're not bad for the ecology, he is. But as soon as he's got his nice big house built, boom, now he's all concerned about the ecology cause he owns some! So when the next guy comes along, cutting down trees and digging holes, he's just as pissed off as you now!

With a polite smile, WINGATE joins them at the table as JONESY places a salad in front of him and one at her own place.

WINGATE

I see your point, Rip. I think you're going to like this salad. I grew some of the greens and all of the herbs right on the Dead Reckoning. The others, the big red leaves for example, I picked on the island. The island is a cornucopia if you know what to pick...

PICK is considering the crisis of three forks at his place.

Across the table, MELODY is having the same insecurity. She looks to PICK and sees him suddenly take the outside fork decisively and begin to eat with confidence...

PICK

You do the cooking, huh, Taylor?

Following PICK'S example, MELODY is taking the outside fork as we...

CUT TO:

ROAST BEEF/A LITTLE LATER

It's a Bach Partita on the CD player and WINGATE is skillfully carving a magnificent five-rib Prime Rib Roast. MELODY the vegetarian is practically drooling as she stares at the perfect slices of perfectly pink meat through a haze of three Margaritas. PICK, well oiled himself, sips more wine and continues his diatribe...

PICK

It's a cesspool! A cesspool! People think Honolulu's this fantastic place but it's just as poisoned as any other city! It's garbage and poison air and all these goddamn rules, people telling you what to do, stop signs everywhere, traffic lights, "stop, go," "don't do this," "don't do that," you are required to blah blah blah."

WINGATE

(serving meat)

One of the worst forms of urban pollution is noise...

MELODY

We couldn't stand it! We hated it!

WINGATE

Are you inclined toward rare or medium, Mary Jane? I'm afraid there is no well done.

MELODY

Uh...oh...that's okay, uh...medium. I mean I don't usually eat meat...uh this looks so great...

MELODY'S eyes are almost salivating as she watches him fill her plate...

WINGATE

There's a ring of garbage around every land mass. Every year the ring gets wider, the concentric circles of pollution spread...

The serving of meat is right there in front of her now, she's transfixed, eyes on the meat as she agrees...

MELODY

It's exactly what you said
before...there's too many people!

CUT TO:

DINNER TABLE/A LITTLE LATER

Elgar's Cello Concerto is on the CD now and there's a dribble of roast beef juice on MELODY'S chin as she chews hungrily and listens, mesmerized, to WINGATE pontificating as he pours more wine...

WINGATE

(pouring wine, mid speech)
---and, of course, in a perfect world
everything would be apportioned equally.
Everyone would have an equal share of
food, space, air, water, and so on...

MELODY'S plate is completely empty, she's cleaned it. Her eyes drift to the partially ravaged roast on the serving platter in front of WINGATE as he rambles on...

WINGATE

(continuing)
Which means that, since the world
population has more than doubled in my
lifetime, if I, rather if we, were to
have a child it would only be entitled to
half as much food, half as much air, half
as much water, half as much space as
ourselves...

JONESY

Mary Jane, would you like some more?
Wing, I think Mary Jane would...

MELODY

Huh? Me? Oh, yeah, me. I don't mean to
be a pig. Usually I don't even eat meat...

As MELODY hurriedly passes her empty plate to WINGATE, PICK smiles his social smile...

PICK

Actually Mary Jane is just her legal
name. Everybody calls her "Melody." She
likes to sing.

JONESY

"Melody!" What a lovely name!

MELODY'S eyes are on the enormous serving of roast beef, beans and potatoes arriving in front of her while WINGATE brandishes his carving knife and looks to PICK...

WINGATE
How about a rib, Rip?

PICK
Huh?

WINGATE
Another piece?

PICK
Yeah, sure. This is very good. You cooked this yourself, huh, Taylor?

CUT TO:

GALLEY AND TABLE/LATER

The roast, truly ravaged, is on the sideboard, a soprano is singing on the CD player and WINGATE is taking the desserts out of the refrigerator and handing them to JONESY without breaking his train of thought...

WINGATE
Of course nobody has any real answers but one theory that's been bandied about is that war is actually programmed into our genes...

MELODY looks up from the dessert JONESY is placing in front of her, a perfect little custard topped with mint and a single fraise de bois...

MELODY
In our pants! War?

PICK
Not those kind of jeans...

WINGATE
Well, perhaps in our pants too, heh heh?
How's the dessert, Mary J...Melody?

MELODY
(tasting)
This is fucking fantastic! I mean...fantastic!

PICK
(tasting, impressed)
You made this too, huh, Taylor?

WINGATE
(nodding proudly)
I'm glad you like it. What I was saying...

PICK
How about the recipe? You got it written down?

WINGATE
(startled)
Yes, of course. If you like I can...

MELODY
(interrupting)
We can't make this, Pick! You gotta have the ingredients. You can't make a custard with dog food, you gotta have eggs and stuff.

JONESY
"Pick?"

Whoops! MELODY looks like she ate a lemon. PICK'S eyes glitter, then he smiles that "social" smile...

PICK
Nickname! My other nickname. People who don't really know me so well call me "Rip," but my good friends call me "Pick." I consider you my good friends now...

PICK blesses WINGATE and JONESY with his grand smile and his lunatic eyes as we...

CUT TO:

CABIN. SOFAS/LATER

A Brahms Quartet is on the CD player. PICK and MELODY are lounging on the comfortable chintz-covered sofa. To PICK, after plenty of wine, JONESY looks like a gorgeous idealized vision of beauty sitting in an armchair in a halo of light, backlit and slightly out of focus. WINGATE, who appears to MELODY as little more than a large blur, is pouring good Ragnaud cognac in their snifters as she chatters away...

WINGATE
There've been studies that show that we have many of the same traits as animals. Mating rituals, territorial instincts...

The comment rings a bell in PICK'S wine-addled brain and he looks up from his admiration of JONESY with interest.

PICK

Women and turf. Just like dogs! It's built into us, we can't help it.

WINGATE

Exactly! And we know from studying animals that most of these instinctive traits, however ugly or primitive, have some purpose, some beneficial effect for the species as a whole. And it's in that context that we can postulate that something like nuclear war may be our way, that is, nature's way, of thinning the herd, so to speak...

JONESY

(flabbergasted and
horrified)

Jesus Christ, Wing!

PICK

(enthusiastic)

Boy, that would sure "thin the herd," wouldn't it? Nukes! BOOOOOOOOOOM!

MELODY

(slightly slurred)

That's horrible! Atomic bombs to stop the plopula-shun esplo-shun...I mean...

PICK

Not Atomic bombs! Hydrogen bombs! Bah-DOOOOOOM! No more Chinese!

MELODY

(emotional)

Shut up, Pick!

JONESY

Ignore them, Melody. Men are insane!

WINGATE

You can't ignore realities because they're unpleasant...

PICK

Germ warfare! That's another herd thinner...

WINGATE

True. In fact, AIDS may pre-empt nuclear war and germ warfare as a means of population control.

JONESY

Wing, I don't think the extinction of the human race is an appropriate after-dinner subject.

WINGATE

Well, I didn't mean extinction at all. I didn't mean there wouldn't be people who would survive whatever apocalyptic events might occur.

JONESY

(disgusted)

Jesus Christ!

PICK

(to Wingate)

I see you're pretty ready for anything, huh? Freezer fulla food---bottled water ---generator---all kinda supplies---a garden---a radio---

PICK is looking around, his vision slightly blurred as his eyes caress the refrigerator...the cabinets full of supplies...the radio...the radio...the radio...

WINGATE

I like to be prepared...for anything!

WINGATE looks pleased with himself but JONESY is horrified as she stares at him and we...

CUT TO:

SCREEEEEEEECH! A BIRD. JUNGLE/DAY

The brightly feathered BIRD erupts from the jungle in a storm of flapping wings, alarmed!

Alarmed by what? Impossible to say. Nothing stirs.

Insects drone.

There's something spooky about the tropical foliage.

Huge fronds seem to conceal...what?

The insects continue to drone.

Then...

Foliage stirs. Something moves.

A pause.

Then it appears...A WILD BOAR.

The BOAR looks around, at once cautious and fierce.

Insects drone.

The BOAR snuffles, satisfied, begins to root.

Everything is peaceful now. The insects dr.....

AAAAAAAAAAAAAH! THE UNDERGROWTH ERUPTS, A WILD BLUR OF MOVEMENT, TOO FAST FOR THE BOAR, SLASH! SLASH! SLASH! SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAL!

The BOAR is screaming in agony as WINGATE hacks at it with his bolo knife. Blood sprays like a fountain...

THE LAGOON

Nothing moves. The sun beats down on the boats at anchor.

JONESY is reading on deck, her nose white with sunscreen. She frowns and cocks her head at the strange distant sound. A strange bird? The agony of the BOAR is very far away. She goes back to her book as we...

CUT TO:

THE JUNGLE

The BOAR is twitching its last twitch as WINGATE crouches over the beast and begins to butcher it with sure practiced strokes. Perhaps because he's covered with blood, WINGATE looks a little...primitive. Even...demented. And yet, as always, he's in total control, his eyes glittering with firm purpose, busy with the job at hand as we...

CUT TO:

THE DECK. DEAD RECKONING

The dazzling sun beats down on JONESY as she lies on her back on the deck reading. She's holding the book above her, looking up at the pages. She turns a page.

Just then there's a rippling sound in the water.

JONESY turns her head, glances toward shore.

There's nothing to be seen. The beach is empty, the dinghy beached there.

A hundred yards away, the Pair A Dice sits on the mirror-like water, motionless and...deserted?

JONESY looks back at the page she's reading. It's very still. No sound now but the gentle lap of water against the boat as the sun blazes above. The heat is oppressive.

The page she's reading fills the screen...words, words, words...

"There is no sound more peaceful than rain on the roof, if you're safe asleep in someone else's house. Macon heard the soft pattering; he heard Muriel get up to close a window. She crossed his vision like the gleam of headlights crossing a ceiling..."

Sudden sound of water.

Moving the page aside, she's dazzled, blinded by the sun, until the silhouette of a man fills her vision as if replacing the words on the page.

Her eyes adjusting, JONESY recognizes PICK standing over her grinning, dripping wet, wearing nothing but jockey shorts and tattoos. Drops of water glisten on his wiry body, on the rippling muscles as he holds up something in his hand...

PICK

Fresh coconuts. For you and your old man.

JONESY stares upward, stunned. All she can see are the muscles, the thighs, the bulging jockey shorts...like a codpiece!

PICK

Sorry for the informality. No bathing suit. These are better than nothing, I guess, ha ha.

JONESY

Uh, thank you.

PICK

Your old man is a helluva cook! I really admire his cooking.

JONESY

Yes. He's an excellent cook.

Jesus Christ! Look at his body! The hard, rippling muscles! Look at the grin! The eyes! What eyes! He's looming over her, there's nowhere for her to look except at the hard body or the wild, glittering eyes! She's trapped, a captive!

PICK

You know that dessert...? He was saying how he had the recipe...

INTERIOR CABIN. PAIR A DICE

MELODY is watching the events on the deck of the Dead Reckoning through the porthole fifty yards away.

She can't hear what they're saying but she sees PICK looming over JONESY'S prone body in his jockey shorts. Then she sees JONESY get up and go toward the hatch. She sees PICK watch her disappear below. For a moment he stands there. Then he starts for the hatch to follow her below.

MELODY doesn't look happy with this turn of events, she's got anger in her eyes.

INTERIOR GALLEY. DEAD RECKONING

JONESY is looking through some books stored in a cabinet under the sink when she senses him entering the cabin.

She gets up and turns, feeling very vulnerable. Light from the hatch backlights PICK as he approaches her. She feels this is a bad idea being down here alone with him...

PICK

This sure is a great boat. You guys sure have everything.

He's close to her now, his eyes glancing around, seeing everything in the cabin, settling on something behind her that interests him.

JONESY

I think it's in here, in this book. The recipe.

She's handing him the book. He takes his eyes off what he was looking at over her shoulder.

PICK

Thanks.

As PICK accepts the book, she glances behind her. There's a wall of books and the radio and the chart table. When she turns back, PICK is leafing through the cookbook.

PICK

Yeah, here it is, this must be it.

JONESY

You can take it with you...borrow it.

PICK

Can't. I swam over. I'll just memorize it. I have a fantastic memory. Lemme have a minute.

JONESY is very uncomfortable. They're close, he's almost naked, very animal attractive, and he has that edge, those glittering eyes.

JONESY

Go ahead. I'm going back in the sun.

She's almost naked herself. She squeezes past him on her way out. He smiles.

CUT TO:

ROAST BOAR, DEAD RECKONING/NIGHT

The vacant eyes of the boar stare blindly from the platter as WINGATE carves crispy skin and neat slices of flesh from the roasted whole pig's torso.

Across the table from WINGATE, JONESY watches. She's freshly showered, dressed in clean white cotton. Her manner is cool...

JONESY

Were you saving bullets? Was that the idea?

WINGATE

No, of course not. But we shouldn't be dependent on things like bullets as, for example, our "next door neighbors" are. They can't catch fish without bullets. And of course it's not fair to the animals. They don't have a chance against bullets, there's no challenge.

WINGATE carefully spoons sauce on the slices of pork as JONESY responds, her tone polite but distant. He seems not to notice.

JONESY

I didn't think you could get that close to a wild animal.

WINGATE

That's the whole trick! It's very difficult. You have to stay downwind and you have to stalk very patiently. I stalked Billy here for two hours.

(passing the plate)

I think you're going to like this glaze. I made it from some nuts I found in the same area as the boar.

JONESY doesn't respond and for the first time WINGATE considers her frosty demeanor...

WINGATE

He didn't say or do anything to disturb you, did he? When he brought you the coconuts?

JONESY

He was very polite. He memorized a recipe. He thinks you're a wonderful cook.

WINGATE

(taking a bite)

He's right, I think. I'm going to give him a hand repairing his motor tomorrow.

(another bite)

It's a sad irony that we who have everything are quite prepared to make do with nothing more than nature. And they who have nothing seem relatively helpless in the face of adversity. Here we are with a well-stocked larder...

JONESY

Plenty of toilet paper...

WINGATE

(catching her tone, frowning)

Yes, toilet paper. And fuel, a generator, all sorts of provisions...

JONESY

All ready for the Holocaust! Enough cigars for Armageddon!

WINGATE

(getting it at last)

Oh. I see. Jonesy, I'm sorry. I'd had some wine, some cognac...

JONESY

You think you're tough guys, both of you, real cynical, real men, all ready for the apocalypse! "Hey, we face up to the realities! We love the realities."

WINGATE

(chastened)

I was showing off, I guess. I'm sorry.

JONESY glares and WINGATE looks sheepish, apologetic. The argument is over as we...

CUT TO:

PAIR A DICE. AT ANCHOR/NIGHT

It's a hot night. There's no breeze, but the slight movement of the water makes the wind chimes stir listlessly on the mast of the Pair A Dice. Lantern light glows from the cabin of the otherwise darkened boat and PICK'S VOICE can be heard through the open portholes...

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sonofabitch! Goddamnit!

INTERIOR GALLEY. PAIR A DICE

In the gloomy glow of the lantern, PICK, glistening with sweat, is staring in consternation at the glop he's removing from the oven of the filthy stove in the messy galley.

PICK
It didn't come out!

Across the cabin, MELODY, skimpily clad, is sprawled in a hammock amid the shadowy clutter, fanning herself...

MELODY
I toldja.

PICK
I'm gonna try it again.

MELODY
Pick, it's baking in here! If you try it any more times you're gonna cook us!

PICK scowls as he empties the goo from the dish out the porthole. On the counter beneath the porthole is a litter of ingredients, including a small quantity of coconut milk and four unbroken eggs.

PICK
I'm gonna do it till I get it right.

MELODY
Pick, it's never gonna work till you get real chicken eggs, you can't do it with weirdo eggs.

PICK
Bullshit! Parrot eggs might make it taste funny but it should look right at least.

MELODY
How do you know they're parrot eggs?
Where'dja find them?

PICK

(cleaning bowl)

On the ground. They're too big for those little birds.

MELODY

Maybe they're snake eggs. How come you have to be a goor-may cook all of a sudden?

PICK

Snake eggs, ha ha! sure!

MELODY

What's so funny?

PICK

Snakes don't lay eggs, babe.

MELODY

Yes, they do. It's to impress her, huh? Isn't it? That's the whole thing!

PICK

(exasperated)

Will you get off that! I took them some coconuts cause they made us a fancy goddamn dinner that you ate like a pig! There was roast beef coming out of your fucking nose, okay? And he's gonna help me with the motor, he's got tools. I'm using him. Both of them.

MELODY

(imitating Jonesy)

"Ooooooooooh, Rip, darling, tell me how you feel about eee-coll-o-gee, you intellectual, you. It gets me so excited hearing some dickhead ex-con tell me his exciting opinion.

(switching to

basso, imitating Pick)

Well, pussywillow, you old piece of ass, I kin do most any old thing I set my mind to, me an' my motivation...

(back to Jonesy, writhing sexually)

Oh Rip, sweetie, wouldja put your hand in my panties and talk to me about nuclear war. It gets me soooooo worked up when you talk about those big bombs. God, you're so manly when you talk about blowing up everybody in the world.

PICK

Shit! Now we're outta sugar!

MELODY

I know what it is! I know what attracts you.

PICK

I can't make this without sugar.

MELODY

You know what it is?

PICK

What? What is it?

MELODY

(triumphant)

Her hair!

PICK

(shaking his head wearily)

Aw shit. Here, take the dinghy. Go ask them for a cup of sugar.

MELODY

Bullshit! I'm gonna ask that stuckup cunt for sugar? Miss Hair!

PICK

Hey! "Hair!" "Hair!" I don't give a shit about hair.

MELODY

Yeah, you do, you just don't know you do, is all. It's not her figure, it's not her body. I gotta better body. Look at my ass. It's shaped better, it's firmer, my ass is much better than hers.

MELODY is out of the hammock, wiggling her ass in PICK's direction.

But PICK has been distracted by a noise close to him on the counter. He looks and sees one of his eggs has cracked open and a little snake is curling out of it. PICK stares at the snake, deadpan.

MELODY, unaware of the snake, is showing her breasts now, giving a sexy display...

MELODY

Look at my breasts! Are her breasts better than mine? Not bigger...are they better? Look at them!

PICK looks up from the snake eggs to see MELODY strutting her body in the shadows across the cabin. Quite a show!

MELODY

Mine are better! Firmer! Better shaped!
All she's got is the hair! That's all,
the hair!

PICK is looking at her body in the gloom. He's turned on now, he can't help it. He moves toward her, reaches for her.

PICK

Hey, I don't give a shit about her. I just wanna learn to cook cause I wanna learn to cook. I like to master different skills, I like to learn things, improve myself.

He's touching her now and her mood changes from combative to insecure...

MELODY

It is beautiful, her hair. My hair is shit. She must shampoo it every five minutes. I wish I had hair like that.

PICK has his hands on her, he's feeling her, embracing...

PICK

Where'dja learn snakes lay eggs?

CUT TO:

INTERIOR BEDROOM SUITE. DEAD RECKONING

The cabin is dark except for the moonlight streaming in. WINGATE is asleep snoring softly while JONESY lies awake beside him listening to the night sounds...the lap of water against the hull...the drone of insects from the island mingling with the far-off thunder of the waves battering the reefs...the lazy jingle of the wind chimes as the Pair A Dice moves gently on the placid water fifty yards away...

A low moan, barely audible.

JONESY stiffens.

A distinct groan. Then a drawn-out keen of pleasure.

JONESY stares at the ceiling and listens to PICK and MELODY making love in the hot night as we...

CUT TO:

TROPICAL STORM. ISLAND/DAY

The palms bend with the wind, rain slashes at broad leaves, torrents of water run off the boulders on the slope.

Curtains of rain blow across the cove, the two sailboats bob on the choppy water, rain hammers on the decks.

The scuppers on the Dead Reckoning boil with runoff.

Styrofoam trash, empty soft drink cans and a scum of oil bobs in the dimpled water around the Pair A Dice.

On shore MEATLOAF barks stupidly from the shelter of a palm bordering the beach.

From the shelter of another palm, PICK stares at his "farm," the clearing where the raging rain is beating on the unprotected earth with the fury of a firehose, creating streams and channels in the upturned soil, turning the planted earth into a sea of mud.

Helplessly PICK watches his seeds washed away, while MEATLOAF barks and rain hammers the palm leaves above him.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR GALLEY. DEAD RECKONING

Rain drums steadily on the roof as WINGATE hovers over the espresso machine in the galley, watching black liquid ooze into an oversized cup. Without turning his attention from the coffee he speaks over his shoulder.

WINGATE

I'm going to make a bet, I'm going to bet they leave in the next few days.

Curled up on a sofa in the cabin, JONESY doesn't look up from her book.

JONESY

Did he say that?

WINGATE

No, of course not. I don't think he knows it yet. But he's no farmer, he doesn't know how to plant. This rain will make that clear to him.

JONESY

Were you able to fix their motor?

WINGATE

After a fashion, in a makeshift way. It'll do for emergencies if he uses it sparingly. Shall I make you another?

JONESY

Sure. Thanks.

WINGATE takes a small metal pitcher of cold milk and puts it up to the curved nozzle that protrudes from the machine. He sticks the nozzle into the milk and turns the handle, sending a rush of steam into the milk. The milk gurgles and bubbles.

He's holding the pitcher to the nozzle, patiently steaming the milk when he discerns the faint sound of singing mingling with the rumble of rain on the roof. Mad Love.

Still holding the pitcher, he glances out the porthole in the direction of the Pair A Dice. He sees the slovenly little craft squatting in the rain while on the cabin roof MELODY showers in the downpour, stark naked, only partially concealed by a semi-furled sail designed to give her privacy. Singing and soaping herself exuberantly, the exhibition is all the more provocative for the peekaboo effect as her firm breasts, perfect ass and erotic thighs appear and disappear tantalizingly.

WINGATE looks away abruptly, angry with himself for having stared at all.

Milk bubbles furiously as the nozzle thrusts deep in the pitcher.

On the sofa, JONESY is turning a page in her book when WINGATE mutters a curse. Not like him. She looks up.

JONESY

What's wrong?

She sees him fumbling with the pitcher.

WINGATE

Nothing. Burned myself. It's nothing.

CUT TO:

JUNGLE/LATER

The sun is high in the sky, clouds of vapor rise from wet leaves, the whole jungle is steaming. BIRDS are squawking in the trees. INSECTS drone as the steam rises everywhere.

COVE

Sun blazes down on blue water and white sand. The two sailboats squatting in the little harbor are steaming like the jungle.

THE BEACH

The Dead Reckoning dinghy is beached, the anchor hooked in the sand. BUT LOOKING BEYOND THE DINGHY TOWARD THE WATER, WINGATE IS BRIEFLY VISIBLE MOVING ACROSS THE DECK OF THE ANCHORED DEAD RECKONING BEFORE DISAPPEARING BELOW.

THE JUNGLE CLEARING

The "farm" is a sea of undifferentiated mud. Gone are the carefully planted rows.

PICK grimly considers the devastation of his "farm," his bare feet in the mud.

JUNGLE SLOPE

The jungle is alive with the sound of insects, birds and small creatures...but the unseen animal approaching the little clearing is larger than that, to judge from the sound of thrashing branches.

In fact, it's JONESY who appears, pushing her way through the thick growth. She's wearing her "safari" outfit with binoculars around her neck, a bird book in her hands. Her eyes are all over the surrounding area, searching for interesting birds. Suddenly she spots what she's looking for...

Proud, even arrogant, an EXOTIC PARROT perches high overhead in the jungle canopy.

JONESY eyes him, then studies him through her binocular.

What a bird! Exceptional.

Now she lowers the binoculars and starts to look him up in the bird book.

It's not that easy. Page after page reveals one fancy parrot after another, all of them spectacular, many with differences subtle enough to be confusing.

There's a sound behind her, something moving in the jungle.

JONESY looks up from the book.

Leaves thrash. An animal is approaching. Fairly big. A boar?

JONESY is worried, looks around for some sort of shelter.

Nothing! Just jungle.

Maybe she could climb a tree. She's thinking that but suddenly the jungle is alive and moving, whatever it is is charging her, bursting toward her through the underbrush.

JONESY is shrinking back fearfully when it appears...rushing out of the ferns, jumping at her...

BARKING FURIOUSLY NOW! MEATLOAF THE DOG!

JONESY
Easy! Easy, fella. Down, girl, down.

Hugely relieved, JONESY is friends with the barking DOG almost immediately, calming her, accepting her paws, letting her lick her face.

JONESY

Atta girl, everything's okay,
everything's fine, we're pals, we're...

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry about that...

JONESY looks up from petting the slobbering DOG to see PICK emerging from the jungle, all torso and tattoos.

PICK

(continuing, approaching)

Sucker got away from me. She didn't hurt ya, did she? She didn't bite ya?

PICK is pulling the dog from her, his eyes all over her skin...for bite marks? Or just for the skin?

JONESY

(awkward)

No, no. I'm fine.

JONESY is very conscious of his body, how close he is, how his eyes are checking her out. She's trying to get some distance between them, to speak in a formal, somewhat distant voice. She trips on a vine.

His hand is lightning quick, catching her, righting her, letting her go immediately. PICK is behaving perfectly, his voice soothing and pleasant.

PICK

Yeah, she ain't gonna bite you, she ain't a mean dog. If I was as nice as that dog I'd be everybody's best friend, ha ha.

JONESY

I thought you were going to keep her tied.

PICK

Cruel to tie her up all the time. I was just runnin' her...or she was runnin' me...ha ha whatever we were doin', an' she just took off...got away from me. As long as she didn't break the skin or nothing...it looks okay...

The eyes go over her bare arms, down to her bare legs...

JONESY

It's okay...there's no harm done. Why don't we just...not mention it.

PICK

Not mention it? Oh...you mean from your old man? A secret?

PICK'S eyes glitter. Saucily? Insolently? Teasingly? JONESY starts walking...to create some distance. From his body? From his familiarity? As she starts off through the jungle she says...

JONESY

You don't want him to shoot your dog, do you?

PICK is right beside her, walking with her, holding MEATLOAF at his side, smiling that wild smile. Is he mocking her?

PICK

You think he's do that? Shoot my dog?

They disappear into the jungle growth side by side as we...

CUT TO:

JUNGLE SLOPE/MOMENTS LATER

JONESY is trying to be aloof as she makes her way down the slope with PICK hanging at her side...

JONESY

He's right. About rabies. About keeping the dog tied up.

PICK

Hey, no argument, he's the kinda guy who's gonna be right about everything!
(she gives him a sharp look)

No, I mean it...sincerely! I respect him. Like he's not just educated...he's smart. A lotta people got education... MELODY for example, she took all these courses--economics, philosophy, self-actualization, realization, computers---all good stuff, I'm not knocking it, I wish I had all that education...but she's not as smart as me. Your old man's different, he's got the intelligence and the education. Like how he helped me with my motor, improvising this part...

PICK is still talking, winning her over with his open "worship" of WINGATE. They continue down the slope as we...

CUT TO:

FURTHER DOWN THE SLOPE/MINUTES LATER

PICK is still talking as he and JONESY continue their descent, MEATLOAF at his side...

PICK

But the thing that really blows my mind is how he can cook like that...you know with all those ingredients and things. I never seen men cook except, like, professionals in MacDonalds or somewheres. That dinner he made...Hey, you didn't make it, did you? And he like served it after you did all the cooking before we got there?

Succumbing to the charm of his enthusiasm and openness, JONESY is losing her reserve, laughing easily...

JONESY

No, no, I'm not in his class. I can heat water okay but that's about it.

PICK

Same as Melody. Anyway, that's my next project, that's what I'm working on...

JONESY

(startled)
Boiling water?

PICK

No, cooking. I mean, real cooking, not frying things and shit. Herbs and spices and...AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

PICK suddenly slides out of sight, disappearing into the greenery. As JONESY stares in amazement, the DOG plunges after PICK, barking.

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

Aw shit!

Alarmed, JONESY pushes aside the foliage, revealing PICK sprawled in the sea of mud his little farm has become, having slid down an embankment just above the clearing.

JONESY staggers awkwardly down the little slope to help him, genuinely concerned...

JONESY

Are you alright?

The DOG is licking PICK's face as he looks up at JONESY'S extended hand sheepishly...

PICK

Nope. I think I busted something...

JONESY

Where? I mean, what?

PICK

(almost boyish)

My dignity bone.

PICK is looking up at her with an almost boyish grin, a truly vulnerable and winning smile, as we...

CUT TO:

COVE

The sun beats down mercilessly. The air is perfectly still. The glassy water where the two sailboats lie at anchor, apparently deserted, is almost motionless.

The only movement in the cove is WINGATE. He's rowing an inflatable rubber life raft toward the Pair A Dice.

As he draws close to the dilapidated boat, WINGATE notes with disgust that his oars are cutting into oil water littered with trash...soft drink cans...egg shells...garbage.

His eyes scan the deck for signs of life.

Nothing. The deck is cluttered with junk...a rusting oil drum, several overflowing cardboard boxes, some discarded engine parts. Miscellaneous articles of clothing are drying on the boom

Pulling close to the stern, he considers the messy cockpit...wrenches, oil-soaked rags, tiny bikini panties and bra, a hatchet a sack of rotting seeds.

WINGATE

Hullo?

No answer. The rubber raft rubs against the hull. WINGATE can see into the open hatch and the shadowy chaos inside. The only sound is the slight clank of the wind chimes as the boat stirs ever so slightly in the gently shifting water. It's kind of spooky.

WINGATE glances back toward the island.

No sign of anything there, not even the dog.

He turns back to the sailboat and again his voice is loud in the silence.

WINGATE
Hullo! Anybody home?

No response.

Taking the painter in hand, WINGATE starts to climb out of the raft into the stern of the Pair A Dice, his right hand reaching for the...

WHOOOOOOOOOSH! WATER ERUPTS BEHIND HIM!

Startled, WINGATE falls back into the yellow raft and sits down hard. Turning, he sees MELODY grinning merrily at him from the water.

MELODY
Gotcha! Surprise!

WINGATE
(shaken, flustered)
Uh...yes...hullo. Yes, you surprised me.
I...I guess you didn't hear me...I...
called out...but...

MELODY
What's that? Whatcha got?

MELODY is referring to a small tinfoil bundle in WINGATE'S left hand.

WINGATE
Uh...oh! This! Pork. I was going to
leave it.

MELODY
Pork? Like dead pig, you mean?

MELODY takes four graceful strokes to the stern of the Pair A Dice and climbs aboard. She's wearing the briefest bikini bottoms, nothing more, her wet body glistening under the blazing sun.

Already rattled, WINGATE is totally unnerved at the sight of so much skin so close. He's almost stammering...

WINGATE
Yes...exactly...uh, pig. I thought
you...you and Pick...might...might...

MELODY looks right at him as she dries herself unself-consciously. But she must be aware of what she's doing to the stammering prude she's facing.

MELODY

That's really nice of you. I hardly ever eat meat, especially pork, pork can be really bad for you, I don't mean this pork, but, like, lots of religions don't allow it. Pick really likes it though, it's really nice of you...

WINGATE

He didn't...hurt you...did he?

MELODY

(startled)

Hurt me?

WINGATE

I...we...thought we heard you...cry out. Last night. In pain.

WINGATE is struggling to find a place to "park" his eyes, everything in front of him looks like breasts, lithe body, shapely hips, string bikini, thighs, crotch...

MELODY

(momentarily confused)

Last night? Oh, you mean...last night.

(a giggle)

That wasn't pain.

WINGATE

I wasn't prying, it's not nosiness, I just didn't want to think that...that something was going on...I mean in the sense of something...wrong...while we just...just ignored the...

MELODY

No, you don't have to sweat anything like that. Pick would never hurt a woman. He's got this thing, his old man used to beat the shit out of his mother. He says his mother asked for it, she used to goad his father into breaking her ribs, then she'd have him under her thumb for months ...guilty...pussywhipped. Then, when he'd start to act independent, she'd get him to break another bone and he'd be under her thumb again. I could say anything to Pick and he wouldn't lay a finger on me, he'd think I was trying to manipulate him. I mean, to hurt me, he wouldn't lay a finger on me. Maybe for ...other purposes...

MELODY grins impishly at WINGATE, who's still searching for something to look at besides upturned breast.

WINGATE

Well...uh...sorry to...poke my nose in. I mean...I'm glad you're...in good hands...

(eyes on her bellybutton)

Uh, I hope Pick enjoys the meat... The pork! I...killed it myself...the pig.

MELODY

Oh yeah? Really? A wild pig? You killed it?

MELODY looks genuinely interested, it looks like the conversation may continue as we...

CUT TO:

JUNGLE/MID-DAY

The PROUD BIRD, the one JONESY was watching, squawks proudly. The jungle canopy is alive with insects, birds and monkeys as, below, PICK and JONESY are awkwardly re-assembling their clothing on the edge of the muddy little farm. It's pretty obvious there's been some "action" between them. JONESY looks flustered and distraught, PICK triumphant and cheery as they "dress"...

PICK

I guess maybe this oughtta be a secret too, huh? I mean if he'd shoot the dog for licking you, I guess he'd do the same for me.

JONESY

I'm a fool! I'm an idiot!

PICK

Because you made it with a bum like me?

JONESY

I love him. He's a good man. It has nothing to do with you. You were just ...just around...

PICK

And you had hot pants...

JONESY

You're attractive, you attracted me, and I was weak and went along with it. It was stupid, it was my fault, I take full blame.

PICK

Blame, huh? You're gonna tell him...?

JONESY

(distracted)

I don't know what I'm going to do. He'll figure it out anyway. What are you going to do? Are you going to tell...your girlfriend?

PICK

Melody...she'll figure it out quicker than your old man. She's on my case about you already, she's got this thing about your hair...

JONESY

My hair!

PICK

You're right, we shouldn't of done it ...but it's done ain't it? There's lotsa things I shouldn't of done.

JONESY

I'm a fool!

PICK

You know what Chuck Berry says, the singer...?

JONESY

Damn! Damn! Damn!

PICK

No, not that. He says, "Say La Vee, say the old folks, it goes to show ya never can tell." That's my philosophy. It means you gotta...

BANG! A shot rings out. They both freeze.

There's a long moment of silence, then...

PICK

He must be hunting birds. Your old man.

JONESY

He doesn't hunt with a gun. Where's the dog?

JONESY is looking around with alarm. PICK frowns. He's following her thought...

PICK

She was here a couple minutes ago, before we got all...involved.

(looking around, calling out)

Here, girl, come on, Meatloaf, come on, babe, come on, sweetheart.

No sign of the dog. PICK'S eyes meet JONESY'S and hold. After a sober moment PICK'S crazy grin covers his face while his eyes glitter wildly...

PICK

Explain that, what you said. He doesn't hunt with a gun?

JONESY

He doesn't think it's sporting.

PICK

Oh. "Not sporting!" What a guy!

CUT TO:

BEACH/DAY

Sprawled on the sand, the dead DOG stares vacantly while WINGATE stands over her grimly, reloading his rifle. He looks up when JONESY bursts from the stand of trees that fringe the beach. JONESY stops in her tracks and stares in horror, her fears confirmed. Their eyes meet as WINGATE continues to reload...

WINGATE

There's no justice in the world. The dog dies for what the man does.

What does he mean? Does he know about them, about her and PICK? He says it looking right into her eyes. JONESY doesn't know what to say, she stammers...

JONESY

I...I...

WINGATE'S attention has shifted to PICK, who is emerging from the trees right behind JONESY. It almost seems like they're coming out the same bedroom door. PICK'S eyes are on the dead animal, his voice downright casual...

PICK

She...bite you?

WINGATE

(evenly, meeting Pick's
look)

I didn't give her the opportunity. I was very straightforward about that the other day...

PICK ambles closer till he's looking down at the dead dog.

PICK

I was showing your old lady...your wife---where I'm gonna farm an' old Meatloaf took off, she made a run for it...got away from me.

WINGATE

I was just saying to Jonesy here that you can't blame the dog really...the dog doesn't know any better...

PICK and WINGATE are facing each other, eyes locked, as MELODY reaches the beach after swimming fifty yards from the Pair A Dice. She comes out of the water angry as hell...

MELODY

You shot her! Why the hell did you shoot her! She's not a pig?

PICK

He was just explaining that, how you got to shoot first in this world...

MELODY

What kind of bullshit is that, what's that supposed to mean? I saw it, Meatloaf didn't touch him.

She's kneeling beside the dead dog as PICK grins his whacko grin...

PICK

That's the whole point. You gotta shoot before you get bit by a rabid dog. It don't do no good after.

PICK beams at WINGATE and JONESY as though everything's just fine...but his eyes are glittering like maybe there's a double meaning to his words. There's a terrible tension in the air, a tension that the grief-stricken MELODY doesn't notice as she cradles the dead dog in her arms...

MELODY

She wasn't rabid.

CUT TO:

COCKPIT/DEAD RECKONING/SUNSET

A perfect fish is being boned expertly.

WINGATE'S VOICE (O.S.)

What did you think of it, his farm?

WINGATE finishes boning the fish and seasons it before putting it on the Weber grill he's set up near the stern of the anchored boat. JONESY doesn't answer. She's standing nearby watching the sun set with tropical magnificence over the ocean.

The freshly caught fish sizzles on the grill as WINGATE speaks to her again...

WINGATE

You said he was showing you his farm...

JONESY'S face is tear-stained, her voice drained of emotion...

JONESY

It was all washed out. By the rain.

WINGATE

You have to plant deep in this kind of environment...

JONESY

You wanted to kill the dog, didn't you? You didn't care about being bitten, you wanted to shoot the dog, you "needed" to...

WINGATE meets her look. He is sincere...honest...genuinely hurt...

WINGATE

That's not true, Jonesy. Quite the contrary. I hated doing it. It was coming at me, barking. I said to myself, "this is necessary, you must do this." It wasn't the dog's fault, poor creature.

Their eyes meet. Again the question: Does he know? Or does he only suspect? Or does he not even suspect?

WINGATE

He should have had the animal vaccinated in the first place...and failing that he should have taken the appropriate precautions.

WINGATE turns back to the barbecue, and JONESY looks toward the Pair A Dice, a silhouette bobbing in the blood red sunset water. She can see PICK, a shadowy figure, moving across the deck, entering the cabin.

Without looking up from the barbecue WINGATE speaks again...

WINGATE

You were right in the first place, Jones.
We should get out of here.

JONESY turns and stares at him. He meets her look solemnly...

WINGATE

You do want to leave...don't you?

JONESY

Oh, sure! Now that it's too late!
Great! Now you want to go!

WINGATE

"Too late?"

JONESY

YOU KILLED THEIR GODDAMN DOG!

WINGATE seems to flinch inwardly at her emotion, but as always he hides his feelings, this time by turning to the barbecue and fussing with the fish until he can speak calmly, evenly...

WINGATE

I haven't been able to repair the radio...

JONESY

(startled)
The radio? What's the matter with the
radio?

CUT TO:

COCKPIT/PAIR A DICE/NIGHT

While the jovial lights of the Dead Reckoning glow cheerfully a hundred yards away, PICK and MELODY are greedily wolfing down pork by the light of a single gloomy lantern on the floor of the littered cockpit of the Pair A Dice. Again and again as they talk, they slap at the insects attracted by the lantern...

PICK

(mouth full, chewing)
You notice the taste? Spices! He grows those little spices, he knows how to season stuff. That's the trick to gourmet cooking, how you season stuff...

MELODY

How do you know he didn't kill it with a knife?

PICK

Because...(chew, chew, chew)...you can't ...(chew, chew)...get that close to a wild animal...Besides that one of these wild pigs is strong...

MELODY

Well, why would he say he did...?

PICK

Showing off. Wants to impress you. You see the way he looks at you? At your ass, at your body...

MELODY

(a meaningful look)

That hoity toity bitch is probably a lousy lay. You can't be that polite and be a good fuck...

PICK

I'll bet you're right about that, Mel, I'll bet she's an ice cream cone. Want me to check her out? You know, report on it?

MELODY

If he really shot the pig, how come we didn't hear a shot? You could hear a shot anywhere on the island.

PICK

(a shrug, more chewing)

Maybe he used a bow and arrow. Maybe he poisoned it...

MELODY

Shit! If he poisoned it, eating it could be poison...

MELODY hastily puts down her meat and spits more out...

PICK

(cheery, playful)

Yeah, but what a way to go! The guy sure can cook. I gotta learn how to use spices, I gotta learn this shit...

MELODY

I hate meat. I hate it, I shouldn't eat it, ever.

PICK is already picking up her piece and wolfing it down without comment...

MELODY

What about the dog? What're you gonna do about the dog?

It's the unspoken question that's been there from the beginning and now, spoken, it hangs heavily in the air while PICK calmly chews, taking his time about answering. Finally, swallowing a big chunk, he smiles his whacko smile...

PICK

The thing is, I wanna learn to use spices, right? Learn to cook...So I thought maybe I'd roast her, you know, with herbs and shit. Roast Meatloaf, ha ha ha...

PICK is enjoying his own macabre humor as we...

CUT TO:

DIAMOND HEAD WAIKIKI/DAY

A clear blue sky, a bright sun, white sails. Diamond Head and Waikiki beach look like a postcard sold in one of the fancy hotels along the beach as we...

PAN TO:

MARINA, HONOLULU

Row after row of yachts, from modest sailboats to extravagant motor cruisers, are berthed along the walkway docks at the Honolulu Marina. It's in one of these rows that we find the Morning Wind tied, right where it was the first time we saw it.

The CRAWFORDS and their guests, BIFF and SILLY COOPER, are sitting around a table on deck finishing a long lunch (to judge from the three empty wine bottles on the table and the well lubricated nature of the conversation). The COOPERS are a fiftyish couple, yacht club types...

BIFF

The thing is, there isn't any First world anymore...

SILLY

It's all the Third World. Even Kansas City for God Sake!

SHAY

Lines. People wait in lines everywhere now...

BIFF

Forget the lines, the lines are nothing!
I'm talking about the fabric of the
society, the fundamental...

SHAY

The lines are not nothing!

CRAWFORD'S attention has wandered. He's looking off down the
of yachts. There's some kind of commotion a ways off. He can
the mast of a boat moving through the channel toward them; he
hear VOICES raised even as the conversation continues around him.

SILLY

Tell them about the Post Office, Biff...

SHAY

Oh, you can't tell us about the Post
Office, they line up at eight o'clock...

SILLY

Not the line, darling, the moron! Tell
her, Biff.

Engrossed in their conversation, the other three don't notice
CRAWFORD get to his feet and walk to the rail, intrigued by the
commotion that seems to be moving slowly closer to them. He watches
with interest as the conversation continues behind him...

BIFF

---so after twenty minutes, I get to the
window and I tell this kid I want to send
a letter Express Mail...

SHAY

Don't tell me! It was time for his
break.

BIFF

No, no...

SILLY

And this one wasn't rude either. They're
all so goddam rude and arrogant, they
don't have any pride in what they're
doing, they don't care about anything,
not even themselves...

BIFF

But not this kid. He did care, he was
polite, he was earnest...

Watching the channel, CRAWFORD hears another angry SHOUT and he sees the bow of the approaching yacht come into view. The boat features a lousy paint job, bright blue, with sloppily painted yellow letters spelling out the boat's name...CABALLO DIABLO.

BIFF

---and I say, "This'll get there tomorrow, right?" And he says, "No sir, we can't guarantee that." So I point to this sign that says "Express Mail, Guaranteed 24 hour service," something like that, and I say, "It says 24 hours." And he goes, "Yes, sir, we guarantee delivery in 24 hours," so I say, "Fine, that's what I was asking you." And he says, "I thought you were asking if it would get there tomorrow."

SILLY

He didn't know! The poor thing didn't know there are 24 hours in a day! It's the educational system! Nobody knows anything anymore...

CRAWFORD is staring at the bow of the Caballo Diablo as it approaches. He can make out a ghost of the word "DEAD" underneath the new paint job. The boat is clearly the Dead Reckoning repainted and the man struggling with the lowering sales is PICK himself, his hair dyed black and a neat moustache on his upper lip.

SHAY

It's not just a matter of formal education, it has to do with attitude, and family, it's much more complex. Our friend Taylor Wingate has a theory that the whole country is in a state of arrested adolescence, that even the adults behave as irresponsibly as teenagers...

SILLY

We know Taylor!

BIFF

We heard he got married!

CRAWFORD is watching the Caballo Diablo loom past while several YACHTSMEN, on foot, hurry along the opposite dock shouting at MELODY who's shouting at PICK while steering the boat awkwardly.

MELODY

I can't see goddamnit! Pick, the sail's in my way. I mean "Rip."

YACHTSMAN

YOU HIT MY BOAT! YOU DAMAGED MY BOAT!

PICK
 (to Melody)
 A little starboard, babe.

MELODY
 Starboard! What's starboard, which way?

YACHTSMAN
 LEFT! YOU PEOPLE HAVE NO BUSINESS
 SAILING! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PAY FOR
 THE DAMAGE.

PICK
 Just a little further, babe.

PICK glances daggers at the YACHTSMAN as he lowers the sail.

SHAY
 (to the Coopers)
 ---and they were going to stay in touch
 with us by radio but we haven't heard a
 word now for more than six weeks. We've
 notified the Coast Guard but they...
 (turning to Crawford)
 What's going on, Craw? What's all the
 shouting? Where are you going?

CRAWFORD has turned away from the Caballo Diablo and the shouting
 YACHTSMEN. He's headed below deck into the cabin.

CRAWFORD
 Gonna call the police.

As CRAWFORD disappears from view, SHAY sees the stern of the passing
 yacht chased by the two YACHTSMEN and the name painted there...
 Caballo Diablo!

SHAY
 The police?

CUT TO:

JURORS. COURTROOM/DAY

We consider the FACES of the JURORS...impassive...bland...solemn...
 intense. Good citizens sitting in the jury box listening as THE
 PROSECUTOR parades in front of them making his opening statement...

PROSECUTOR
 ---at which time, in October, nine weeks
 after the defendants admit departing
 Alulea, investigators visited the island
 and, as they will testify, found a badly
 decomposed body washed up among the
 rocks...

The JURORS are sneaking glances in the direction of the Defense table where PICK and MELODY are seated beside the PUBLIC DEFENDER. IT'S STARTLING FOR US, AFTER KNOWING THEM SO WELL ON THE ISLAND IN NEAR NAKED SCRUFFINESS, TO SEE PICK WELL GROOMED (AND UNCOMFORTABLE) IN A JACKET AND TIE AND MELODY DEMURELY DRESSED IN A SUITED SKIRT AND WHITE BLOUSE...The JURORS hastily avert their eyes as the moustachioed PICK flashes them his favorite smile, the used car dealer-hatchet murderer-Jack Nicholson friendly smile...

PROSECUTOR

(continuing)

Forensic experts will testify that this person did not die from drowning. This person suffered massive head injuries resulting in death...massive head injuries that we will prove circumstantially but beyond a reasonable doubt, were inflicted by the defendants Mister James Nick and Miss Teresa Mason.

The PROSECUTOR turns and fixes his gaze sternly on PICK and MELODY. MELODY looks scared but PICK looks him right in the eye grinning boldly as we...

CUT TO:

SHAY CRAWFORD. WITNESS STAND/LATER

SHAY CRAWFORD, wearing an expensive and fashionable suit with pearls, is sitting on the witness stand being questioned by the PROSECUTOR...

PROSECUTOR

This was on a Sunday...June 4th...that is your recollection...?

SHAY

Yes, we spotted them trying to get into the harbor past the reefs. They were obviously in a lot of trouble and we thought we might have to...

CUT TO:

HUGE SEAS. REEFS/DAY

Huge seas explode on the reefs off Alulea as PICK valiantly pushes off the rocks with a broken piece of mast. He's knee-deep in water, the Pair A Dice is foundering, the terrified MEATLOAF is splashing madly about the cockpit barking insanely, while MELODY tries to bail out the boat with a tiny pot. It's hopeless, there's no chance. And yet PICK fights on, magnificent in his mad courage and determination, as we...

CUT TO:

MORNING WIND, COVE/LATER

Wearing bermuda shorts and a big smile, CRAWFORD, flanked by SHAY, is standing on the deck of the Morning Wind at anchor greeting the newcomers with an outstretched hand...

CRAWFORD

Crawford, Charles Crawford, but people call me "Craw," not "Charley," and this is my wife, Shay.

Covered with cuts and bruises, shirtless and tattooed, PICK grins his grin and holds out a bloody hand...

PICK

James Mackowski. People call me "Mack," not Jim. This is my wife, Margo.

MELODY looks very nervous, perhaps intimidated by the sharp scrutiny of SHAY, who's giving them a rather cool once over...

MELODY

Hi there.

SHAY

We didn't think you two were going to make it, we thought we were going to have to come out in the dinghy and rescue you.

PICK

Naw, we had it under control the whole way, there wasn't any real danger...

Right behind PICK, in plain view, the Pair A Dice lies at anchor, barely above water, the mast broken off, the deck covered with torn sails, the dog MEATLOAF, soaking wet and barking at them from the cockpit. The slums have come to Alulea.

MELODY

Uh, you wouldn't happen to have some food, would you? And water? Like, we sorta ran out.

PICK

Ha ha, we been out there twenty-five days! All we got left is dog food, ha ha ha.

PICK looks jovial, covered with blood, as SHAY stares at him, stunned.

SHAY

Twenty-five days!

CUT TO:

BEACH. COVE/NEXT DAY

BANG! BANG! Waist deep in the surf, PICK is firing a pistol into the water.

MEATLOAF is barking twenty yards away on the sand while MELODY watches.

BANG! PICK fires again, then he splashes off triumphantly in the direction he fired.

PICK
I got one! I think I got one!

CUT TO:

DECK. MORNING WIND

Lounging on the deck of the yacht anchored a hundred yards from the beach, SHAY lowers the book she's reading and watches PICK splashing exuberantly through the water holding a fish over his head. She turns to CRAWFORD, who's just emerging from the hatch in his bermuda shorts carrying a couple of icy cocktails. SHAY is wearing a bikini, her skin covered with sunscreen.

SHAY
(disgusted)
Well, he got one!

CRAWFORD
I warned him about shooting around water.
About ricochets. He said he's a good
shot.

SHAY
Took him ten shots to get that fish.

On shore they can see PICK, MELODY and MEATLOAF celebrating, gathered around the fish PICK shot as we...

CUT TO:

CABIN. MORNING WIND/NIGHT

It's night. CRAWFORD is sitting at the radio speaking into the microphone while SHAY watches.

CRAWFORD
(into the mike)
It's probably M-A-C. That's right,
"Mackowski, James."

SHAY

She called him "Pick" a couple of times.
He says it's a nickname.

CRAWFORD is still hovered over the radio as we...

CUT TO:

REEFS/DAY

Seen from the cove, a sailboat is coming toward the island, approaching the reefs, sails billowing. It's the Dead Reckoning.

DECK. MORNING WIND

CRAWFORD and SHAY are watching the Dead Reckoning approach. They raise their arms and begin to wave as we...

CUT TO:

COVE/TWENTY MINUTES LATER

From the deck of the Morning Wind, SHAY is watching the Dead Reckoning motoring in with JONESY at the helm while fifty yards away PICK'S tape deck blares "Caballo Diablo" from the deck of the Pair-A-Dice. It's the same scene we saw before but this time from SHAY'S POINT OF VIEW!

She sees PICK shouting "AHOY THERE! WELCOME TO ALULEA!" She sees MELODY sit up topless and look around, she sees WINGATE looking at them as PICK calls out again...

PICK
NEED A HAND, BUDDY?

She can't hear WINGATE'S response over the blare of the radio but she sees something we didn't see before!

She sees the rebuffed PICK bury the blade of the hatchet, the one he's been using on the mast, deep into the wood of the cabin roof as he stares after WINGATE. There's an angry look on PICK'S face as we...

CUT TO:

JUNGLE SLOPE/ANOTHER DAY

Another familiar scene seen this time from SHAY'S POINT OF VIEW. The WINGATES and the CRAWFORDS are descending the jungle slope after visiting the wrecked plane and CRAWFORD is shaking his head and exclaiming...

CRAWFORD
What I don't get is why in God's name
would they be carrying a can of spray
paint in the middle of the jungle?

SHAY is right behind CRAWFORD...

SHAY

They use it to paint themselves like primitives. I told you I saw them that time in the...

(she halts abruptly)

Now what?

SHAY is looking through a break in the branches at the clearing PICK has made half a mile away near the foot of the slope, "his farm."

The others follow her look and they all see what she sees.

Below is the clearing...PICK'S "farm"...PICK and MELODY are up to something bizarre. PICK is lying on the ground in the open and MELODY is approaching him by a strangely circuitous route, as though invisible barriers prevented her from walking directly across the open space to PICK.

As SHAY and the others look on from above PICK says something to MELODY they can't hear. Immediately she retraces her steps, making the same peculiar route through the open space. Then having returned to her starting point, she heads for PICK again, taking a slightly different zig zag route across the open field until she joins PICK who, on his feet now, embraces her.

WINGATE is staring at them through his binoculars.

SHAY

Lunatics!

JONESY

(worried)

You really saw them painted like savages?

CUT TO:

DECK, DEAD RECKONING/NOON

The sun blazes down on SHAY and JONESY as they sunbathe in scanty bikinis, sipping cool drinks, surrounded by the most recent magazines JONESY brought from Hawaii. They're in the middle of a conversation...

JONESY

Did they see you?

SHAY

Bet your ass! Yeah, they saw me. Not at first though...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK. JUNGLE/DAY

Wearing a Banana Republic tropical outfit, SHAY is filling a canvas water bucket from a stream that bubbles down the island "mountain."

SECONDS LATER. JUNGLE

SHAY is lugging the heavy water bucket back through the thick jungle growth when she sees something that makes her stop suddenly in her tracks...

Through the dense foliage she can glimpse blurs of movement thirty yards away in the "jungle." Two figures, naked, are engaged in some kind of dance or ritual.

SHAY is flabbergasted as she recognizes PICK and MELODY, their faces and bodies crudely painted like savages. Their "dance" is spookier for its obscurity as SHAY'S vantage point offers her only glimpses of movement through the curtain of leaves and vines. MELODY is making creepy noises from her throat.

Then PICK turns suddenly, and he's looking right at SHAY. Their eyes meet. For a moment his savagely painted face is expressionless.

SHAY is frightened, unable to turn away, captured by his eyes.

PICK leers, as we...

CUT TO:

DECK AGAIN. DEAD RECKONING/STILL NOON

JONESY looks alarmed at the story she's just heard...

JONESY

Did they ever...mention it?

SHAY

Nope. When I told Craw about it, he said it was probably some modern form of safe sex, ha ha.

JONESY doesn't laugh. She looks worried.

JONESY

I told Wing I thought we ought to leave when you leave...but he doesn't want to. I think he sort of likes that guy...Rip or Pick...

SHAY

Or "Mack."

JONESY

He says he wants to "help" him.

SHAY is considering JONESY's worried expression as we...

CUT TO:

PICK. COURTROOM/DAY

PICK smiles his smile for the JURY as SHAY leaves the stand.

The JURORS look solemn and inscrutable as we...

CUT TO:

WITNESS STAND/LATER

CRAWFORD is seated on the stand facing the CLERK...

CLERK

Do you swear to tell the whole truth and
nothing but the truth, so help you...?

CUT TO:

COVE. ISLAND/DAWN

The chainsaw is screaming in paradise as the astonished CRAWFORD, ruffled from sleep, stands on the deck of the anchored Morning Wind and stares at the shore 150 yards away. We've seen this scene before but not from CRAWFORD'S POINT OF VIEW.

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

TTTTTTTTTTTTIM-BER!

Turning to his left, CRAWFORD sees WINGATE fifty yards away on the deck of the Dead Reckoning glaring furiously in the direction of the commotion. Then WINGATE glances his way and CRAWFORD shrugs, exposing his palms in a gesture of helplessness as we...

CUT TO:

COVE/MOMENTS LATER

CRAWFORD looks on from the deck of the Morning Wind as WINGATE heads for shore in the dinghy, the outboard buzzing furiously. CRAWFORD sees JONESY calling after him from the deck of the Dead Reckoning, trying to cool him out but WINGATE doesn't look back as we...

CUT TO:

COVE/LATE AFTERNOON

On the deck of the Dead Reckoning, CRAWFORD is speaking to WINGATE as SHAY lounges in the sun and JONESY dries herself off from her swim.

CRAWFORD

You wanna try radioing the cops about
"Ripulski?"

CRAWFORD notes a worried look on JONESY'S face but WINGATE just shrugs matter of factly...

WINGATE

What's the point? If the description
didn't mean anything.

SHAY

I'm not sure you two should stay on after
we leave.

WINGATE

Let's not make a mountain out of a
molehill. I think the island's in more
danger than we are.

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

Tiiiiiiiiim-beeeeeeeeeerrrrrrr!

All four of them look toward land where the crown of another palm disappears from the now skimpy cluster, followed by a loud crash. Suddenly SHAY speaks, her voice hard, her manner blunt...

SHAY

You're wrong, Taylor. Those aren't nice
people, those are criminals. They play
by a different set of rules than you...if
they play by any rules at all.

WINGATE

Criminals? Crawford checked their
descriptions with the police and got a
negative. You can't call them criminals
because they're...crude, because they're
not polite like us.

SHAY

Yes, I can. That's what criminals are,
impolite people! People with very very
bad manners!

WINGATE and CRAWFORD laugh but SHAY ignores them, continuing in a very serious tone to WINGATE...

SHAY

It's discourteous not to write a proper thank you note, it's discourteous to talk loudly in a concert hall or to play your radio so loudly it disturbs others, and it's extremely discourteous to kill a fellow being, to take somebody's life away from them, no matter who they are, that's the ultimate in rudeness! And that walking penis, that tattooed phallus, is capable of every sort of bad manners imaginable!

CRAWFORD

Shay, honey, I think...

SHAY

Good manners are the whole ballgame, that's all there is, we're nothing but animals without them. We're even animals with them. You think me and Jones here don't have anything in common with that little twat Margo or Melody or whoever she is? Listen to her when she gets her nightly dicking..."Ooooh, aaaaaah, unnnnh!" It's all the same, we all get off, rich and poor. We all want to kill people too. If I shot Craw everytime I wanted to the man would be full of holes. The simple fact is I'm too fucking polite to kill anyone. It's god damn rude to take somebody's life away from them... anybody's...but old "Rip Mack" Tattoo, he's not polite like us, Taylor and you better learn that.

SHAY glares, spent, and nobody says anything for a long moment. On shore the saw rages, PICK bellows "Timber!" and another tree falls. At last WINGATE speaks very solemnly...

WINGATE

Shay...you never speak your mind. You always hem and haw and beat around the bush. Do you think you could come out and say what you mean sometime instead of this mealy-mouthed indirection?

All four of-them burst into laughter and we...

CUT TO:

COVE/DAWN

Leaning over the rail of the anchored Dead Reckoning, JONESY is handing a bundle of letters to CRAWFORD who's pulled his dinghy alongside the yacht.

JONESY

Can you mail these for me in Honolulu,
Craw?

CRAWFORD

Consider it done, honey babe.

JONESY

And, Craw, thank you both...for
everything.

Their eyes meet, there's an unspoken subtext about staying on the island in spite of the danger. JONESY indicates WINGATE, who's fooling around with his scuba gear on the bow.

JONESY

It's his island. I can't ask him to
leave.

CRAWFORD nods understandingly and casts a glance toward shore where he can see PICK and MELODY walking across the beach toward the tethered MEATLOAF.

CRAWFORD

Hey, we're just being alarmists, they're
harmless, they're just not yacht club
types. Besides, Taylor's gonna stay in
touch by radio.

(looking toward Wingate)

Hey, Taylor! See you down the road!

WINGATE waves from the bow, CRAWFORD starts the motor, and just then JONESY leans over the rail and grabs CRAWFORD'S shoulder urgently. He turns and looks into her eyes. They're full of intensity as she speaks for his ears only...

JONESY

Craw! If anything does happen...

(indicating Pick and

Melody on the beach)

---they did it! Them!

CUT TO:

MORNING WIND AT SEA/LATER

CRAWFORD and SHAY are looking back at the island from the cockpit of the Morning Wind as it rides into the Pacific beyond the reef, sails full.

They can see JONESY, a tiny figure, waving to them from the deck of the Dead Reckoning at anchor in the little cove. Behind her the island looms like a malevolent paradise, at once gorgeous and ominous, as we...

CUT TO:

JURY. COURTROOM/DAY

The solemn faces of the JURORS are watching MELODY take the witness stand. she looks very different from the MELODY of the island. Her hair is fixed a little like JONESY'S and she's wearing a dress. She gives the JURORS a nervous little smile and faces the CLERK...

CLERK

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth...?

CUT TO:

JUNGLE/DAY

It's dark and spooky under the thick canopy of leaves, the TROPICAL BIRDS look ominous, the drone of INSECTS has a foreboding tone...

MELODY appears, pushing her way through a curtain of vines. Wearing only a tattered t-shirt over her very brief bikini, she looks lost and a little afraid. She's carrying a can of spray paint.

A BIRD screeches and makes her jump.

A SNAKE glides past ten yards away and she shivers, looks around nervously. She calls out...

MELODY

Pick! Pick, where are you?

No answer

BIRDS screech.

The INSECTS drone unpleasantly.

MELODY shakes the can of spray paint and solemnly sprays a red mark on a tree. Then she moves forward through the heavy growth.

MELODY

Pick! Pick, you asshole!

(no answer)

Pick! Goddamn you! Pick, you're really being an asshole!

She's trying for courage through indignation but it's not working, she's still scared and lost. She sprays paint on another tree, marking her trail. Then she pushes on, getting genuinely angry as she struggles with the vines in her path.

MELODY

Okay, fuck you, you macho jerk! Who cares if you AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

AN UPSIDE-DOWN FACE SWINGS INTO VIEW INCHES FROM HER OWN! THE HORRID VISAGE, GROTESQUELY PAINTED, LEERS AT HER.

It's PICK hanging by his knees from a branch, wearing only jockey shorts, his whole body painted red and green!

MELODY, who's fallen on her ass in a big fern, struggles to her feet furious as PICK drops from the branch laughing.

MELODY

You asshole! You fucker! You piece of shit!

PICK

You know how long I was waiting for you?
(pointing)
I was over there before, you didn't come near me!

MELODY

You jerk, you made me wet my pants!

PICK

Take 'em off! We don't need pants, we're a primitive tribe. Here, get some color.

PICK picks up the can of spray paint she dropped and sprays her.

MELODY

My hair! You fucker, you're crazy! I thought we were gonna use the paint to mark our way, you're gonna use it up.

PICK

(suddenly serious)
Hey, Mel, listen, this is how it's supposed to be! This is what we wanted! We're free! No bullshit! No rules! No stop signs! We can be people, we can get high, we can do whatever we want!

MELODY touches the paint on her chest dubiously...

MELODY

Will this stuff come off? It's probably bad for our skin, it's probably got carcinogens...or lead!

PICK

Come on, I'll paint you. We're a primitive tribe! One red tit, one green tit!

PICK is spraying MELODY with paint as we...

CUT TO:

JUNGLE/LATER

Wildly painted, naked, MELODY flits playfully among big ferns and vines. PICK is behind her, swinging on a vine. They're like a couple of playful animals.

MELODY

God! This is so...weird!

Suddenly PICK is strutting in front of her, all body, showing off his muscular torso, his "warrior self."

PICK

No i.d.! I.d. all gone! No driver license! All gone! Warrior now! Dog soldier! Fuck the president! Fuck senator! Dog soldier!

MELODY starts to strut too, showing off her freshly painted body, stretching, wiggling, high-steppin, all breasts and ass and thighs. It's a mating dance! They keep their distance, their movements increasingly sensual, seductive, their eye contact smoldering, building the sexual tension higher and higher until...

Something catches PICK'S eye and he turns to the side.

MELODY follows the look and just glimpses someone hurrying off through the thick growth twenty yards away.

PICK chuckles, his wacky smile on his face as he starts to strut again for MELODY...

MELODY

Who was it? Who was that?

PICK

("dancing," strutting)
The bitch. Crawford's old lady. She was watching.

MELODY

(alarmed)
Watching!

PICK is undulating closer to MELODY, leering, sexy...

PICK

Not watching. Spying! She was looking at my ass. My red and green ass!

PICK is almost touching her ripe body, dancing around it, teasing.

MELODY
(indignant)
That dried up old cunt!

CUT TO:

JUNGLE/LATER

Naked and painted, PICK and MELODY are sprawled on the jungle floor exhausted from sex while MEATLOAF licks at MELODY'S face.

MELODY
Knock it off, Meatloaf!

PICK
Yeah, Meatloaf, I already ate her.

A pause, then...

MELODY
You think she was really, like, spying?
Not just watching...spying?

PICK
Bet your ass, they both watch us, all the time. I seen him peeping with his binoculars. You know why?

MELODY
Why?

PICK
Because we didn't pay any taxes. I didn't pay any taxes, did you?

MELODY
Taxes! What the fuck are you talking about?

PICK
(very intense)
The IRS! They're keeping an eye on us, reporting back by radio! They know our plantation is gonna be a big moneymaker! We make anything, they confiscate it, turn it over to Uncle Sam. They're everywhere, the IRS!

MELODY giggles. He's so good, he had her going. Then her mood changes.

MELODY
What're we gonna do when they split? I mean, we'll be stuck here all alone, no food, nothing.

PICK

That's what we want, babe! Primitive man, primitive woman. The island to ourselves.

MELODY

But Pick, we don't...

PICK

Hey, other boats come here, he told me. For the water. It's cool, it's okay.

CUT TO:

DECK. PAIR A DICE/ANOTHER DAY

Topless MELODY suns herself on the deck of the Pair A Dice under a blazing mid-day sun. Nearby the tape deck is blaring a Charlie Daniels number, "Caballo Diablo." Looking up, even with her sunglasses, the sun is dazzling, blinding, raging with heat. MELODY speaks loudly to be heard over the tape and the sound of PICK hammering something ten feet away.

MELODY

God, Pick! You know what I'm thinking about?

Apparently he doesn't hear her. There's no answer and the pounding continues. She answers her own question.

MELODY

A hot fudge sundae! I don't even like hot fudge sundaes and it's like all I can think about. I think about it and think about it.

PICK still doesn't answer. The pounding continues, the tape blares, the sun glares. MELODY looks into the dazzling light, baking under the full force of the sun.

Then the pounding stops. There's a pause and she hears PICK'S VOICE calling out...

PICK'S VOICE (O.S.)

AHOY THERE! WELCOME TO ALULEA!

Startled, MELODY sits up to see who he's shouting at...

MELODY

What's going on? Who...?

She breaks off at what she sees...a yacht muttering into the cove with a man on the foredeck glaring right at her and her bare breasts! It's her first view of WINGATE.

And then she sees the woman at the helm, a knockout blonde with a gorgeous figure and a man of hair like an actress or model. JONESY! MELODY isn't too happy about this and she glances at PICK and sees that he's looking JONESY over too with some interest. Then he calls out to the man...

PICK
NEED A HAND, BUDDY?

The man gives them a frosty look and a cool response...

WINGATE
We'll manage, thank you.

The tape deck is still blaring "Caballo Diablo" as we...

CUT TO:

ISLAND/NEXT DAY

Standing under a fringe of trees PICK and MELODY are watching the WINGATES and the CRAWFORDS arrive on shore in the dinghy and then head inland on foot dressed in safari clothes, carrying cameras and binoculars, while MEATLOAF, barking, strains at her newly acquired tether.

PICK
Gonna check out the plane.

MELODY
How do you know?

PICK
Like people go to the volcano when they come to Honolulu. Like a tour group. I can read people like a book.

MELODY
They act like they're in a club and we can't be members...

PICK
You wanna be?

MELODY
It's such bullshit. We don't have any money so they think they're smarter than us...

PICK
They are.

MELODY
Bullshit. I know lotsa shit those people don't even understand...

PICK

That's not the point. There's stuff they know we don't, they got attitudes we can't do. They got secrets.

MELODY

You're letting them impress you, Pick. They don't have secrets, they have yachts. They're very superficial empty people. If we had money, if we had a yacht they'd include us, we'd be just as hot shit.

PICK

It don't matter. I'm gonna lie down in the library.

PICK starts to amble across the muddy little clearing in a peculiarly circuitous way, making abrupt right turns here and there as though faced with unseen obstacles.

MELODY'S mood is immediately transformed, she's happy even as she calls after him in a very serious tone...

MELODY

Not in the library, you can't lie down in the library, there's just chairs...

PICK

Un unh, there's one of those leather sofas, I put in one of those leather sofas, the puffy ones with soft soft leather, remember?

PICK has reached the "library" where he's choosing a book from imaginary bookshelves...

MELODY

(very serious)

The leather sofa was in the den.

PICK

In the library too. I got leather sofas all over the place. Aha!

(He opens an imaginary book)

My leather bound copy of "The Adventures of Robinson Caruso."

MELODY is happily winding her way through "hallways" only she can see in the muddy clearing.

MELODY

Not leather sofas in the living room...or the guest rooms either. I want fabric ones.

PICK

(lying down, "reading")

Yeah, that's okay, I'm not gonna lie down in those places.

(looking up)

Where the hell are you going?

MELODY

I gotta check on the kids, make sure they didn't drown...

PICK

(startled)

Kids! We don't have kids! Bullshit!

MELODY

(determined)

Yes we do. Adopted. They're in the swimming pool.

CUT TO:

TREE LINE. ISLAND/NEXT DAY

From the fringe of trees along the beach, MELODY forlornly watches the Morning Wind crawl away from the island, sails full, getting tinier and tinier on the horizon as we...

CUT TO:

CLEARING/MINUTES LATER

PICK is digging, turning over soil, grunting with effort, sweating as MELODY glumly takes some seeds from a sack to plant them.

MELODY

I don't think the new people are gonna help us out, Pick. I don't think they're gonna sell us stuff or give us anything.

PICK

(still digging)

Fuck um! We're gonna (grunt), we're gonna be self (grunt) sufficient. Totally self-sufficient, that's (grunt) the whole point!

Demoralized, MELODY considers the seeds in her hand before sticking them in the overturned earth...

MELODY

These seeds are weird looking, Pick, they might not be any good. And even if they are, they're not gonna grow overnight or anything.

PICK stops digging for a moment, rests on his shovel, wipes sweat from his brow, then...

PICK

You know what we oughtta do? We oughtta figure out what furniture we're gonna have in the kids' room. Like I was thinking of making furniture out of bamboo.

But MELODY won't be charmed out of her funk this time...

MELODY

I'm getting really scared, Pick. These new people have all this hostility and we're, like,...we don't have anything...

PICK

Hey, listen, Mel, it's okay. These new people are better. Like they'll help us more. Don't let that bullshit with Meatloaf fool you, guys like that, like Wingate, they're like a stringed instrument, I can play him like a banjo because he's tuned, he's predictable! A fat tubba shit like Crawford, you can't play him he's so sloppy. But the Wingates, guys like that with all their bullshit, you play them and you get the note you want. I'll make a bet with you right now. I bet they invite us to dinner. Whadda you wanna bet?

CUT TO:

DECK, DEAD RECKONING/SUNSET

Emerging from the hatch with a tray of drinks, WINGATE, shaved and dapper in an Izod pullover, hands the first drink to MELODY, a perfect Margarita in a frosted glass with a salted rim.

WINGATE

Melody...Margarita. Rip...Dos Equis. Jones...a Manhattan up. And for our charming host...two fingers of The MacAllan, neat.

(putting down the tray and turning to Pick...)

So...you can do anything you set your mind to, Rip...?

PICK

It's all motivation. That's what the world's about...motivation and attitude...

Awkward in her stained blouse and torn peasant skirt, MELODY is impressed and intimidated by WINGATE and very conscious of PICK'S efforts to impress JONESY.

MELODY

He's right! I used to teach this judo class...Boy, this is a good Margarita!

JONESY

A judo class!

CUT TO:

BEACH/DAY

WHUMP! JONESY lands hard in the sand, thrown by MELODY who's giving her a judo lesson. Both women are wearing bikinis and t-shirts. MELODY reaches out to help JONESY up...

MELODY

See? You okay? Like I had this image in my mind and I copied the image into reality. It's like a xeroxing thing.

JONESY brushes sand off herself, a little dubious...

JONESY

Well, the judo part...the physical part...the movement...is very clear...but the mental part is...a little...

MELODY

What you have is, you have this resistance, this resistance pattern, that's what's blocking you, preventing you from getting it. You think it's all bullshit!

(eyes meet)

Which it is.

JONESY

(startled, off balance)

Then why...?

MELODY

The same way everything's bullshit if you don't believe in it. Do you know anything about economics? Friedman? Keynes? Money theory? Monetary Policy?

JONESY

(amazed)

Uh...not really...

CUT TO:

IN THE SHADE/A FEW MINUTES LATER

MELODY and JONESY are lounging under a palm tree. MELODY is puffing on a joint which she offers to JONESY who shakes her head, declining politely as MELODY lectures and tokes...

MELODY

Like, any economist will tell you that money is essentially a belief...

(toke, toke, toke...)

Like, I have this big bill, like a thousand dollar bill...

MELODY picks up a fallen palm frond and waves it...

MELODY

(continuing)

What is it? It's a piece of paper with a picture on it. I can't eat it, can't drink it, can't hit somebody over the head with it, can't get high with it...it's bullshit! I mean we're on a desert island, you got a can of beans, I got this weird piece of paper that says one thousand on it. I offer it to you for the beans, you'd have to be crazy to take it, right? I mean unless you're planning a trip to the Land-of-Believe-in-Money. In the Land-of-Believe-in-Money they'd give you the beans real quick! They believe this bullshit piece of paper is worth like...whatever you want! Drugs! Gasoline! A piece of ass, a thousand cans of tunafish. If everybody gets together and believes in money together...Wow!...money is hot shit!

JONESY stares at her slack-jawed. MELODY tokes vigorously on the joint. MELODY holds the smoke a beat, then continues...

MELODY

So, like, if you go along with my bullshit...this bullshit I'm telling you...imaging...if you accept it, instead of resisting like "this stoned hippy chick is from the moon...", if you accept it the way you accept money...you can use it, like you use money...

(a smile)

Dig?

CUT TO:

BEACH/A LITTLE LATER

WHAM! MELODY hits the sand hard as JONESY throws her expertly. MELODY looks up triumphantly at JONESY...

MELODY

See!

JONESY looks pleased in spite of herself while MELODY sprawls on the sand lazily and stares at the sun...

MELODY

Boy, am I stoned!

JONESY isn't paying attention, she's looking out beyond the cove, a puzzled look on her face.

JONESY

They're coming in...under sail.

MELODY rolls over and looks too.

The Dead Reckoning is gliding in past the reefs with the sails full.

MELODY

I thought you weren't supposed to do that, I thought you're supposed to use the motor.

JONESY doesn't answer. She holds her breath as she watches the Dead Reckoning veer dangerously close to the reef. MELODY is watching too, chattering as much out of nervousness as anything...

MELODY

I mean we didn't...cause our motor was busted. But we almost got killed...

JONESY bites her lip as the Dead Reckoning almost veers into the reef than adjusts abruptly and narrowly escapes...

MELODY

Hey! That's Pick steering! Where's your old man? Where's Taylor?

JONESY is wondering the same thing. She too sees PICK at the helm...all alone! WINGATE is nowhere to be seen!

MELODY is as upset as JONESY.

MELODY

Something's wrong! Something musta happened!

The Dead Reckoning angles clear of the reefs and into the cove... safely! PICK waves to them from the helm.

MELODY

There he is! Whoo, I was worried for a sec.

Both women see WINGATE emerge from the hatch and join PICK at the helm, putting a hand on his shoulder.

JONESY breathes again as she watches them exchange words, then sees WINGATE turn and wave to them too.

MELODY

That was really strange him being below while Pick's steering past those rocks. Pick isn't too experienced, not like Taylor anyway. He coulda wrecked your yacht there, then we'd all be up shit creek!

CUT TO:

PAIR A DICE. COVE/ANOTHER DAY

WINGATE is sitting in his dinghy at the stern of the anchored Pair-A-Dice trying to avoid looking at MELODY'S nearly naked body as she stands in the stern of the sailboat holding the tinfoil package of pork WINGATE has given her. We have seen this before but now we're seeing it from MELODY'S POINT OF VIEW.

WINGATE

Uh, I hope Pick enjoys the meat...The Pork! I...killed it myself...the pig...

MELODY

Oh yeah? Really? You shot one of those wild pigs?

WINGATE

With a knife. I killed it with a knife.

MELODY

A wild pig! With a knife! How come? I mean, how come you didn't shoot it?

MELODY'S eyes are on the rifle propped against the seat of the dinghy near his knees.

WINGATE

I try to keep my survival skills honed. Survival skills are very important.

MELODY

Yeah, that's what Pick's always saying, he's very into that stuff.

(indicating the pork)

I better put this somewhere below, you know, to keep it cool. We don't have a fridge like you.

WINGATE has lost the battle to keep his eyes off her, at least it appears that way from MELODY'S point of view. He's looking right at her body.

WINGATE

Mmmmmmm. Maybe I should just check on the engine again. Would you mind if I came aboard?

WINGATE is actually climbing out of the dinghy, assuming a positive response. But MELODY responds very hastily...

MELODY

Uh, actually that's not a cool idea. I mean Pick gets, like, really uptight. You know he doesn't like me having... visitors when he's not here. I mean, we're really grateful for you helping fix the motor, but...

WINGATE sits back down, obviously uptight himself, feeling very rebuffed. He gives her a tight smile...

WINGATE

Right. Of course. I understand. I'll have a look at it some other time.

MELODY watches WINGATE, jaw clenched, turn to his motor to hide his anger and embarrassment. The outboard roars into life as we...

CUT TO:

CABIN. PAIR A DICE/MOMENTS LATER

MELODY is putting the meat in a dark corner of the messy cabin when she hears the sound of barking from shore. Frowning, she turns and heads for the deck.

DECK. PAIR A DICE

Emerging from the dark cabin into bright sunlight, MELODY looks immediately toward shore...and draws in her breath sharply at what she sees.

Barking loudly, MEATLOAF is galloping across the beach toward WINGATE, who's getting out of his dinghy, rifle in hand.

MELODY

No!

Too late! WINGATE is raising the rifle, pointing it at the charging MEATLOAF!

CRACK! As WINGATE fires we...

CUT TO:

BEACH/TEN MINUTES LATER

MELODY is kneeling, cradling the dead MEATLOAF in her arms as she speaks angrily up at PICK who's standing over her facing WINGATE while JONESY looks on...

MELODY

She wasn't rabid.

PICK

(to all three of them)

My fault, my mistake, I shouldn't let her loose, I fucked up...

MELODY

(enraged, screaming)

SHE WASN'T FUCKING RABID!

PICK

(screaming back in sudden
fury)

THAT'S NOT THE FUCKING POINT! IT DON'T
FUCKING MATTER IF SHE WAS RABID!

MELODY

THEN WHAT IS THE POINT? WHAT IS THE
FUCKING POINT?

PICK

The point is, we're civilized, this is
civilization...

(he indicates the island
around them)

We're not animals, we got rules. You
can't have rabid dogs running around in
civilization, you got to shoot them
whether they're rabid or not!

PICK smiles grandly, pleased with his articulation of the situation. Everybody else just looks stunned as we...

CUT TO:

PICK, COURTROOM/DAY

Jacketed, necktied, and moustached, PICK gives the jury a "winning" smile as the CLERK swears him in...

CLERK

---swear to tell the whole truth and
nothing but the truth so help you God?

PICK

(confident)

Yessir, I do. Absolutely!

CUT TO:

JUNGLE CLEARING ("FARM")/MID-DAY

Sprawled on the eroded soil of his ruined "farm" among the fallen palms, PICK is "reading" his imaginary leatherbound copy of "Robinson Caruso" in the library of his dream mansion. Looking up, he takes pleasure in being aggravated as he calls out to MELODY who's ten yards away in her own little world in her fantasy boudoir...

PICK

Hey! Where's my buttered scones?
Where's my tea? How come it's taking so
long?

MELODY

I told her to hurry.

(calling out)

Conchita! Conchita! Bring Mister Nathan
his tea and scones double pronto or your
ass is grass!

PICK

Let's fire the bitch!

MELODY

Piiiiiiick! Come ooooooooon! You're
always firing the servants. You never
give them a chance! Let's, like, get
along with them, let's have friendly
servants, okay?

PICK

Yeah, but you gotta be on top of the situation, you gotta have discipline otherwise everything goes to hell, nobody's happy, the servants aren't happy and neither are we. See, if you wanna have good relations, you gotta make it clear your're in charge or you lose their respect! Like right now, you don't let her lollygag, you get out in the kitchen and hassle her ass...then we don't have to go and fire her later. Having servants is a skill like everything else, you gotta work at it.

As MELODY hastens along imaginary corridors to the kitchen fifteen yards away, PICK'S eyes stray to the jungle slope above.

Among the trees he glimpses movement, flashes of clothing through the foliage...the WINGATE/CRAWFORD GROUP descending...

MELODY

I spoke to her, she's gonna shape up, she was just having some personal problems...

MELODY is winding her way back toward PICK who shakes his head disapprovingly...

PICK

Babe, babe, babe, you just walked through the pantry wall. That's the pantry right there, remember?

MELODY looks down in dismay. There are some crude lines drawn in the muddy earth.

MELODY

Oh, shit!

MELODY hastily retraces her steps to the kitchen.

PICK glances again at the slope and spots the glint of sunlight reflecting from the lens of WINGATE'S binoculars.

Then MELODY "enters" the "library" and PICK embraces her laughing. As they hug warmly, PICK speaks softly...

PICK

They're watching us...

MELODY

What?

PICK

The tourists. They gotta think we're crazy.

PICK is laughing and MELODY laughs too, glancing over her shoulder toward the slope as we...

CUT TO:

DECK, DEAD RECKONING/SUNSET

All "dressed up" in his Hawaiian shirt and faded jeans, PICK is standing on the deck of the Dead Reckoning at anchor in the lagoon speaking earnestly to JONESY who looks ravishing in her silk blouse and slacks...

PICK

I believe a person can do anything...if he...or she...wants to do it bad enough. Anything!

Is it good training, charm, good manners, that makes JONESY look at PICK that way, as if she is intensely interested in anything he has to say? The important thing is that seen from his point of view it almost looks like she's coming on to him (even though the same performance from another angle looked more like "polite").

JONESY

You never sailed at all before? Ever??

CUT TO:

DECK, PAIR A DICE/ANOTHER DAY

RRRRRRRRRRR! The motor starts up with a roar.

Standing over the motor on the cluttered deck of the anchored boat, PICK turns to WINGATE who's looking on. Both men are covered with grease...

PICK

Sonofabitch! You called it, buddy. Good idea!

WINGATE

It's makeshift, it won't last too long. I'd go real easy on it.

PICK

I don't wanna go no where, I just don't like feelin' like I'm stranded, you know? Like Robinson Caruso.

WINGATE

A motor's a useful thing to have...but you shouldn't need one, you should be fine with a mast and a sail.

PICK doesn't let on he's flattering WINGATE, not obviously. PICK is too skillful for that.

PICK

Your buddy Crawford told me one time you sailed across the Pacific solo. And another time you survived about forty days without food after a storm, you didn't have nothing...

WINGATE

Survival skills are almost as important as sailing and navigation skills.

PICK

Listen...you think you could give me a sailing lesson, improve my skills...you know?

CUT TO:

OCEAN WAVES/DAY

The Pacific Ocean stirs lazily under a blue sky, effortlessly heaving the Dead Reckoning along while wind whistles vigorously in the sails and the sun grins jovially overhead.

Wind punishing his hair, PICK is at the helm while WINGATE stands beside him, supervising...shouting to be heard over the wind and sea.

WINGATE

NOW WHAT? WHAT DO YOU DO NOW?

PICK struggles to steer as the yacht cuts through the waves and the wind rages...

PICK

UH...TACK! I'M SUPPOSED TO TACK!

WINGATE

WELL, DON'T YOU THINK YOU BETTER GET ON WITH IT...BEFORE YOU LOSE YOUR WIND?

PICK

WHICH WAY? WHICH WAY?

WINGATE

HOW ABOUT STARBOARD?

PICK
STARBOARD! GREAT! SWELL! BUT WHICH
FUCKING WAY?

CUT TO:

DECK. DEAD RECKONING/A LITTLE LATER

WHOOOOOOM! WHAM! Wind blasts the mainsail, the boom is swinging free, dangerous, lethal...

Urgently PICK moves to try and control the violent timber as WINGATE watches calmly.

WHUMP! The huge "club" swings and catches PICK in the midriff and suddenly PICK is out over the ocean clutching the boom for dear life. If he hadn't grabbed on he'd have been knocked overboard into the churning waves that even now foam and clutch at his dangling feet. From his terrible vantage point over the sea, PICK can see WINGATE watching coolly from the deck.

Then the boom swings back across the deck so fast PICK can't dismount and as he rides out over the other side of the boat hanging on, we see that he may be a piss poor sailor but he's got the balls and the grit of a crack bronc rider! Then we...

CUT TO:

COCKPIT/DEAD RECKONING/LATER

PICK is at the helm intoxicated with power as the Dead Reckoning runs before the wind, cutting through the waves at high speed. It's like a fast ride on a motorcycle. WINGATE watches approvingly.

PICK
YEAH! YEAH! YEEEEAAAH!

WINGATE
YOU'VE GOT IT NOW, PICK! ALL YOU NEED IS
PRACTICE...

The Island, Alulea, squats on the horizon a mile ahead, surrounded by big "teeth" looming out of the water...the jagged jaws of the reef where waves explode in mountains of spray...

PICK
WHEN DO WE START THE MOTOR?

WINGATE
WHY DON'T YOU SAIL HER IN?

PICK
(startled)
"SAIL HER IN!" ARE YOU...?

WINGATE
I'M GOING BELOW. I HAVE TO TAKE A SHIT.

Slack-jawed, PICK watches as WINGATE calmly descends into the hatch, leaving PICK alone in the cockpit. Very alone!

Looking ahead, PICK sees a wave shatter on the reef with a mighty crash like thunder from a distant cannon.

Suddenly PICK responds to this emergency with the crazy, wild glitter in his eyes and the whacko fun grin. He shouts toward the cabin...

PICK
HEY, BUDDY! YOU GO AHEAD AN' SHIT!
WE'RE HEADED FOR THE BIGGEST DAMN TOILET
YOU EVER SAW!

CUT TO:

RAGING WATER. REEFS/MINUTES LATER

KAAAAAH-BOOOOOOOOOOOM! Tons of water slam closeup into the reef with a thundering noise so loud it's deafening.

PICK is getting a close look from the cockpit of the Dead Reckoning as he struggles with halyards and the wheel at the same time, fighting to keep the yacht off the rocks even as it veers close.

WHOOOOOOM! Another wave blasts the reef and the Dead Reckoning lunges close to the rocks, very close...

PICK fights like a bulldog, his face grimly determined now, no more whacko grin, he's the rodeo rider again, he will not be thrown.

Sharply the Dead Reckoning angles away from the reef...and heads straight toward a single "tooth" jutting out of the sea.

PICK fights the halyards, the wheel gets loose, the yacht plunges straight at the rock, PICK grabs at the wheel, fights it back...

The bow of the Dead Reckoning clears the "tooth" by a few feet and rides past...

PICK finds himself clear of the reef, sliding along in the peaceful lagoon, the roar of the surf diminishing behind him.

Ahead, on the beach, PICK can see two tiny figures looking toward him...JONESY and MELODY.

PICK waves at them triumphantly.

Then WINGATE emerges from the cabin...

WINGATE

Not bad. Very nice in fact. I knew you could do it.

WINGATE puts a hand on PICK'S shoulder, then raises his other hand to wave to the women on the beach as we...

CUT TO:

JUNGLE/DAY

Ferns stir and the DOG appears, looks around, considers a big butterfly. Then PICK and JONESY appear, pushing aside the thick growth in front of them. It's obviously a short time after she was surprised in the jungle by MEATLOAF. She's saying...

JONESY

He taught me to sail too. The same way!
He made me bring it in myself!

PICK

No shit! Same thing, huh? I was scared to death, I'm out there, I'm hanging on the boom, he's watching me like I'm a boring tv show.

(shouting, imitating himself)

"STARBOARD! WHICH FUCKING WAY IS STARBOARD?" Then he goes below and I gotta steer past these rocks. I mean, if I'da wrecked the boat we'da all been in shit city, we wouldn't have nothin' but my "yacht." No more fancy roasts, no more good wines!

That thought seems to shake JONESY a little but PICK doesn't notice as he continues to talk and walk, pushing his way through the jungle, sending colorful birds bursting from the foliage as we...

CUT TO:

FURTHER DOWN THE SLOPE/MINUTES LATER

PICK is still talking as he and JONESY continue their descent, MEATLOAF at his side...

PICK

But the thing that really blows my mind is how he can cook like that...you know with all those ingredients and things. I never seen men cook except, like, professionals in MacDonalds or somewheres. That dinner he ma...Hey, you didn't make it, did you? And he, like, served it after you did all the cooking before we got there?

JONESY

No, no, I'm not in his class. I can heat water okay but that's about it.

PICK

Same as Melody. Anyway, that's my next project, that's what I'm working on...

JONESY

(startled)

Boiling water?

PICK

No, cooking. I mean, real cooking, not frying things and shit. Herbs and spices and...AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Losing his footing, PICK sees a blur of green canopy, then he's crashing through leaves, landing on his ass in the muddy soil of his little "farm" at the foot of a jungle embankment. Almost immediately the DOG, barking excitedly, lunges through the foliage and pounces on him, licking his face.

PICK

Aw shit.

PICK is just about to get up when JONESY appears, struggling down the slope and through the foliage, a look of genuine concern on her face.

JONESY

Are you alright?

She's leaning forward to help him, close to him...

PICK

Nope. I think I busted something...a bone!

Her face, very close to his, expresses alarm...

JONESY

A bone! Where? Which one?

PICK
My dignity bone!

He grins boyishly up into her face only a foot from his own, looking right into her eyes, winning her with his smile...

PICK
That or I pulled my embarrassment
ligament. Fell on my ass into the maid's
room.

PICK indicates the earth around him as she helps him to his feet, bringing them very close, almost body against body.

JONESY
The...maid's room?

CUT TO:

"FARM" CLEARING/A LITTLE LATER

PICK is proudly walking the amazed JONESY through his "mansion," carefully observing the obscure lines in the dirt...

PICK
Right here, this is the library.
Everything leatherbound, all the books.
Leather sofa, leather chair, one of those
desks with tooled leather on the top.
Watch it, watch it, that's a wall...

PICK gently takes JONESY gently by the shoulders, guiding her away from the imaginary wall she's stepped into, his eyes on the rough lines in the dirt. It's almost intimate the way he's holding her, the way they're so close, she's obviously aware of it, but he's totally caught up in his house...

PICK
(guiding her)
Now you're okay, now you're in the main
hall. There's paintings here, oil
paintings, on these walls, like with
landscapes and horses, those kind, not
that modern shit. All this stuff has to
be imported, shipped in, it'll take
time...

JONESY
(amazed, even charmed)
What...what about the farm though? I
mean...

PICK

(indicating)

Up there, all that jungle, I'm gonna clear it. Even the slopes, you put rice paddies on slopes, that's how they do it in the Philippine Islands, steep slopes.

(indicating the eroded soil at his feet)

I fucked up here, I did it wrong. Your old man, your husband, he pointed out what I did wrong. It's no big thing, you make mistakes, you learn from your mistakes. You know those toy clowns, the ones with the weights in the bottom, toy clowns, inflated?

JONESY

(lost)

Uh...clowns? Uh...I...

PICK

The kind where you knock them over, they bounce right back up. You ever try it? They won't stay down. I'm like that, I take a punch, it looks like I'm down, you look again, I'm right back up, I don't stay down. "Heart," that's what a lotta guys in the joint call it, "heart." What I say is I got an "indomitable spirit."

He's stopped guiding her, they're standing very close, he's looking right into her eyes, it's a very intense moment, he's opened himself to her. She isn't sure whether to kiss him or not, she's struggling and she covers it by referring to the lines on the ground, "the floor plan,"...

JONESY

Uh...where...where are we now?

PICK

The master bedroom.

BANG! A gunshot! They both freeze, looking at each other. Then PICK relaxes and grins...

PICK

I guess he's hunting, huh? Your old man...

JONESY

(upset)

He doesn't use a gun to hunt.

PICK
No? How come?

JONESY
(looking around,
distressed)
It isn't "sporting." Where's your dog?

PICK gets the idea. He looks around, calling out...

PICK
Meatloaf! Here, Meatloaf, come here,
babe! Come on, darling! Here,
sweetheart!

JONESY is heading urgently through the fringe of trees toward the beach as we...

CUT TO:

TREES/MOMENTS LATER

Following JONESY, PICK sees her push through thick leaves and disappear from view. Only a few steps behind her, he hears her exclamation of horror as he steps through the leaves after her.

JONESY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Oh my God!

Emerging from the ferns onto the beach, PICK sees JONESY facing WINGATE, who's standing over the body of MEATLOAF reloading his rifle and saying...

WINGATE
There's no justice in the world. The dog
dies for what the man does.

As JONESY stammers, WINGATE looks toward PICK and their eyes meet, then we...

CUT TO:

BUNK, PAIR A DICE/MORNING

PICK is sound asleep in his bunk and MELODY is desperately trying to shake him awake as the reddish light of dawn streams through the porthole and pinks the interior...

MELODY
Pick! Pick! Wake up! Wake up, Pick!
God damnit, wake up!

Groggy with sleep, PICK rolls over and looks up at her...

PICK
Huh? What?

MELODY

They're leaving! They're going! They're leaving us here alone! Get up!

PICK wipes sleep from his eyes, sniffs, stretches lazily. He can hear the sound of an engine. He turns to the porthole.

MELODY

They're going, Pick!

Through the porthole, PICK can see WINGATE at the helm of the Dead Reckoning fifty yards away. Its motor is rumbling. JONESY is putting up the sails.

PICK

How do you know they're leaving? Maybe they're going sailfishing.

MELODY

Fuck you! They're deserting us.

Beside herself, MELODY dashes out of the cabin heading for the deck wearing only her underpants.

PICK shakes his head to clear the cobwebs, then he looks out the porthole again.

The Dead Reckoning is grumbling toward them. He can see JONESY on the foredeck working with the jib. Then he hears MELODY ranting at the top of her lungs...

MELODY'S VOICE (O.S.)

YOU BASTARDS! YOU LOUSY MOTHERFUCKERS!
YOU LEAVE US HERE AND YOUR ASS IS GRASS,
WE'LL GET YOU IN COURT, WE'LL SUE YOUR
ASS FOR EVERYTHING YOU GOT, YOUR BOAT AND
EVERYTHING!

Wearily, PICK gets out of bed and reaches for his jeans, an "aw shit, what next?" expression on his face, as we...

CUT TO:

ON DECK. PAIR A DICE/SECONDS LATER

MELODY is still bellowing as PICK emerges from the cabin in blue jeans.

MELODY

IF WE DIE HERE, IT'S YOUR FAULT, YOU'RE
FUCKING LIABLE, WE'LL SUE THE SHIT OUT OF
YOU, ATTACH EVERYTHING YOU OWN. LEAVING
US HERE IS MURDER! GOT THAT? MURDER!
THE DEATH PENALTY!

The Dead Reckoning is mumbling slowly closer as PICK tries to reason with the raging MELODY...

PICK

Mel, babe, lighten up, will ya? That's what we want, the island all to ourselves. This is our island, remember? Our dream!

MELODY

Pick, we're gonna starve, we're gonna die, we can't make it! We're outta dog food, what're we gonna eat? Each other? More coconuts? We can't last, we...

PICK

Mel, those are problems! We like problems, remember? Problems are challenges! Like you said, they make us grow! We're gonna grow, Mel, we're on a frontier, we gotta have problems other wise it's all bullshit, it's...

WINGATE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Is there a problem?

PICK whirls to find that WINGATE is motoring the Dead Reckoning alongside the Pair A Dice.

PICK

No problem! Everything's copacetic, shove off.

But MELODY is already screaming at WINGATE again, embarrassing PICK, who's very conscious of JONESY looking on.

MELODY

YOU'RE GODDAMN RIGHT THERE'S A PROBLEM! YOU KILLED MY DOG NOW YOU'RE GONNA KILL US. YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE US HERE TO DIE! YOU'RE STRANDING US! THAT'S MURDER! WE'LL SUE YOU FOR MURDER! WE'LL FUCKING DESTROY YOU AND THAT STUCK UP HAIRBALL...

PICK

(exploding, shouting at Melody)

"STRANDING US!" WE'RE NOT STRANDED, WE GOT A BOAT! CAN'T YOU SEE OUR FUCKING BOAT? WE'RE STANDING ON THE GODDAMN DECK OF OUR BOAT! WE ARE ANCHORED BESIDE OUR ISLAND IN FUCKING PARADISE IN OUR BOAT! NOW LIGHTEN THE FUCK UP!

WINGATE is lifting one of several cardboard cartons lying on the deck at his feet.

WINGATE

We've got some provisions we're leaving you. There's enough here to last you to Honolulu. If you decide to stay that's your...

MELODY

HONOLULU! HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET TO HONOLULU? DO YOU NOW HOW LONG IT TOOK FOR US TO GET HERE? DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG WE WERE OUT ON THAT WATER? WE ALMOST DIED! NO FOOD, NO WATER, WE WERE IN A BIG STORM, WE LOST OUR MAST, BUDDHA DROWNED...

WINGATE

(concerned)

Buddha?

PICK

A dog.

(then, to Melody)

Listen, babe, I didn't know how to sail then. I got it down now, Taylor taught me.

MELODY

HE TAUGHT YOU TO SAIL THE QUEEN FUCKING MARY! HE TAUGHT YOU TO SAIL HIS BOAT! HE DIDN'T TEACH YOU TO SAIL THIS PIECE OF SHIT!

WINGATE

Sailing is sailing, Melody. A good sailor can...

MELODY

OH BULLSHIT! YOU COULDN'T SAIL THIS TURD AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU JUST WANT TO MURDER US BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO ADMIT YOU'RE DOING IT.

WINGATE frowns. For a moment he doesn't respond. Then, suddenly...

WINGATE

How about a race?

PICK frowns in surprise. What does he mean?

JONESY looks flabbergasted and alarmed.

MELODY

A race?

WINGATE is suddenly chipper as he begins to step from the Dead Reckoning to the adjacent deck of the Pair A Dice, eager for the challenge...

WINGATE

Boys against girls. I'm the best sailor, but you'll have the best boat. And you definitely win "best costume," Melody.

The nearly naked MELODY, who's forgotten she's only wearing underpants, looks stunned as WINGATE arrives close beside her on the deck of the Pair A Dice looking pleased with himself.

Stunned himself, PICK glances toward JONESY and sees a look of amazement mingling with alarm on her face as we...

CUT TO:

OPEN SEA/DAY

Less than gracefully, the Pair A Dice cuts through the water, her ragged mainsail full of wind, the island a mile behind her on the horizon. WINGATE is at the wheel while PICK staggers in the wind on the foredeck trying to unsnarl tangled lines. Both men have to shout to be heard over the wind...

PICK

SONOFABITCHES ARE TANGLED! THEY'RE ALL FUCKED UP!

WINGATE

YOU'VE GOT TO MAINTAIN YOUR LINES, YOU CAN'T WAIT TILL YOU NEED THEM! WHERE'S THE JENNY?

PICK sees WINGATE glance astern and PICK, hopelessly tangled in rope, follows his look.

A half mile back he can see the billowing jib of the Dead Reckoning as the yacht overtakes them.

PICK

THE WHAT?

WINGATE

THE JIB!

PICK has practically tied himself up in fouled lines. He bellows at WINGATE who's looking back at the Dead Reckoning again.

PICK
IN THE LOCKER!

WINGATE
BETTER GET IT, WE'RE GOING TO NEED IT!
(then...)
WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY RADIO?

Having extricated himself from the tangle of rope, PICK is making his way toward the lockers under the cockpit seats not far from WINGATE. The question startles him...

PICK
YOUR RADIO? WHAT ABOUT IT?

WINGATE
IT DOESN'T WORK.
(then, suddenly alarmed)
WE'RE TAKING ON WATER!

PICK follows WINGATE'S look and looks through the open hatch into the cabin where several inches of water are visible.

PICK
THAT'S NOTHING, SHE ALWAYS DOES THAT.

PICK starts rummaging in the locker, tossing all sorts of bizarre junk onto the deck in his search for the jib.

WINGATE
(derisively)
IT'S SAFE TO SAY YOU DON'T CAULK HER TOO
OFTEN...

PICK
EVERY NIGHT.
(a sudden leer)
OH, YOU MEAN THE BOAT!

At last PICK spots some sail cloth underneath a broken shovel and part of a Weber grill.

WINGATE
BETTER START THE PUMPS.

PICK
BUSTED. I GOT IT.

PICK is pulling out a tattered jib, a grubby sail that was bunched rather than folded into the locker while wet. WINGATE is again checking the Dead Reckoning. He turns back to PICK and sees the ragged sail...

WINGATE
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

PICK
THE JIB! YOU SAID YOU WANTED THE JIB!

WINGATE
IT'S TORN!

PICK
RIGHT! WE WERE IN A STORM...

WINGATE
AND YOU DIDN'T MEND IT...?

It doesn't even look like a sail...more like ribbons whipped by the wind, practically wrapping PICK in torn cloth.

PICK
DOES IT LOOK LIKE I MENDED IT? WHAT'S THIS SHIT ABOUT YOUR RADIO?

WINGATE keeps looking back, checking the Dead Reckoning.

The Dead Reckoning is closer, gaining.

WINGATE
I BELIEVE YOU TAMPERED WITH IT. FORGET THE SAIL, TAKE THE HELM. MAYBE I CAN CLEAR THE SROUDS...

Moving to take the helm, PICK is close to WINGATE and PICK is angry now...

PICK
LISTEN, ASSHOLE, I TAMPERED WITH YOUR WIFE, I DIDN'T TOUCH YOUR GODDAMN RADIO.

Moving away from the helm, WINGATE stumbles on a bucket rolling around on the floor of the cluttered cockpit.

WINGATE
MY WIFE! WHAT ABOUT MY WIFE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

The Dead Reckoning is coming up fast, almost even with their stern. MELODY is on the foredeck dancing with excitement.

But PICK is distracted by the amount of water he sees in the cabin.

PICK
HOLY SHIT! THAT'S MORE THAN USUAL, THAT'S A LOTTA WATER, WE BETTER GO BACK.

WINGATE
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT MY WIFE?

PICK
HEY, BUDDY, WE GOT A PROBLEM HERE.
BETTER GRAB A BUCKET.

PICK reaches down and grabs the bucket rolling around the cockpit and tosses it to WINGATE as the Dead Reckoning pulls even with them only twenty yards away and MELODY leans over the rail bellowing happily from the foredeck...

MELODY
GET A HORSE! GET A FUCKING HORSE!

PICK looks that way and sees JONESY at the helm frowning with concern at the sight of WINGATE holding a bucket while the Pair A Dice plows awkwardly into the waves.

WINGATE looks at the alarming level of water in the cabin and then at the bucket in his hand as MELODY continues to taunt them from the foredeck of the Dead Reckoning as it pulls past them...

MELODY
IF YOU CAN'T GET A HORSE, GET A DONKEY!

WINGATE
(to Pick)
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU MEANT! ABOUT MY WIFE!

MELODY
OR A COW! GET A COW! GET A ZEBRA!

The Dead Reckoning is cutting through the water at high speed, almost past them, when PICK sees JONESY shout something to MELODY. He sees MELODY move to take the wheel while JONESY leans over the stern rail, a look of concern on her face as she shouts back at them...

JONESY
ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WING? PICK? ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?

PICK
WE'RE FINE, NO PROBLEM! NO PRO...WATCH OUT!

Horrified, PICK sees the boom swinging wildly as MELODY loses control of the wheel. JONESY turns just in time for the murderous timber to smash her right in the face and toss her overboard into the churning waves.

As the Pair A Dice plows ahead, PICK sees JONESY'S bloody head surface briefly and disappear in the wake of the Dead Reckoning. PICK shouts at WINGATE...

PICK
COME GET US, BRING HER AROUND!

Unhesitatingly, PICK dives into the waves, leaving WINGATE at the wheel of the Pair A Dice as we...

CUT. TO:

WAVES/A SECOND LATER

PICK is alone in the water, boats and the horizon lost from sight in the trough of a twelve foot roller.

Where is she?

Swimming in the direction he last saw her he struggles up the slope of the next wave.

Behind him the mast of the Pair A Dice bobs in and out of view.

It's hopeless. She's lost somewhere among the steep hills of water, she could be anywhere.

Then, as he rides up a steep wave he catches just a glimpse as her bloody head surfaces. Then he loses her again.

PICK swims furiously toward where he last saw her.

Coming over a wave he sees her head disappearing under water in the trough ten yards away.

Powerful strokes propel him down the wave. He dives under where she sank.

A moment later he surfaces, holding her from behind. Her face and hair are bloody, her eyes unfocused and empty. Clutching her tightly and muttering comforting words, he looks around desperately for a boat.

PICK
Hang on, Jones! Gotcha, babe, it's gonna be okay.

Maybe so, but all he can see as he turns this way and that are hills of water blocking the horizon. No sign of help. He shouts into the wind.

PICK
HELP! HELP! WINGATE! HELP!

Nothing! Water!

It looks hopeless, it's a struggle to keep the unconscious JONESY'S head above water.

Then he spots the tip of a mast bobbing above the waves fifty yards away.

PICK
HEY! HERE! OVER HERE!

The mast drops out of sight and again PICK is alone. He struggles to swim toward the unseen boat, burdened with JONESY'S limp body.

Then the Pair A Dice looms into view, expertly maneuvered by WINGATE.

PICK
HERE! HERE! OVER HERE!

WINGATE guides the boat close to them in the steep waves and deserts the wheel to lean over the side and grab JONESY.

As WINGATE struggles to haul the injured woman aboard the heaving boat, PICK hears a faint sound over the wind behind him and turns.

MELODY is calling for help from the deck of the Dead Reckoning fifty yards away. The yacht is out of control, the boom swinging wildly, the boat pitching and yawing almost sideways to the rolling seas.

As WINGATE finally manages to drag the limp JONESY over the gunwale of the Pair A Dice, PICK turns away and starts swimming urgently toward the Dead Reckoning.

Again he's lost in the waves but this time he's able to keep his eye on the bobbing mast ahead as it stabs wildly at the sky above the waves.

But can he make it? He's exhausted from his ordeal, struggling through the heavy sea. From the crest of a wave he spots the lurching yacht now fifteen yards off.

PICK
MEL! MELODY! ROPE! ROPE!

She doesn't see him at first as she makes useless attempts to control the yacht with the spinning wheel while she waves in the direction of the Pair A Dice and calls for help.

PICK is going under. Gasping for air, he calls again.

PICK
ROPE! MEL!

MELODY hears him, looks around. She spots him, then she looks for rope, sees a coil, grabs it...AND HURLS THE WHOLE COIL WILDLY INTO THE SEA!

PICK
NO! AN...END!

She's already figured that out, she's grabbed another piece of rope and she hurls the heavy end of the coil to PICK and immediately lashes her end around a cleat.

PICK struggles through an endless five yards of water toward the end of rope lying on the waves. He grabs it.

Waves obscure the boat for a moment. When he sees it again he sees MELODY pulling on the rope with all her strength, trying to drag him through the waves.

PICK swallows water, gasps for air, hangs on as we...

CUT TO:

DECK, DEAD RECKONING/MOMENTS LATER

With enormous effort MELODY hauls the exhausted PICK aboard where he lies gasping for breath on the deck as the boat lurches wildly, the boom swinging free.

MELODY

ARE YOU OKAY? I CAN'T STEER HER, PICK.
I CAN'T HANDLE THE SAILS. ALL I COULD DO
WAS LOWER THE MAIN.

PICK

(gasping)
YOU...LOWERED...THE SAIL?

MELODY

I COULDN'T START THE ENGINE! WHAT THE
FUCK COULD I DO?

Struggling to his feet, PICK staggers across the violently swaying deck, avoids the free swinging boom, and jumps into the cockpit. Starting the engine, he grabs the tiller and swings the bow into the waves.

PICK

(looking around)
WHERE ARE THEY? YOU SEE THEM?

MELODY points off the stern.

The Pair A Dice is visible a quarter mile away struggling in the rising seas.

Immediately PICK works the wheel, trying to keep the other boat in view over his shoulder.

MELODY

A STORM, PICK! IT'S GONNA STORM!

Following her look, PICK sees the Western sky is black and moving close even as the waves loom larger.

MELODY
IT'S REALLY GONNA STORM, PICK.

CUT TO:

STORM. SEA/LATER

The sky is black now, lightning flashes, waves froth, the rain begins.

MELODY is at the wheel of the Dead Reckoning again while PICK hurls a weighted tow line toward the Pair A Dice wallowing in the stormy sea fifty yards behind them.

PICK can see WINGATE scrambling forward to get the line while JONESY'S limp body lies bloody and motionless in the cockpit.

The rain is coming in curtains now, obscuring vision.

PICK can barely see WINGATE sprawled on the foredeck reaching for the line. He can't get it.

CUT TO:

STORM/AN HOUR LATER

Wind rages through near darkness, blowing dense curtains of rain over angry black water.

Running lights lit, the Dead Reckoning, her sails down, stumbles over the mountainous water with PICK at the wheel. MELODY is mid ship panning a powerful spotlight over the raging ocean.

PICK
DID YOU SEE ANYTHING?

MELODY is clutching her way back from the foredeck, hanging onto the stays for dear life as the boat heaves and rolls.

MELODY
PICK, THEY'RE GONE, WE CAN'T FIND THEM.
WE HAVE TO SAVE OURSELVES.

Without the-spotlight, the visibility is maybe twenty feet.

PICK
NO SWEAT. WE GOT THE ENGINE. YOU GET ON
THE LIGHT AND LOOK FOR THE REEFS. MAYBE
THEY MADE IT IN. OLD WINGATE IS A
HELLUVA SAILOR..

PICK struggles to keep his feet in the wind and darkness as we...

CUT TO:

LAGOON/ISLAND/DAY

The sun beams down on the white sand beaches and the quiet blue water of the lagoon where the Dead Reckoning lies peacefully at anchor.

Buzzing like an insect, the dinghy comes motoring around the corner of the island. PICK is steering the outboard.

MELODY appears, emerging from the hatch on the Dead Reckoning wearing one of JONESY'S outfits, big on her. She watches PICK pull the dinghy alongside...

MELODY

Anything?

PICK

(shaking his head no)
I went all the way around again too.
Doubled back, went into that little cove.
Nothing!

MELODY

They're dead, Pick.

PICK

You could survive out there a long time.
Especially a guy like Wingate. He's good
at that shit.

PICK is staring out at the calm blue Pacific beyond the reef, extending forever, as we...

CUT TO:

GALLEY. DEAD RECKONING/NIGHT

A Bach Sonata is lilting as PICK removes a roast from the oven. The galley is a mess, pots, pans, spices everywhere, as well as several open cookbooks. This is the domain of an undisciplined "gourmet chef."

PICK

(indicating the music)
Couldn't you find anything better than
that?

MELODY is lounging in the cabin reading a copy of Vogue.

MELODY

Like what? You want Brahms instead?

PICK puts the roast on the table beside the vegetables he's cooked.

PICK

Check this out. I did a tarragon number this time.

MELODY wearily gets up and goes to the table.

MELODY

I don't wanna wait another two weeks, Pick. I wanna move. What if they come back and want their boat?

PICK

Taste it! Taste the spices.
(watching eagerly)

You like it?

MELODY

It's great, Pick.
(then...
Hey, it really is, it's really good.

PICK

As good as the one with the garlic and rosemary?

MELODY

Better. That one was an eight, this is a nine.

PICK

(pleased)
No shit?
(sitting down to eat)
Okay, let's give it one more week...then we paint the boat and split.

MELODY

Paint the boat?

PICK

I found a buncha paint down in a locker.

MELODY

What's the matter with how it looks now?

PICK

Mel, babe, even if those two are dead and gone, this is not our yacht, they didn't will it to us or anything.

MELODY

Yeah, but, who...?

PICK

This is a stolen yacht...in the possession of a convicted felon. People will recognize it and know it isn't ours. We have to have a story and an act... because nobody is gonna believe we inherited it, believe me...

Won over by his argument, MELODY nods agreement, chewing as she says...

MELODY

Could I have some more wine?

CUT TO:

JURY BOX. COURTROOM/DAY

Impassively the stolid citizen JURORS stare straight ahead as if they had absorbed PICK'S adventure right through their eyeballs.

Parading in front of them, THE PROSECUTOR is summing up...

PROSECUTOR

I told you in my opening statement they'd have a wonderful story! And I was right, wasn't I? They should be in Hollywood making up stories...not out on some remote island murdering innocent people...

THE PROSECUTOR pauses to shake his head at PICK and MELODY seated twenty feet away at the Defense table. He's needling PICK deliberately, almost smirking when he's turned away from the JURY. But when he turns back to the JURY he's earnest and sober...

PROSECUTOR

Now I'm not going to insult your intelligence by picking apart their story detail by detail...pick, pick, pick...one little inconsistent piece at a time. It's too good a story...too entertaining for that. That is, it would be entertaining if we weren't talking about the death of a law-abiding citizen and the absence..."the mysterious disappearance"...of his wife...

Listening intently, the JURORS make occasional glances at PICK and MELODY...

PROSECUTOR

(continuing, smirking
toward Pick)

---at the hands of everybody's favorite
goor-may cook, Mister James Nathan "Pick"
Nick...and his loving Miss "Melody"
Theresa Mason...

The PUBLIC DEFENDER glances nervously at PICK as PICK shifts in his
chair, eyes flashing. The needling is obviously getting to him.

PROSECUTOR

(continuing)

So, let's get right down to the facts.
As has been established in our testimony,
only one body was found washed up on the
shore of Alulea two weeks after the
gentleman farmer and gourmet cook, Mister
Nick and his consort, the judo
instructor, "Melody," departed...

As THE PROSECUTOR throws another smirk in PICK'S direction PICK
reacts, eyes flashing, his jaw tightening, his body shifting and
tensing. MELODY reaches for his hand under the table, trying to
calm him as THE PROSECUTOR continues...

PROSECUTOR

---and as our forensic experts have so
expertly testified, that body was not the
body of a man who died by drowning but
the body of man who had suffered massive
head injuries...whose skull had been
crushed by a blunt object...a man whose
dental history clearly identified him
as...

Mister Taylor Wingate, former master of
the Dead Reckoning.

(turning to Pick)

You screwed up the story, Pick, you
should have him get hit in the head by
the boom, it would have worked much
better. You might have convinced these
very attentive...

PICK

FUCK YOU, ASSHOLE! IT PROVES WHAT I SAID
IS TRUE!

PICK is on his feet, advancing around the defense table while MELODY
and his DEFENSE ATTORNEY clutch at him, trying to stop him, and the
JUDGE bangs his gavel...BANG BANG BANG!

JUDGE

ORDER! ORDER!

PICK

(advancing on the jury, loudly)

IT PROVES EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT THAT BOZO SAYS! IF I WAS GONNA MAKE SOMETHING UP I WOULD SAID IT WAS HIM THAT GOT HIT, NOT HER! YOU THINK I DIDN'T KNOW WHOSE BODY THEY FOUND? IT'D BE A BETTER STORY IF IT WAS MADE UP.

THE JURORS are recoiling as PICK advances on them while four burly uniformed BAILIFFS move to surround him. PICK is still addressing the JURORS as the BAILIFFS roughly pull his hands behind his back to cuff him.

PICK

I TOLD THE GODDAMN TRUTH, ME AND MELODY BOTH. GUYS GET HIT IN THE HEAD ALL THE TIME IN BOATING ACCIDENTS. THE BOAT FLIPS OVER, SMASHES HIS SKULL; I TOLDJA HE WAS IN A STORM...

PICK is still ranting as he's pulled out of the courtroom and we...

CUT TO:

JAIL CELL/LATER

Wearing a jail monkey suit, PICK is sprawled on a lower bunk in a jail cell scrawling earnestly on a yellow legal pad. Somewhere in the background, Caballo Diablo is playing on some far off boom box. As he scratches words on paper, we hear what he's writing VOICE OVER...

PICK'S VOICE/OVER

Dear Mel, four days is very good. I know from experience that the longer they take the more chance of getting off. It means they are arguing and some of them believe in us and believe our innocence. Also I have some very good news...I have met a guy in here, his name is Toad, but don't let that worry you, it's just his name.

For the first time we see TOAD lying on the upper bunk, a mean and pitiful looking loser who desperately wishes he was somewhere else and not sharing a cell with the lunatic below him. PICK'S VOICE continues over, composing his letter...

PICK'S VOICE/OVER

(continuing)

He is an expert on planes and aeronautics. He has his own Beechcraft Bonanza and he has been teaching me to fly right here in the cell...how to set the mixture for the fuel, set the flaps, check the rpms, all sorts of good shit. He knows a plane we can pick up pretty cheap. I am thinking it would be great to go up Alaska. Maybe we could have a bush pilot service or something. Pioneers! Flying the skies together!

Now we see, scattered around the bunk and on the floor, some magazines...Bush Pilot...Air Pictorial...Buyers Guide to Used Aircraft... There are pictures cut out, circled ads...

PICK'S VOICE/OVER

(continuing)

Maybe the jury will be back before you get this...with good news. But even if the jury fucks us over and we are down for some time, I will still love you and it is a great plan and we'll do it when we get out. Of course, there is a good chance that we'll be acquitted on appeal. I have been here before and the important thing is not to lose heart. Think about those toy clowns that always bounce up when you hit them and remember I am thinking of you always...

PICK is still scrawling on the paper and Caballo Diablo is still playing as...

CLOSING CREDITS BEGIN

and we...

FADE OUT.