

Twice Blended
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Sixth Draft

Note: integrate bits from the 2nd draft into this more structured version; add running bit with Brenda being a painful, painful masseuse constantly torturing all her friends.

INT TRADE WINDS RESORT, POOL BAR - DAY, TEN YEARS AGO

We see grainy video footage of vacation fun. ED, a pleasant looking and good-natured guy, is standing on the pool bar with his arm around SALLY, his sexy-cute and relentlessly cheery new fiancée.

Their friends stand in the pool, cheering with their glasses raised high. TRENT GAYLORD wears a good-natured smile and a floppy straw hat. BRENDA GIANNA, a hot Italian babe who has no idea how hot she is, wears an itsy-bitsy bikini. BERNARD ROSCOE is wearing a Speedo and nothing else, and is such good shape he pulls it off, and he looks happier than a pre-teen on three doses of ecstasy with a gross of glow sticks. CANDI MADISON is an innocent looking girl with a one piece white bathing suit.

The cheers subside.

ED

We haven't set the date yet, but I can tell you this: you're all invited!

Everyone screams happily.

SALLY

This has been the greatest time of our lives. And we all need to make a pact right now. We have to promise to stay friends forever, stay in touch after college, and in ten years...we have to come back here to the Trade Winds and do it all again!

Everyone screams again, this time pouring liquor all over each other. Ed and Sally make out. Ed lays Sally down on the bar and they really start going at it, an incredible public display of affection. Their friends scream and holler as they watch, pouring more liquor all over the nearly copulating couple.

CUT TO:

EXT LAX AIRPORT - MORNING, PRESENT DAY

Establishing shots of the immense and poorly designed airport, including planes taking off and landing, employees chatting and napping on various spots on the tarmac, and angry cops screaming at *everyone* who tries to park *anywhere* (including designated parking areas).

EXT INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL DEPARTURES - MORNING

Ed and his wife Sally, now early thirty-somethings, are running down the sidewalk. Ed is continually checking his watch nervously.

INT BAGGAGE CHECK-IN - CONTINUOUS

Ed and Sally are stopped by an incredibly large line. There are hundreds and hundreds of people. Ed and Sally can barely see the check-in counter from the back of the line.

ED

I knew this was a bad idea.

SALLY

Well, you agreed to it. Not me.

ED

They're our best friends from college.

SALLY

I can't believe Trent and Brenda remembered we took that pact to go back there.

ED

It was your pact, not mine. I thought it was stupid back then. This is terribly inconvenient.

SALLY

You're an asshole.

Above the counter is a gigantic sign displaying the current color-coded security level. The pointer is moved up two levels to the color denoted as "mauve".

Security guards and custodial workers pass by with buckets. All the people standing in line dump their nail clippers into the buckets. When a bucket comes around to him, Ed gets confused and fumbles, trying to find his clippers. A security guard pulls him out of line and takes him away.

CUT TO:

INT SECURITY CHECK POINT - LATER

Ed and Sally are at the front of the line. Ed looks like he's been roughed up and he is slightly dazed. He is also walking funny. Sally gets through the metal detector without incident. Ed sets the detector off and is immediately grabbed and led away.

Another security chart is moved up to yet another color: fuchsia. The security guards come by with the buckets again; this time everyone puts shoe horns into them.

CUT TO:

INT WAITING AREA AT GATE - LATER

Ed and Sally wait at the gate, standing because there are absolutely no seats available. Ed has a large bag of ice on his head, and his clothes are torn in several places.

SALLY

This really is your own fault, you know.

ED

How is this my fault, Professor Pain-In-My-Ass?

SALLY

You shouldn't have worn pants with zippers.

Ed looks around, realizes everyone (including his wife and the security guards) are wearing sweatpants.

Yet another security level color chart is changed to the highest possible security level, periwinkle. The guards with buckets come back around, this time everyone discarding their small, harmless stuffed animals.

Ed looks at Sally, upset at the insanity of what people are being forced to discard, and he mouths the words, "What the fuck--"

He is immediately tackled to the ground by a dog pile of security guards.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT LAX RUNWAY - LATER

A large passenger airplane takes off, on its way to the Bahamas.

TITLE CARD

"Eighteen Hours and Three Layovers Later"

EXT BAHAMIAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

A small prop plane lands at the island airport. As soon as it rolls to a stop, a wheel falls off.

INT TOURIST SHUTTLE BUS - NIGHT

Ed and Sally sit in the front of the over-crowded bus. Ed looks like he's been to hell and back while Sally looks completely unaffected by the travel.

SALLY

I talked to Trent and Tom in New York yesterday. They're probably already at the resort, living it up.

ED

Brenda and Bernard should be getting to the resort about the same time as us, right?

SALLY

That's what Brenda told me.

ED

And she said Candi was coming?

SALLY

Yeah. I guess Tom wanted her to come.

ED

I can't believe he's still obsessed with her. He's a stupid idiot. I thought he was some kind of churchy-church, anyway?

SALLY

No, no. He got out of that group a long time ago. Brenda said it was just a phase.

ED

He said I was going to burn in everlasting hellfire for having premarital sex with you.

SALLY

Oh, yeah. I remember premarital sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns away from him to look out the window, premarital sex a bittersweet memory.

ED

Not that again. Jesus. I told you, I'm under a lot of pressure at work right now. My competition is killing me.

SALLY

Your competition would like to get laid on her damn vacation, if at all possible.

ED

There's always the resort help.

SALLY

That's what I'm talking about.

ED

Oh, really. Well, remember what our therapist said. Our problems are all your fault.

SALLY

She never said that.

ED

That was my interpretation.

SALLY

(a heavy sigh)
We shouldn't be here.

The BUS DRIVER, a middle-aged Bahamian man, is doing his best to welcome everyone with island cheer.

BUS DRIVER

(super cheery)
Hey, welcome to paradise!
(suddenly sardonic)
Of course, it's only paradise if you're white.

This comment makes everyone uncomfortable. The bus driver realizes he's lost everybody.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

(back to super cheery)
Who's going to start their vacation off with a Bahama Mama?

No one answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Now, don't you get the wrong idea, you party animals, a Bahama Mama is a drink...so you just stay away from our women.

The bus driver forces out a huge, meaningless laugh. Then he points to a giant house.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

That there is the home of a Mr. Sean Connery. A lot of big time Hollywood movie stars build their dream mansions here in the Bahamas. Eddie Murphy, Brendan Fraser, Alicia Silverstone, Jonathan Silverman, and many, many more!

The bus driver points to the opposite side of the road at a dilapidated village.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

That's where the rest of us live.

The bus driver chugs a bottle of cheap booze.

EXT THE TRADE WINDS RESORT OPEN-AIR LOBBY - NIGHT

The bus pulls up to the resort's entrance. The entrance and lobby are made out of what looks like cheap bathroom tile. There is a large statue of a dolphin in the middle of the lobby, spitting water into a fountain. The dolphin's "bottle nose" is missing, and the water is spraying all over the place, making the floor wet and dangerous.

Ed and Sally get out of the bus. Sally points at a couple of people she sees approaching the check-in desk.

SALLY

There's Bernard and Brenda.

ED

My back hurts.

SALLY

Brenda! Bernard! Hey!

Bernard Roscoe, now overweight and balding, looking fatigued, and holding an open bottle of liquor, looks at Sally and then taps Brenda's shoulder to let her know their friends have arrived. Brenda looks essentially the same as she did in college, perhaps a bit more worldly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

Hey, guys!

BRENDA

Sally! Woo-hoo! Bahamas! Junkanoo!

SALLY

Junkanoo?

BRENDA

The Bahamian New Year's celebration!

SALLY

(not thrilled, but polite)

Oh, yes. Junkanoo.

They all converge in the middle of the lobby, near the broken dolphin fountain. They exchange hugs, then look around at the place, which is run-down and dirty.

BERNARD

This place smells like a public pool.

He takes a swig from his bottle.

ED

I don't remember this place looking like such a dump.

CUT TO:

INT TRADE WINDS RESORT OPEN-AIR LOBBY - NIGHT, TEN YEARS AGO

Brenda, Ed, Sally, Trent, Bernard, and Candi all run into the lobby, drunk as hell and shouting happily at the night. The place looks exactly the same, run down and dirty. The only difference is the dolphin nose on the fountain is still intact.

Ed, the drunkest of the bunch, starts climbing on the fountain.

ED

I'm king of the dolphins!

He grabs onto the dolphin nose which immediately breaks off. He falls into the water.

Everyone laughs hysterically.

CUT BACK TO:

INT THE TRADE WINDS RESORT OPEN-AIR LOBBY - PRESENT

BRENDA

Guys, it's really not that bad. And I'm sure they'll be fixing the fountain in no time.

Bernard, Brenda, Ed and Sally walk up to the check-in desk. There are fourteen people in resort uniforms behind the counter. They all scatter when they see the group coming towards them. One CHECK-IN CLERK dives behind the counter.

BERNARD

Where'd everybody go?

Bernard rings a bell on the counter. Nothing. He rings it again, harder this time. Still nothing. He then picks it up and hucks it against the wall. It makes a terrible noise. The check-in clerk hiding behind the counter jumps up, pretending nothing has happened.

CHECK-IN CLERK

Checking in, sir?

BERNARD

Yes! We're all with the Brenda Gianna and Trent Gaylord party. Half our group has probably already checked in.

BRENDA

(aside to Bernard)

I can't wait to see Trent again.

Bernard rolls his eyes, and drinks again.

CHECK-IN CLERK

Before we proceed, I'd like to tell you that due to our resort being overbooked for Junkanoo, the Bahamian New Year festival celebration, we are offering a free stay at the Trade Winds later in the year if you are willing to give up your room and stay at the Radisson.

BRENDA

Is the Radisson all-inclusive as well?

CHECK-IN CLERK

No, I'm afraid not.

Brenda laughs in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

Why would we leave an all-inclusive resort? That's crazy!

CHECK-IN CLERK

Fine. Bad call on your part, but fine. First thing we need to do is give you your Trade Wind Resort all-inclusive liquor and food bands. Right wrists please.

They hold their wrists out and he slaps plastic wrist bands on each of them.

SALLY

I don't remember these from last time. I look like I'm checked into a hospital. Can we take these off when we go out?

CHECK-IN CLERK

No.

BRENDA

Where's the nearest bar?

CHECK-IN CLERK

Just past the lobby.

ED

A drink sounds like a good idea.

BERNARD

(drinking)

It is.

BRENDA

I can't wait to get one of those in my mouth.

Bernard looks at Ed.

BERNARD

I love it when girls say that.

INT MAIN EVENT HALL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The open-air lobby spills into this giant room, a stage on one end and a bar on the other. Like the lobby, everything is covered in cheap tile. Several dozen tables with chairs sit between the stage and bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a karaoke contest happening on stage. Currently, a GIANT WHITE-TRASH LADY is singing the flattest, most out-of-key rendition of "These Boots Are Made For Walking" that you've ever heard. She is having a great time.

Ed, Sally, Bernard and Brenda all walk in and are instantly greeted by Candi, TOM HANDY and Trent. Candi is dressed somewhat provocatively and is constantly checking out passers-by. Tom is dressed in nineties throw-back grunge wear, doing his best to look bad-ass; he is energetic, happy, but somewhat uncomfortable and nervous. Trent still has his good-natured smile, and is dressed to kill, the first person he looks at being Brenda.

TRENT
Brenda! Good to see you!

BRENDA
You too!

She gives him a hug. Ed and Sally go to hug him as well, but he stops them.

TRENT
We've got a problem.

BRENDA
What's wrong?

TRENT
We met Mark-Chad.

BRENDA
Who?

TRENT
Ed's friend from LA. The "actor".

He points towards the karaoke stage.

INT MAIN EVENT HALL STAGE - CONTINUOUS

MARK-CHAD, a blonde pretty-boy who's obviously in love with himself, is chatting up a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN and her DAUGHTER at a table at the foot of the stage.

INT MAIN EVENT HALL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

SALLY
(to Ed)
You invited Mark-Chad? The Mark-Chad who reminds everyone every five seconds that he's an actor?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY (CONT'D)

The Mark-Chad who sincerely believes everyone loves him as much as he loves himself when in fact no one loves him at all? That Mark-Chad? I can't believe you invited Mark-Chad.

ED

No! No! No! No! I did not invite him!
(then, realizing)
Oh. I did mention it to him.

SALLY

You told him we were coming here?

ED

I might have, you know, in passing.

SALLY

You know that guarantees him showing up. That happened at my birthday party. At last Fourth of July. Your mother's funeral.

TRENT

It's a really big problem. We hate him.

TOM

Honestly, I haven't felt a negative emotion this strong since *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones*.

CANDI

He's the first guy I've met here I've refused to sleep with.

This comment creates an awkward pause.

ED

He's just a little eccentric. He's an actor.

TRENT

Well, fine. You room with him.

ED

Us? But we're married!

Trent just looks at Brenda, and completely changes the subject.

TRENT

Who wants to get shitty?!

He and Brenda run off to the bar. Ed looks at Tom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ED

We really can't room with Mark-Chad.
We're married, and we're...ah...trying to
have a kid.

SALLY

We are? Don't you have to have sex to
have kids?

Ed throws her a sideways glance.

TOM

It's out of my hands, sorry. So, how are
ya?

ED

Well, beat-up from airport security and
sad about Mark-Chad. To be honest.

TOM

Yeah, I know what you mean.

(then)

But, hey, we're in the Bahamas and it's
time to party like it's 1999!

ED

It's 2005, churchy.

Ed and Sally walk away from him. Tom gives Candi a longing
look.

TOM

Who wants to do some karaoke!

No one responds. He does his best to look excited as he runs
towards the stage. Candi and Bernard are alone together.

CANDI

Bernard, right?

BERNARD

Yep.

CANDI

I haven't seen you since college, right?

BERNARD

Yep.

CANDI

Did we fuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BERNARD

Yep.

CANDI

Was it good?

BERNARD

Yep.

They stand in awkward silence for a few moments.

CANDI

So, you look...

BERNARD

Like a big version of me that swallowed
the other, smaller version?

CANDI

I wasn't going to say--

BERNARD

Don't worry about it. So, what's up with
you?

CANDI

I'm getting married.

BERNARD

(laughs)
You? What, are you marrying some old rich
guy?

CANDI

Yeah, actually.

BERNARD

Oh, congratulations then. Where is he?

CANDI

He's at home. This is my last hurrah. A
bit of a bachelorette party. I'm here to
have a good time, know what I mean?

BERNARD

I'm here to drink myself to death.

CANDI

(awkwardly)
Oh. That's nice.

INT MAIN EVENT HALL STAGE - MEANWHILE

Mark-Chad is still busy with the mother and daughter.

MARK-CHAD

(mid-discussion)

No, no, I actually make a living at it.
I'm a professional actor.

He takes his SAG card out of his wallet.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

That's my union card. You gotta be a pro
to get in the union.

DAUGHTER

Would I have seen you in anything?

MARK-CHAD

I don't think so. I only do industrial
work.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

What's that?

MARK-CHAD

It's like a commercial, but only seen in
a particular company.

DAUGHTER

You mean like the Super Bowl?

MARK-CHAD

No, they're not so much broadcast as
viewed in a meeting.

DAUGHTER

Like on *Crossfire* or some kind of talk
show?

MARK-CHAD

No, no, like in an office meeting.

The two women are confused, and just stare strangely at Mark-Chad. Mark-Chad takes this as a green light.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

(to the daughter)

So. A threesome with your friend here?

DAUGHTER

Dude. That's my mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK-CHAD

So we're all on the same page, then?

Disgusted, mother and daughter walk away, leaving Mark-Chad alone at the table.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

(shouting to the room)

Who wants a mimosa!

INT MAIN EVENT HALL BAR - MEANWHILE

Ed is at the bar, waiting for the bartender whose name tag says "BARKEEP KAMENETZKY" (he is the only white bartender in the entire resort). The barkeeper finally looks at Ed.

ED

Hey, hi, yeah. Can I get an Oban,
straight up?

BARKEEP KAMENETZKY

(doesn't understand this is a
type of scotch)

A what?

ED

How about a Glenlivet?

BARKEEP KAMENETZKY

No.

ED

(getting impatient)

What kind of scotch do you have?

The barkeeper points at a half-gallon plastic jug with a generic label that says simply, "Scotch (Twice Blended)".

ED (CONT'D)

Do you have anything single malt?

The barkeeper just stares at him.

ED (CONT'D)

Last time I was here this place had top
shelf liquor.

The barkeeper points at the shelf on which the jug of cheap scotch rests.

ED (CONT'D)

What is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARKEEP KAMENETZKY
That's the top shelf.

Then he points at a shelf underneath it.

BARKEEP KAMENETZKY (CONT'D)
That's the bottom shelf. That's where we
keep the cleaning supplies.

ED
What happened to this place?

CUT TO:

INT MAIN EVENT HALL BAR - TEN YEARS AGO

Ed, Bernard and Trent stagger up to the bar, already drunk.
Barkeep Kamenetzky looks nonplussed.

ED
Beekeeper! Three scotches!

Kamenetzky pours the drinks from a bottle that says, "Scotch
(Twice Blended)".

ED (CONT'D)
(to his friends)
Look at that! Twice blended. That means
it's the good stuff!

CUT BACK TO:

INT MAIN EVENT HALL BAR - PRESENT

Kamenetzky is handing Ed a glass of scotch.

BARKEEP KAMENETZKY
I've been here for fifteen years. Nothing
has changed.

Ed takes a sip and winces.

ED
This stuff is poison.

BARKEEP KAMENETZKY
We use it to kill rats.

INT MAIN EVENT HALL STAGE - CONTINUOUS

On stage, the KARAOKE HOST is standing next to the giant
White Trash Lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARAOKE HOST

Ladies and gents, I give you our winner!

There is a smattering of applause. The White Trash Lady screams victoriously.

KARAOKE HOST (CONT'D)

And now it's time for the toga party, so get your togas at the toga desk! And we'll see you in the Trade Winds Party Club downstairs in twenty minutes!

Everyone in the club rushes to the "toga table" off to the side of the stage. It is covered in old dirty bedsheets. Mark-Chad keeps trying to help all the girls with their "togas" but they keep pushing him away.

INT MAIN EVENT HALL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sally, Bernard, Tom, Candi, Trent, and Brenda run up to Ed.

SALLY

We're all going to the toga party! Woo!
You in?

ED

I'm actually pretty beat. I'm going to grab a shower and hit the hay.

SALLY

You sure?

ED

Yeah.

SALLY

Whatever.

Everyone starts off for the party, except for Bernard.

BERNARD

(to the group)
I'm going to grab a drink, I'll catch up.
(then to the barkeep)
Jack and Coke. No coke.

Ed looks at Bernard.

ED

You all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

No. I am in a world of shit. I'm out of shape. I hate my job. The last time I got laid, I think was, yes...here.

ED

Ten years ago? With that lady who looked like she did porno movies?

Pause.

BERNARD

She did do porno movies. And she was very agreeable.

ED

Jesus, man, that's just...awful. I'm sorry. If it makes you feel any better, I've come to the realization that my marriage is a sham. Never get involved with a woman in the same business as you are. Especially if she's better at it. Did you know she's been hired to design the layout for every new Burger Lord built over the next year? Me? I was just hired to redesign the playroom at my local Weiner Prince. When it comes to fast food restaurant architecture, my wife's fucking Bill Gates and I'm a stone cold failure. Weiner Prince. For fuck's sake.

BERNARD

I'm here to drink myself to death.

ED

That's a stupid idea.

BERNARD

Why?

ED

You're a lightweight. Back in school, it was two drinks and you were passed out for the night. I'm surprised you polished that bottle of...what were you drinking?

BERNARD

Sparkling apple cider.

The bartender gives Bernard his Jack Daniels. Bernard has a sip and winces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Could you put a little water in this,
please?

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ed enters, and sees that the entire room is filled with seagulls. He cautiously moves to the phone, and then calls up to the front desk.

ED

(into phone)

Yeah, my room is filled with seagulls?

He listens intently, remaining motionless so as not to startle the seagulls.

ED (CONT'D)

Does it really matter how many?

INT THE TRADE WINDS PARTY CLUB - SAME TIME

Brenda is leading the rest of the crew (Bernard, Mark-Chad, Trent, Sally, Candi and Tom) in a round of kamikaze shots. They are all wearing togas made of ratty, torn-up old linens.

BRENDA

It's holidays in the Bahamas! We rock!

SALLY

I love booze!

They all drink.

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S BATHROOM - LATER

Ed is having a shower, and enjoying it immensely.

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Several hotel employees are chasing gulls out of the room with pool cleaning equipment.

ED (O.S.)

Thanks a lot, guys!

INT THE TRADE WINDS PARTY CLUB - SAME TIME

The dance floor is crowded with crazed toga party people. The Karaoke Host is standing on the stage, now hosting the toga party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARAOKE HOST

Okay, we've chosen our toga queen!
Everybody ready?!

The crowd cheers. A couple of GIGANTIC MALE BODY BUILDERS with togas come out, pick up Brenda, and carry her to a giant throne on the stage.

KARAOKE HOST (CONT'D)

What's your name?

BRENDA

Brenda.

KARAOKE HOST

Everyone say hello to Brenda, the toga queen!

The crowd cheers again.

KARAOKE HOST (CONT'D)

Now it's time for the hot bod contest!
Yoo-woo! Wah-bah-doo-bah-dee!

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Ed lays down to sleep. Seconds later, just outside the sliding glass door, a super-loud band starts up.

BAND LEADER (O.S.)

You ready for the midnight pool party,
people?!

People outside scream in exuberance. The band launches into a raucous island number. Ed gets out of bed, and opens the curtains to reveal that the band's drummer is set up directly outside of his room.

Ed opens the sliding glass door and taps the drummer on the shoulder. The drummer, continuing to play, turns around and smiles.

DRUMMER

What's up, bra'?

ED

Excuse me. How late do you guys usually play?

DRUMMER

Not much past four. Rock on, bra'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

Um. I was going to get some sleep.

DRUMMER

Gift shop's got ear plugs!

He goes back to jamming away. Ed closes the door.

INT THE TRADE WINDS PARTY CLUB - A BIT LATER

The hot bods contest is in full swing. Various female guests do seductive dances in the middle of the dance floor as everyone watches. A GIRL WITH BRAIDS takes the floor, and immediately exposes her breasts. All the men in the room yell their approval.

KARAOKE HOST

All right, we've got our winner!

The Girl With Braids turns, expecting to be the winner, but the karaoke host pulls the same giant White Trash Lady who won the karaoke contest onto stage.

GIRL WITH BRAIDS

What the fuck?

Brenda looks bored.

INT TRADE WINDS GIFT SHOP - SAME TIME

Ed is talking to the GIFT SHOP PROPRIETOR.

ED

How much for the earplugs?

PROPRIETOR

Seventy-five dollars.

ED

Bahamian?

PROPRIETOR

American.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT MAIN EVENT HALL BAR - SECONDS LATER

Ed is standing at the bar, talking to Barkeep Kamenetzky.

ED

I'm going to need that entire jug of scotch.

INT THE TRADE WINDS PARTY CLUB - LATER

The toga party rages on. Brenda is still stuck on her throne, and she is restless. She tries to get up, but the karaoke host pushes her back down on the chair.

KARAOKE HOST

Whoa, there. Queen's gotta stay on her throne.

BRENDA

I don't want to.

KARAOKE HOST

Sorry. It is the way it is.

BRENDA

I'm paying for this.

He laughs and then hands her a couple of tokens.

KARAOKE HOST

Don't forget to cash in your toga queen prize tokens.

BRENDA

What can I get for them?

KARAOKE HOST

Nothing of value.

(then)

Hey, it'd really help me out if you'd do the rest of this show topless.

Brenda is dumbfounded.

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - LATER

Ed is standing at the sliding glass doors, draining the bottle of scotch. The band continues to blare.

ED

This band is awesome!

He hucks the empty plastic bottle at the glass doors, which bounces back and hits him in the head.

INT THE TRADE WINDS PARTY CLUB - SAME TIME

The toga party is showing no signs of letting up. Sally, Bernard, Candi, Trent and Mark-Chad are having a great time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom is on the dance floor, doing an awkward MC Hammer-esque dance, trying to catch Candi's eye. Candi is making out with the Karaoke Host.

Brenda is still on the throne. She is fast asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT TRADE WINDS RESORT, POOL AND BEACH - MORNING

Establish the resort, which sits in a U-shape facing the beach. The pool area sits inside the "U". The cafeteria entrance and outdoor eating area is at the bottom of the "U". It is a postcard-beautiful sunny beach morning.

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - MORNING

Ed is sleeping soundly, a slight smile on his face. He is finally getting some rest. Sally sleeps next to him, still in her toga.

Suddenly, a buzzsaw-like SNORING fills the room. The noise continues to grow in volume until Ed is dragged into consciousness.

Ed, eyes fluttering awake, looks across the room. Mark-Chad is in the other bed, lying board-stiff on top of the unruffled covers. He is fully clothed and forcing himself to snore as loud as he physically can. His face turns red from the effort.

Ed staggers out of bed and stands over Mark-Chad.

ED
(still practically asleep)
Mark...Mark-Chad...wake up, man...

Mark-Chad's eyes snap open and he instantly stops snoring.

MARK-CHAD
(completely awake, has been for hours)
Oh, I wasn't sleeping.

ED
(trying to process Mark-Chad's statement)
Wha...uh...?

MARK-CHAD
I was practicing my sleep-acting.

ED
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK-CHAD

My sleep-acting. I'm doing an industrial for Sominex next week.

ED

Do you think you could skip the snoring aspect of your sleep-acting?

MARK-CHAD

Dude, this is my *career*.

ED

And this is my *vacation*.

Mark-Chad gets up and heads to the bathroom.

MARK-CHAD

Fine, fine, I'll do it in the tub.

Ed gets back into bed and settles himself. Mark-Chad's snoring starts up in the bathroom, but it is too faint to bother Ed. He starts to smile and drift off into dreamland.

A steady BANG-BANG-BANG sound starts far off down the hall and builds in volume, like a small but heavy train is passing right outside the room. As it passes the room, the volume reaches its apex and shakes Ed awake. Sally still has not stirred. Ed sits bolt upright as the sound fades away, followed seconds later by an even louder encore.

Ed gets up and walks to the door.

INT RESORT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ed throws open his room door as resort employees wheel giant metal carts filled with empty liquor bottles down the tiled hallways. As they pass, one of the employees waves at Ed.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE

(disgustingly cheerful)

Morning!

The garbage train ends and Ed closes the door.

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ed returns to bed and places his head on the pillow just as there is a loud SHRIEK of feedback from a PA system outside.

Ed flies to the sliding glass door and throws back the curtain to reveal a bright sunny day at the resort pool where a crowd has gathered around a cheap, Astroturf-covered stage. A HOTEL MC stands on stage with a microphone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOTEL MC

Who's ready for the 9 AM wet T-shirt
contest?!

The crowd outside CHEERS. Behind Ed, Sally stirs.

SALLY

(shielding her face from the
light)

What's going on out there?

ED

(now pissed beyond belief)

The nine AM wake-up Ed again party,
apparently! Fuck this place!

SALLY

What's wrong?

ED

What's wrong?! This place is what's
wrong! This is supposed to be my
vacation! I'm supposed to get rest! This
place has absolutely no quiet! They
promise top shelf liquor and I'm stuck
with scotch "twice blended"! I don't even
know what the fuck that means! But it
makes it taste like racing fuel! And then
there's Mark-Chad! I need to leave, now!

SALLY

We can't leave our friends! And Mark-Chad
was your fault!

ED

You don't want to leave? How could you
not want to leave? And Mark-Chad was not
my fault!

MARK-CHAD (O.S.)

My ears are burning!

ED

(ignoring him)

I don't know what the hell I was
thinking. Pacts are stupid! Pacts are for
kids who don't know the meaning of the
word *comfort*!

SALLY

You know what? I wasn't thrilled about
coming here, either, but I managed to
have some fun last night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY (CONT'D)
 With our friends. And if you could stop your complaining and feeling sorry for yourself for just one minute, you might be able to do the same.

ED
 (screaming)
 You are the world's stupidest wife!

SALLY
 I'm going to breakfast.

ED
 The "all-inclusive" breakfast?

Sally storms out. Ed is left fuming.

MARK-CHAD (O.S.)
 Seriously, guys, my ears are really burning. I think there's something wrong with this shampoo.

EXT TRADE WINDS POOL - LATER

Sally angrily strides into the pool patio area. In the background there are a number of girls on the stage being doused with Super-Soaker water guns.

Trent, Brenda, Candi, Tom and Bernard are already sitting in the wading end of the pool, fruity drinks in hand. Candi, standing in the pool a little further away, is completely surrounded by hunky guys.

SALLY
 Morning.

The pool residents raise their glasses in greeting.

SALLY (CONT'D)
 Well, you guys look comfortable.

BRENDA
 Are you all right?

SALLY
 Ed and I are fighting. He's a giant cockhead. I'm gonna go get some breakfast.

BERNARD
 Cafeteria's closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

It's 9AM. When did they stop serving breakfast?

BERNARD

They only serve breakfast from eight-fifteen to eight-thirty.

TRENT

Nice spread though. Good bagels. They were out of cream cheese. Had to use Nutella.

SALLY

What the hell am I supposed to do for breakfast?

TRENT

Have a daiquiri. It's free.

SALLY

I'm going to find someone somewhere to make me some fucking breakfast.

She leaves.

BERNARD

Looks like trouble in paradise.
(then, looking around)
If paradise is a terribly dirty place.

The group looks around at each other, uncomfortable. Mark-Chad arrives at the edge of the pool. His ears are covered in band-aids.

MARK-CHAD

(actually taking himself seriously)

Greetings, everyone. If you will all excuse me, I think I'll try my luck with the ladies.

And with that, he is gone.

BRENDA

I don't believe he's actually taking himself seriously. He's got band-aids all over his ears.

BERNARD

He must have used the shampoo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ed comes out and immediately jumps into the pool. He angrily wades to the bar and gets a drink without acknowledging any of his friends. He then wades back into the middle of the pool, and starts to drink.

TRENT
Good morning, Ed?

Ed notices that there is a slight rainbow-colored sheen on the surface of the water.

ED
What the hell is this covering the water?

TRENT
We think it's a slight coating of grease.

ED
Grease?

BERNARD
This place is fucking filthy. You should see the hot tub. It's just a container of stagnant water. And there's ice floating in it.

ED
(grumbling)
That's fucking exactly what I told Sally. This can't be what it was like in college.

BERNARD
This is exactly what it was like in college.

BRENDA
Ed. Don't you think you're over-reacting a little bit?

ED
Don't start with me, Brenda. I don't like women today.

Trent looks at Ed, agitated with his rudeness.

TRENT
Hey, Brenda, feel like a walk on the beach?

BRENDA
Sounds good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They get out of the pool. Bernard looks at Ed, and doesn't want to deal.

BERNARD

I got to take a piss.

As Bernard starts to get out, a young boy swims right at him, full speed. Bernard jumps out of the pool, just before the kid can run into him. The kid plows head first into the pool wall. He then looks up at Bernard accusatorially.

YOUNG BOY

Hey!

BERNARD

(confused)

Sorry.

Bernard hurries off for the bathroom. The boy swims away. Ed is left standing in the pool with Tom.

TOM

Hey, want to play Marco Polo?

Ed angrily drinks his daiquiri.

EXT POOLSIDE RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

The entrance to the restroom is on the far side of a small building about forty feet from the pool. Bernard rounds the corner to find another SMALL BOY is taking a leak just outside the bathroom door. The KID'S FATHER comes out of the bathroom, sees his kid peeing all over the place, and then looks at Bernard apologetically.

FATHER

(to his son)

What are you doing peeing *outside* the bathroom?

KID

Dad. It's nasty in there.

The father ushers his child back to the pool. Bernard then glances over at TWO MOTHERS who are looking at their CHILDREN on the beach. The children are throwing sand at each other and crying.

MOTHER #1

I just realized something.

MOTHER #2

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER #1

Our kids aren't very bright.

Bernard laughs out loud at the absurdity. The two mothers look at him and scowl. Bernard goes into the bathroom.

EXT BEACH - A BIT LATER

Trent and Brenda are taking their walk.

BRENDA

I can't believe Ed and Sally are fighting this much. It's worse than I thought it was.

TRENT

Well, we got them here, what else can we do?

BRENDA

We need to keep them together. Get them having a good time so they can remember why they got together in the first place.

TRENT

At this point that feels like a tall order. I never thought I'd see the world's greatest couple on the brink of disaster. I really didn't.

BRENDA

I know. Ever since their wedding day, all I've wanted is to find the same thing. Jesus, I'm old and still single. And I watch too much Oprah.

TRENT

Me, too. In fact, Oprah's the only female companionship I've had since my divorce. And she's a lot more bossy than my ex-wife.

BRENDA

Hey, how's Trent, Jr.?

TRENT

Great. He's great. I miss him, though. I don't get to see nearly enough of him.

Brenda and Trent lock eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

Are we here just because we want to save
Ed and Sally's marriage?

TRENT

I don't know. Are we?

EXT TRADE WINDS POOL - MEANWHILE

Bernard is about to get back into the pool, but stops when something catches his eye. HOWARD STERN, holding four fruity drinks, stops next to Bernard to stare at what Bernard is staring at.

BERNARD

Oh, my god. I can't believe she's here.

A super tan hardbody, EVELYN THE PORNO LADY, in a neon green thong bikini is walking towards the middle of the pool area sun deck.

Sally comes back into the pool area, holding a wrapped Twinkie.

Resort guests part like the Red Sea for Evelyn the Porno Lady as she strides to a single empty sun chair. Men go slack-jawed and women stare in shock, until they see how their men are looking at Evelyn - then they hit their men.

Evelyn walks right past Sally. Sally looks over and sees Ed staring slack-jawed. She throws the Twinkie at him which hits him in the eye.

ED

You hit me in the eye! Why'd you have to
hit me in the eye?!

Evelyn comes to a stop at the chair and makes a huge fuss about getting in *just the right spot* to tan her backside. The end result is she spends about 78 seconds on all fours on the chair slowly swaying her thonged bronze ass back and forth. Finally, she settles in and the resort returns to normal.

Howard Stern leans over to Bernard.

HOWARD STERN

She does that every day like clockwork.
It's been the only good thing about this
whole fucking vacation.

(pause, then)

I hate the Bahamas.

EXT PIRATE MUSEUM - THE NEXT DAY

The pirate museum is a red building in the local town with the sign "Cap'n Redbeard's Museum O' Pirate History" nailed to the side. A picture of a "pirate" that looks an awful lot like a painted over Russell Crowe *Master and Commander* movie poster is attached to the sign.

TRENT (O.S.)
Why are we here again?

BRENDA (O.S.)
We thought it'd be a good idea to get everybody out of the resort for a while. Especially Ed and Sally.

TRENT (O.S.)
But why a pirate museum?

TOM (O.S.)
It was Candi's idea. She's got a thing for pirates.

BERNARD (O.S.)
She's got a thing for anything.

INT PIRATE MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

The interior of the pirate museum is a shithole that looks like it might collapse at any second. Half-assed pirate mannequins litter the joint. Many are just dressed up fashion store female mannequins, which makes all these supposed "male" pirates look like David Bowie.

Ed, Sally, Trent, Brenda, Bernard, Tom, Candi and Mark-Chad walk into the museum. Sally keeps her distance from Ed.

ED
I can't believe it took thirty-five dollars to get into this hack museum.

TRENT
(trying to keep Ed under control)
Hey, it might be good for some laughs.

ED
Yeah, right.

The TOUR GUIDE, dressed as a pirate, hobbles up to the group. He's hobbling because his right leg has a wooden peg leg strapped to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

However, his right leg is fully intact and sticks out awkwardly behind him. He also has a hook on his left hand which conceals a perfectly good hand, of course.

TOUR GUIDE

Ahoy, maties. My name is Petey the Kid, and I'm here to take you on your tour through pirate history! Ahrrrrr!

The Tour Guide sweeps his hands into the air and his hook beheads a mannequin.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Ah, shit. Sorry. It's my first day. Okay, follow me.

The Tour Guide starts the tour, hobbling awkwardly ahead of the group. On each step of the peg leg, he appears about to lose his balance, but catches himself at the last second.

ED

Oh, this is gonna be fucking great.

Ed storms off after the Tour Guide, followed by the rest of the group. Sally and Brenda are last.

SALLY

God, he's such an asshole. I hate him.

BRENDA

You don't really hate him.

SALLY

Yes, I do.

INT PIRATE MUSEUM - BLACKBEARD EXHIBIT

The Tour Guide steadies himself against the exhibit of Blackbeard the Pirate. The Tour Guide obviously has no idea what he's talking about, but he's doing the best he can.

TOUR GUIDE

Here be Blackbeard the Parrot. Pirate. The most feared parrot of the seven seas. He was known as Blackbeard because of his black...beard...which struck fear in all those who beheld it. Maties. There be his treasure--

The Tour Guide steps forward to point at a fake treasure chest and stumbles on his peg leg. He falls head first into the treasure chest and scatters fake gold coins across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

The Tour Guide picks himself up and turns to the group. His peg leg hits a coin and slides. The Tour Guide kicks his foot forward to catch himself, which thrusts the fake peg leg straight into Bernard's groin.

BERNARD

Ah, fuck!

The Tour Guide moves away from Bernard and hits Brenda in the shin with his peg leg.

BRENDA

Ow!

TOUR GUIDE

I'm sorry!

The Tour Guide backs off and his hook catches Candi's shirt, tearing it off and exposing her breasts.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Oh, God, I'm sorry!

CANDI

(unfazed)

It's alright.

INT PIRATE MUSEUM GIFT SHOP - LATER

The Tour Guide stands with the group in the gift shop, apologizing. Candi now wears a souvenir T-shirt that has a picture of a pirate and the caption, "I got hooked at Cap'n Redbeard's Pirate Museum! - Bahamas."

TOUR GUIDE

Again, I'm really sorry about all this, especially your clothes. Please keep the shirt.

ED

Well, this was just great. The least you could do is give us our thirty-five bucks back!

SALLY

Take it easy, Ed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

What the hell are you taking his side for? He nearly killed three of our friends!

SALLY

It was an accident. And don't yell at me!

TRENT

(trying to defuse the situation)

Hey, why don't we all go get a drink?

ED

(ignores Trent)

I'm not yelling at you, I'm expressing my dissatisfaction with the service in this deathtrap museum--

TOUR GUIDE

(correcting)

Pirate museum.

ED

(still ignoring)

--Which, for some reason, you think is out of line!

SALLY

I think you acting like an asshole is what's out of line!

ED

Oh, now I'm an asshole?!

SALLY

Yeah, a giant asshole!

BRENDA

Hey, hey. Let's just calm down before anyone says something he or she will really regret.

SALLY

You need to stop blaming me for all your failures!

TRENT

Like that, for instance.

ED

I don't blame you for my failures! I blame you for my misery!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRENT
Another good example.

MARK-CHAD
(oblivious)
Hey, you guys want to get dinner?

ED AND SALLY
SHUT UP MARK-CHAD!

ED
All I know is this whole trip has pissed me off since the minute I got tackled at the airport!

SALLY
All I know is you've pissed me off since the minute you got tackled at the airport!

ED
Then why are you still hanging around?!

SALLY
I can't think of one good reason!

ED
Neither can I!

SALLY
Fine! Then I WANT A DIVORCE!

Beat. Everybody looks at Ed for his reaction.

ED
(backed into a corner)
FINE! I WANT A DIVORCE, TOO!

Ed storms out. After a moment, Sally starts to cry. She fights it back and leaves. The rest of the group stand in silence. Finally, Bernard speaks.

BERNARD
Well, at least they're talking again.
Well done, everyone. Well done.

TRENT
I was trying to calm them down, what did you do?

BERNARD
I got hit in the balls with a wooden leg!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRENDA

Don't get mad at Trent! It was an accident!

CANDI

(upset)

Guys, this is making me uncomfortable.

BERNARD

Take your shirt off, you'll feel better.

TOM

Now that's a cheap shot!

MARK-CHAD

(still oblivious)

Are we going to get dinner, or what?

ALL

SHUT UP MARK-CHAD!

BERNARD

Well. Thank you everyone for a wonderful, informative afternoon. I was glad we could experience the history and culture of gorgeous Nassau Island, one of the worst vacation spots on our great Earth. If you'll excuse me, I need to go back to the resort and get completely faced.

Bernard starts off, and Mark-Chad starts to follow him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

If you follow me, I'll kill you.

Mark-Chad stops and lets Bernard go. He turns and looks hopefully at Candi. She rolls her eyes.

CANDI

Please. I'm so upset I won't be able to have sex for at least another hour.

She leaves. Tom follows her. Trent helps Brenda to her feet.

TRENT

Let me get you back to your room.

They leave. Mark-Chad is left standing in the gift shop with the Tour Guide.

MARK-CHAD

You know any girls?

EXT TRADE WINDS RESORT, POOL AND BEACH - DAY

Ed is at the pool bar, a glass and a big plastic jug of (twice) blended scotch sitting before him. He is completely sloshed, and talking at the POOL BAR BARTENDER who obviously just wants to be left alone.

ED

(smiling drunkenly)

I like drinking scotch while being immersed in water.

(then, becoming suddenly irate)

Women are nothing but trouble, my friend. Scrape 'em off! They'll eat your soul for breakfast, drink your blood for tea time, have...your...toes...for an after dinner mint! Got me? Woman equals death. Eternal death of the soul. That's why--

POOL BAR BARTENDER

(interrupting)

Have you seen our game room?

ED

(as if this was his own thought)

You know what? I'm going to check out the game room.

Ed leaves the bar and hops out of the pool, revealing that he is completely clothed.

EXT CASINO - DAY

A gaudy pastel colored casino building is attached to a nearby hotel. It looks like something out of Miami Vice.

INT CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Sally enters the casino, alone and determined to have a good time. The casino itself is very dimly lit and obviously extremely humid. Everyone inside is sweating. There is a half-melted ice sculpture in the entrance. It is impossible to tell what the sculpture used to be. Sally walks up to a cashier booth and is greeted by, of all things, a CASHIER.

CASHIER

Hello. How are you today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

Well, I'm getting a divorce from my asshole husband, and all of my friends who came with us to relive the best vacation of our lives are fighting, and I've got nobody to talk to, so I figured I'd try my luck here at the casino.

CASHIER

(now uncomfortable)
Um. Do you want some chips?

SALLY

(hands over credit card)
A thousand dollars. And some coins for the slots.
(then)
And do you have male prostitutes?

CASHIER

Yes. They're excellent.

EXT SNORKELING BOAT ON THE OCEAN - DAY

Tom and Candi are sitting on a bench as the boat heads out to sea. The boat is crowded, and Tom is uncomfortable with the tight quarters. Candi, however, couldn't be happier. She is looking around at all the possible sex. Behind them, a BIG FAT GUY is washing his snorkeling mask in a plastic garbage can filled with soapy water.

CANDI

A lot of cute guys on this boat. The girls are pretty cute, too.

Tom does his best to ignore her comment. Meanwhile, the Big Fat Guy drops his mask into the can. He leans over and reaches inside to get it. He struggles so violently that he begins to splash water all over the place.

TOM

So, what's he like?

CANDI

Who?

TOM

Your fiancée.

CANDI

Oh. Mr. Boreland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM
Does he have a first name?

CANDI
I imagine.

TOM
You don't know the first name of the man
you're marrying?

CANDI
I know the first name of his accountant.
Barry. Nice guy. Kind of cute.

TOM
Candi, you can't marry for anything other
than love.

CANDI
Why not?

TOM
You'll be miserable.

CANDI
Contrary to popular belief, money *can* buy
happiness. You just need a lot of it.

TOM
I think you're making a big mistake.

The Big Fat Guy makes a final lunge for the mask and tips
head first into the can and becomes stuck, legs flailing in
the air. Two CREW MEMBERS rush over to get him out.

INT THE TRADE WINDS PARTY CLUB - DAY

Mark-Chad is at the party club bar, a NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL
and her SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD SISTER sitting on either side of
him. The two girls are incredibly attractive, and presently
seem mildly amused with Mark-Chad. The PARTY CLUB BARTENDER
is busy making fruity drinks. A few patrons mill about in the
background, but the place is mostly empty.

MARK-CHAD
So, you're nineteen.

The nineteen-year-old nods.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)
And you're seventeen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The seventeen-year-old nods. The bartender puts down three fruity drinks in front of them. Mark-Chad addresses him as he does so.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Excuse me. What's the whole legal thing in regards to sex and age? Here on the island, I mean. And I mean sexual intercourse when I say "sex", not gender. You know.

PARTY CLUB BARTENDER

I'm pretty sure there are some rules, but I've never paid attention to them myself. Nothing a little cash can't fix if you get busted, get me?

MARK-CHAD

Fantastic! I have a little cash!
(turning to the seventeen-year-old)
So. Seventeen?

She nods again. He turns to her sister.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Nineteen?

And she nods again.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Man. I've never been good with hard decisions.
(then, to bartender)
Let me have a napkin. And a pen.

The bartender obliges, and Mark-Chad begins to write on the napkin.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

(to the girls)
I'm drawing a "decision tree". Weighing the pros and cons of each possible situation. Very valuable technique my mother taught me.

As he is talking, the two girls get up and walk away.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

(engrossed in his work)
Seventeen. Nineteen. Seventeen. Nineteen.

He finishes up his tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Well, according to this, I'm going
seventeen.

He looks up to find them gone.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Hello? What happened?

The bartender is chugging one of his own fruity concoctions.
A JANITOR passes by Mark-Chad, looking at him strangely.

EXT FORT CHARLOTTE - DAY

Trent and Brenda are walking up the path to the historic
British military outpost.

TRENT

I'm glad we could get away from everyone
for a little while.

BRENDA

Yeah. Rethink our strategy.

TRENT

That's not what I meant.

BRENDA

Are you making a pass at me?

TRENT

Maybe.

BRENDA

Here at the historic Fort Charlotte,
where we're about to learn all about the
enslavement of the Bahamian people? Very
romantic.

TRENT

I just figured there wouldn't be too many
tourists here...you know, tourists hate
to learn. And who wants to hear about
slavery on their vacation?

They walk up to a preserved period cannon, and Brenda stops
to lean against it.

BRENDA

So, you going to make your move or are
you going to vomit and pass out like you
did in college?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trent moves in very close, ready for a kiss.

TRENT

I don't want to ruin our friendship...

BRENDA

Then don't.

She kisses him passionately. They begin to make-out emphatically, until an OLD BAHAMIAN MAN steps out from behind the cannon.

OLD BAHAMIAN MAN

(yelling)

What the hell are you doing?

Brenda and Trent, startled, jump away from the cannon.

TRENT

Ahh...

OLD BAHAMIAN MAN

People were enslaved here! And you're making out? This is Fort Charlotte, not "Fort Fuckin'-On-A-Cannon"! Goddamn you insensitive American tourists!

BRENDA

We're really sorry, we didn't mean--

OLD BAHAMIAN MAN

Quiet! Now give me twenty dollars.

Trent immediately hands over a twenty.

OLD BAHAMIAN MAN (CONT'D)

No get outta here! Get back to your resort! That's where you belong! Bastards!

Trent and Brenda hurry back the way they came. The old man laughs to himself, and goes back behind the cannon.

EXT OCEAN - DAY

Tom and Candi are putting snorkeling gear on at the stern of the boat, waiting in a line of tourists to get in the water. Behind them, the two boat crew members from earlier are giving the Big Fat Guy CPR.

TOM

Candi, how long have you and I been friends?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDI
Since college?

TOM
Right, right. How many years, I mean?

CANDI
I don't know. I don't like math.

One of the crew members starts violently pounding on the Big Fat Guy's chest. No one notices.

TOM
But we've been pretty much best friends
the whole time, right?

CANDI
Yeah. I don't know what I'd do without
you.
(then)
And just because I'm getting married
doesn't mean that's going to change.

TOM
You know, marrying money could be closing
you off to someone out there who really
loves you, who could really make you
happy.

CANDI
Tom. I'm a party girl heading quickly
toward middle age. If I don't marry money
now, I'll just wind up all alone
and...saggy. I'll probably wind up in
granny porn.

TOM
But, you don't--
(he pictures granny porn,
winces)
That's the most disgusting thing I've
ever heard.

CANDI
You see my point, then.

Behind them, the Big Fat Guy sits up and spits up soapy water all over the crew members. With one last huge cough, the Big Fat Guy spits out his false teeth into the face of one of the crew members. Completely aggravated, the crew member punches the Big Fat Guy in the eye, knocking him out cold.

INT TRADE WINDS GAME ROOM - DAY

Ed walks into the large room, which looks like it was converted from a public shower. The tiled floor is completely covered in bird shit. Ed looks around at the games: there is a ping-pong table with no net, a torn-up old pool table, an air-hockey table with a cracked leg, an old video game unit with a dark screen (the plug is missing and the controller buttons are gone, leaving empty holes in the console), and what looks like a foosball table.

A SAD-LOOKING RESORT EMPLOYEE is half-heartedly sweeping in the corner. He seems to only be interested in sweeping up a one square foot area of the room. Ed wanders over to the "foosball" table. He looks at it, but it doesn't look like any foosball table you've ever seen before. The controlling handles appear to be attached to hot curler irons which stick into the playing field. There is a half-melted plastic ball in the middle of the field.

ED

Is this some kind of foosball?

SAD-LOOKING RESORT EMPLOYEE

No. It's "fuseball". It's broken.

ED

Is there anything in the game room that actually works?

SAD-LOOKING RESORT EMPLOYEE

No.

ED

Then why not close it down?

SAD-LOOKING RESORT EMPLOYEE

We have to keep it open or the gulls will fly down to the pool bar.

A gull lands on the air hockey table. The cracked leg breaks, and the table capsizes. The gull flaps its wings and flies over to the ping-pong table. When it lands, the table snaps closed on it. Ed is shocked.

SAD-LOOKING RESORT EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Whoops.

(then, to Ed)

So, are you enjoying our resort?

ED

(still looking at the ping-pong table)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED (CONT'D)
 Honestly, no. My friends are all
 fighting. My wife wants a divorce.
 (then, sadly)
 I don't want a divorce. I don't hate my
 wife. I hate this place.

SAD-LOOKING RESORT EMPLOYEE
 (not really listening)
 That's too bad. I better clean up the
 ping-pong table. Don't want it to stain.
 (then, with a pained smile)
 Dinner's in an hour. There will be
 oatmeal.

Ed and the sad-looking fellow just stand and stare at each other for a moment, then Ed turns and leaves. The resort employee goes back to sweeping.

EXT TRADE WINDS HAMMOCK PARK - DAY

In a cluster of palm trees by the resort are about two dozen hammocks. Mark-Chad is leaning against one of the trees, admiring an AFRICAN-AMERICAN BEAUTY lounging in one of the hammocks. A WAITER WITH A BLODDY MARY walks by Mark-Chad. Mark-Chad grabs him by the arm.

MARK-CHAD
 Where are you taking that drink?

The Waiter With A Bloody Mary points to the girl at which Mark-Chad has been staring. Mark-Chad then hands him a five-dollar-bill. The Waiter With A Bloody Mary is confused.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)
 Come on. Hand it over.

The Waiter With A Bloody Mary doesn't know what he means.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)
 The drink.

The Waiter With A Bloody Mary hesitantly hands him over the drink.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)
 Good. Good. And I'm going to need your
 uniform.

Mark-Chad sets the drink on the sand and then tries to take the Waiter With A Bloody Mary's coat. The Waiter With A Bloody Mary doesn't want to give it up. Mark-Chad and the Waiter With A Bloody Mary get into an awkward wrestling match, Mark-Chad trying to take off the coat and the Waiter With A Bloody Mary trying to keep it on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)
Come on, fella, that's American money I
gave you.

Finally, Mark-Chad gets the jacket and puts it on. It is much
too small for him.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)
(admiring the jacket)
Perfect. Now let's get those pants off
you.

Mark-Chad then goes to undo the Waiter With A Bloody Mary's
pants, and he resists.

WAITER WITH A BLOODY MARY
What the fuck are you doing?

MARK-CHAD
Five dollars! PANTS!

The Waiter With A Bloody Mary and Mark-Chad begin to wrestle
for the pants. They stumble into a hammock, knocking a LOVING
COUPLE into the sand. The Waiter With A Bloody Mary throws
Mark-Chad into the air. Mark-Chad lands on a breakaway picnic
table. Mark-Chad gets back up.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)
That's the spirit!

Mark-Chad dives at the Waiter With A Bloody Mary, tearing the
pants off of him. Only the belt and pockets from the pants
remain on the Waiter With A Bloody Mary. He takes off
screaming.

WAITER WITH A BLOODY MARY
Help! Help! Self-entitled American!

Mark-Chad looks at the destroyed pants in his hands, then
throws them away. He straightens his waiter jacket.

MARK-CHAD
(re. the jacket)
This'll do the trick, I think. Don't
really need the pants.
(then, realizing)
I shouldn't have given him a whole five.

Mark-Chad then jauntily picks the Bloody Mary back up and
heads over to the African-American beauty. He hands her the
drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Madame.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN BEAUTY

What happened to the other guy?

MARK-CHAD

Well, truth be told, I'm not really a resort employee. I paid your waiter five dollars to borrow his jacket, just so I could bring over this drink and get closer to you. You are the most gorgeous thing I've laid my eyes on since arriving in this magical paradise.

She immediately throws the drink in his face, gets out of the hammock, and marches off. Mark-Chad, a little frustrated, tries to sit down in the hammock, and gets all tangled up in the rope trying to get comfortable.

The Janitor (who had seen Mark-Chad strike out in the party club) walks by again, shaking his head.

EXT HOTEL POOL PATIO - DAY

Bernard lounges on a chair in a corner of the pool patio, sipping drinks and throwing the empty glasses into the pool. He lazily watches a nearby resort event: boxing with oversized foam boxing gloves in an inflatable boxing ring. A BOXING FATHER and BOXING SON are fighting in the ring. The son pummels the father, releasing all his pent-up rage, as the father collapses and protects his head with his giant foam gloves. A BOXING MOTHER and BOXING SISTER look on in horror as the crowd CHEERS.

BOXING SON

(as he pummels his father)

That's right, old man! I can take you now! Who's a man now? Who's a man now?!

The match ends with the Boxing Father in a fetal position and the Boxing Son raising his oversized gloves in triumph and screaming. A BOXING MC doesn't seem to care about the family meltdown.

BOXING MC

(into microphone)

That was fantastic! Who's up next for more Buddy Boxing?!

Bernard laughs at this and returns to his drink. When he looks up he sees Evelyn the Porno Lady making her daily entrance to the center of the sun deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bernard is hypnotized by her ass as she finally settles face-down onto her chair. He plays out several scenarios in his head and then throws caution to the wind.

BERNARD

Fuck it.

He hands his half-finished daiquiri to a SMALL CHILD next to him and walks off. The child starts drinking the daiquiri.

Bernard arrives at the foot of Evelyn's chair and stares at her glistening bronze skin, barely able to breathe. Finally, he composes himself.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Remember me?

She looks at him blankly.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Ten years ago. You and I...we...I'm Bernard? Your name is Evelyn?

She still has no idea.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Picture me half this size. With hair.

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY

Okay. Yeah, sure.

BERNARD

Anyway, I thought you might need some help putting lotion on your back...side...back.

Evelyn smiles.

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY

That'd be great, hon. It's good to see you again.

She hands Bernard a bottle of lotion.

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY (CONT'D)

Be sure you rub it *all over* me.

BERNARD

(almost to himself)
I love it when girls say that.

Bernard squeezes the entire bottle onto his hand, covering it in a giant glob of lotion. He starts rubbing it in on Evelyn's back. She groans in pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY

That feels *sooooo* good!

Bernard starts to feel more daring and works his way down to the small of her back. Evelyn moans and squirms even more.

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY (CONT'D)

That is so amazing! Keep going! Don't stop!

Bernard cannot believe that something is actually going right for once in his life as he sweeps both palms onto Evelyn's ass and begins to squeeze. He gives a wise-ass grin to the men nearby who are watching Bernard in amazement. Bernard is actually happy.

Suddenly, a huge shadow falls across Bernard and the Porno Lady.

BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND (O.S.)

Evelyn! What the fuck is going on here?

Evelyn stops moaning and looks up. Bernard follows her gaze and sees BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND: a giant, hulking mass of muscle that ends in the reddest, angriest face Bernard has ever seen.

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY

What does it look like, Brad? I'm finally getting the action you won't give me at home!

BERNARD

What?

BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND

(to Bernard)

Get your hands off my wife's ass!

BERNARD

What? You got married?

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY

Yeah, it's our five year anniversary.

BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND

Hands! Ass! Off!

Bernard's hands fly into the air as he stands up. Gobs of lotion spray nearby resort patrons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY

What are you going to do, Brad? Put him
in the hospital like all the others?
That's so juvenile! All those steroids
have just made you crazy!

BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND

(still on Bernard)
I'm going to rip out all your bones.

Every single muscle on Brad quivers with rage as he prepares
to do so.

BERNARD

(suddenly calm, to himself)
Of course this would happen.

Bernard runs. Brad GROWLS and gives chase.

EXT OCEAN - DAY

Everyone is in the water, holding onto a rope attached to the
boat and looking at sharks. The sharks are awesome, swimming
right by the tourists but not attacking. Tom is in the water
next to Candi. A suddenly-panicked WOMAN WITH A BATHING CAP
on the other side of Tom grabs his arm.

WOMAN WITH A BATHING CAP

Oh my god! A shark just swam right by my
face!

She then completely freaks out, climbing over Tom and nearly
drowning him in the process.

WOMAN WITH A BATHING CAP (CONT'D)

I've got to get back in the boat! The
boat! I need the boat! Never get out of
the boat!

She gets past Tom and back down the rope to the boat. Tom
then looks back at Candi, who has her face in the water and
is staring at the sharks.

TOM

That woman seems to be frightened of
sharks.

Candi looks up at him.

CANDI

They're amazing, aren't they? Can you
believe we're swimming with sharks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM
We are. It is amazing. And you know what?

CANDI
What?

TOM
You're amazing.

CANDI
Thank you.

A CUTE GUY on the boat calls to Candi.

CUTE GUY
Hey, Candi! I got us those drinks!

CANDI
(calling back)
Awesome! I'll be right there, Juan-Carlos!
(then, to Tom)
Wish me luck. This guy is hot.

Tom takes a deep breath.

TOM
Don't go have a drink with Juan-Carlos!

CANDI
Why not?

TOM
For one, you're about to get married, and all this sex you're having is cheating, even if you haven't actually taken your vows, yet!
(he takes another deep breath)
And beyond that, if you're going to cheat...I'd rather you cheat with me because I'm madly in love with you and the whole reason I left my church is because I couldn't stop having impure thoughts about you and I knew I didn't want to maintain my vows of celibacy any longer!

Candi is dumbstruck.

CANDI
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOM

Candi, I want to marry you!

CANDI

(genuinely torn)

Oh, Tom, that's so sweet, and I would, but you don't have any money. You gave it all to your cult.

TOM

Church.

CANDI

Whatever.

TOM

But there is more to life than just money! And I don't care if you get old and saggy and do granny porn!

(he winces)

Whatever happens to you in the future, I'll love you just the same! Can't you see that?

CANDI

Then why can't you love me if I marry into a lot of money?

TOM

Well, I can, I guess...but, I want to be your husband. That's what I'm saying.

CANDI

Why don't we just have a long affair and I can spend all my husband's money on you?

TOM

I don't think you're getting me, here.

He looks around and notices the two of them are being circled by about a dozen shark fins.

TOM (CONT'D)

We should probably get back on the boat.

EXT TRADE WINDS RESORT, POOL AND BEACH - DAY

Trent and Brenda are using the rock climbing wall, a faux mountain side set up next to the beach. Trent is half way up the wall, and Brenda is just below him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

Way to go, Trent! You're even faster than you were in college!

TRENT

This is awesome! I'm awesome!

As he moves up, his climbing equipment snags his shorts, tearing them clean off. He is not wearing underwear. Everyone watching from the ground gives a rousing cheer.

TRENT (CONT'D)

This is no longer awesome!

BRENDA

Maybe we should try water skiing instead!

(then, noticing - matter of fact)

You have weird balls.

INT CASINO HORSE RACE MACHINE - LATER

Sally wanders around the casino. She is now dripping with sweat and breathing heavily due to the humidity. She spies a large table-like machine with a lighted canopy that several people are seated around. She moves closer and sees that it is a miniature horse racing track about the size of two pool tables. Tiny metal horses race around the track and people are betting on them. Sally takes an empty seat and sits, exhausted.

SALLY

(to nearby gambler)

Man, it's humid in here! Is there air in this casino?

GAMBLER

I've lost five pounds tonight.

Sally finishes off her drink and places a bet on a tiny horse. She hoists her empty glass in the air.

SALLY

(to no one in particular)

Let's keep 'em coming!

A WAITRESS immediately rolls a cart full of 50 Margaritas up to Sally. The Gambler, played by Kenny Rogers, reaches for a Margarita. Sally slaps his hand.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Get your own!

EXT OCEAN - DAY

Brenda is on the back of a motor boat, and Trent is in the water, wearing water skis. The BOAT DRIVER looks back at Brenda.

BOAT DRIVER
Is he ready?

BRENDA
(shouting to Trent)
You ready?

Trent gives the thumbs up, and the driver accelerates. Trent comes nowhere near getting on top of the water. He is just dragged behind the boat.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Stop the boat!

Trent gets back into position to try again. He gives another thumbs up. The boat speeds up, Trent gets about half way out of the water, then immediately falls all over his skis. The boat stops, Trent readies himself again. The boat goes, and Trent still can't get up on the water. The boat stops.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

TRENT
One more try!

BOAT DRIVER
(quiet, to Brenda)
This guy's an idiot.

The boat goes again, Trent gets about half way up, and a ski snags his bathing suit. Again, Trent finds himself naked from the waist down. Everyone watching from the beach gives a rousing cheer.

INT TRENT AND TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Brenda is sitting on the bed, reading a magazine. Trent comes out of the bathroom, wearing a new pair of shorts, this one with a belt.

TRENT
(re. the belt)
Nothing is getting these suckers off of me.

He sits down next to Brenda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRENT (CONT'D)

This was probably the most humiliating day of my life.

BRENDA

You didn't want me to see you with your shorts off?

TRENT

No, no, I did. I just didn't want everyone else at the resort to see it as well.

Brenda puts down her magazine, and gets seductive.

BRENDA

Let's see, what can I do to make you feel better?

TRENT

I can think of a lot of things, really.

BRENDA

How about *I* take your shorts off this time?

TRENT

Love that idea. Third time's a charm.

Brenda goes to undo his belt buckle. The buckle is stuck.

BRENDA

Um...

TRENT

Oh, oh. That's no problem.

He tries to get it off himself, and can't do it. He tries to yank off the shorts, but it's no good. Aggravated to no end, Trent begins jumping and dancing around the room in attempts to get off the shorts. Out of control, he slips and falls, knocking over a lamp and disappearing behind a bed. He hits the floor with a sickening CRUNCH.

BRENDA

You all right?

TRENT

(from behind the bed, trying to conceal extreme pain)
Yeah. Let me just lay here a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRENDA

You want to get lunch?

TRENT

I'd rather not. I can't have lunch with a bunch of people who have seen me naked for no good reason.

BRENDA

Fair enough.

She picks up the phone, and dials the front desk.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello. I was wondering what you'd recommend for a restaurant in town? Something romantic. The "Poop Deck"? That's romantic? Okay, if you say so.

She hangs up.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Ready to go yet, Trent?

TRENT

(still behind the bed)

Five minutes.

EXT DOCKS NEAR RESORT - DAY

Bernard runs for his life down a pier, followed by the enraged Brad.

EXT FISHING BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Bernard reaches the end of the pier and finds a hiding place under a tarp on a small beat-up fishing boat. Brad arrives at the end of the pier and is mystified as to where Bernard went. Brad stands at the end of the pier, fuming.

Bernard is trapped where he is as the engine surges to life and the boat pulls away from the pier. Bernard, not sure what to do, stays under the tarp and watches the island recede as the boat heads out to sea.

EXT TRADE WINDS RESORT, POOL AND BEACH - DAY

Mark-Chad is at the pool bar, talking to ANOTHER CUTE GIRL.

ANOTHER CUTE GIRL

I would rather eat my own feces than have sex with you, to be honest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK-CHAD

(undaunted)

Do you consider fellatio to be sex?

The Janitor is in the background, again shaking his head.

EXT THE TRADE WINDS RESORT OPEN-AIR LOBBY - DAY

Mark-Chad is talking to a FEMALE BELL-HOP.

MARK-CHAD

When do you get off work?

FEMALE BELL-HOP

Never.

She walks away, pushing a luggage cart. Mark-Chad looks around to see a FAMILY OF AMERICAN TOURISTS laughing hysterically at his rejection. The Janitor who has been trailing Mark-Chad is with them, laughing as well.

INT TRADE WINDS GIFT SHOP - DAY

Mark-Chad is talking to the giant White Trash Lady from the karaoke and sexy-bod contests.

MARK-CHAD

I really dig your singing. You going to do some karaoke again tonight?

She just stares at him.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Excellent. So. Where's your room?

She punches him in the mouth. She storms off, passing the Janitor who is now just staring in disbelief at Mark-Chad.

EXT THE POOP DECK RESTAURANT - LATER

Establishing shot of the restaurant. There is a neon sign above the entrance that says "Poop Deck". The "e" on the sign flickers and then part of it burns out, making the "e" look like an "i". So now the sign reads: "Poop Dick".

INT THE POOP DECK RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Trent and Brenda are sitting at a table for two, waiting for their food to arrive. The restaurant is very humid, and the couple, along with everyone else in the place, are sweating profusely. They are in mid-conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

And you've been an elevator repairman for how many years now?

TRENT

Five. I can't believe it's been that long. I really dig the work. It's a good trade.

(then)

Good god, it's humid in here.

BRENDA

Yeah. Really.

A POOP DECK WAITRESS and BUS BOY bring their drinks and food. The waitress first puts down their drinks.

POOP DECK WAITRESS

Here's your drinks.

Trent and Brenda look at the drinks strangely. The glasses are filled with clear liquid...and sand.

BRENDA

These are the "Beach Bums"?

POOP DECK WAITRESS

That's what you ordered, right?

TRENT

Yeah, what's in it, exactly?

POOP DECK WAITRESS

Vodka and sand.

The bus boy puts down their food. They each get sandwiches served on giant plates of sand. The waitress and bus boy leave. Brenda and Trent look at each other, appalled by their food. Brenda picks up her sandwich and it falls apart in her hands because it is so soggy from the humidity. Trent pinches some sand in his fingers and puts it on his tongue. He winces at the taste.

TRENT

That's actual sand.

INT CASINO HORSE RACE MACHINE - DAY

There are about a dozen empty glasses in front of Sally now and she is feverishly betting on another horse race. There is also an alarmingly large stack of chips in front of her as well - she has been winning all day. Sally is surrounded by shirtless MALE PROSTITUTES as the latest race nears its end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
 (feverishly watching her horse)
 C'mon you little shit, run! Run! Run you
 little tin motherfucker! Fuck! Run! FUCK!

Her horse wins again. Sally SCREAMS in victory. The male models around her CHEER.

SALLY (CONT'D)
 (to the male prostitutes)
 As soon as I win another forty thousand
 dollars you guys are going to carry me
 through the Trade Winds resort so Ed can
 see what a dickhead he is!

She polishes off another drink and then licks the hairless chest of the nearest prostitute.

SALLY (CONT'D)
 (she tastes something awful and
 spits)
 Bleech! Sunscreen!

Everyone LAUGHS.

EXT PIRATE SHIP IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS - DAY

The small fishing boat approaches a cargo ship with no identifying marks.

EXT FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The fishing boat docks with the side of the cargo ship as two PIRATES prepare to off-load supplies. They are dressed like pirates in the classic sense (hats, eye-patches, etc.).

PIRATE #1
 (in mid-conversation with
 Pirate #2)
 So I told Cheryl that it was all over. I
 just couldn't take the smothering any
 more.

PIRATE #2
 I hear ya, brother. Chicks are nothing
 but trouble. That's why I fly solo. Here,
 gimme a hand with the groceries.

Pirate #2 throws back the tarp to reveal Bernard lying on the groceries. He is eating a Nutri-Grain cereal bar from one of the bags.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

Hi. I'll pay for the cereal bar.

The two pirates grab Bernard. Pirate #2 puts a gun to Bernard's head.

PIRATE #2

You're in a lot of fucking trouble,
asshole!

PIRATE #1

It should be about thirty-five cents for
the bar.

EXT TRADE WINDS HAMMOCK PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Trent and Brenda are walking through the hammock park,
looking for just the right hammock. They are holding hands.

BRENDA

I've always wanted to make love in a
hammock.

Trent stops to kiss Brenda, but they've barely touched lips
when out of nowhere, a DRUNKEN RED-HEAD busts in between
them.

DRUNKEN RED-HEAD

What, you don't want to fuck my wife?

TRENT

Excuse me?

DRUNKEN RED-HEAD

Well, if you're making out with this
lady, then you must not want to fuck my
wife!

TRENT

Well, no, I don't.

DRUNKEN RED-HEAD

Why don't you want to fuck my wife?

TRENT

This is an incredibly inappropriate line
of questioning.

DRUNKEN RED-HEAD

But it's important to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRENT

Why on earth would you want me to be with
your wife?

DRUNKEN RED-HEAD

I live an alternative lifestyle.

BRENDA

Does your wife?

DRUNKEN RED-HEAD

(sadly)

No.

He then begins crying and stumbles off into the shadows.

TRENT

What the hell was that?

BRENDA

Let's just forget it, okay? It didn't
happen. Let's try a hammock.

They pick one out. Directly next to it is a small patch of
sand with a sign next to it that reads, "Danger! Quick Sand!
No Swimming."

Brenda gets into the hammock, and Trent gets in with her. The
hammock is very precarious as they both try to squirm into
more comfortable positions. They struggle and struggle until
finally they have wrapped themselves up in the hammock and
look like a couple of fish caught in a net.

TRENT AND BRENDA

(calling out, frantic)

Help! Help! Help!

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD

"Forty-seven minutes later"

CUT BACK TO:

EXT TRADE WINDS HAMMOCK PARK - EVENING

Trent and Brenda, still tangled in the hammock, are now sound
asleep. Brenda is snoring. Trent farts.

EXT TRADE WINDS RESORT, POOL AND BEACH - EVENING

A HENNA-TATTOO GIRL is working on a FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD at her makeshift henna-tattoo booth. Mark-Chad approaches, and the henna-tattoo girl hastily closes up shop and runs off before he can get near her. The fifteen-year-old also sprints away.

Mark-Chad then just stands there, doing his best to pretend he didn't notice this. The Janitor walks up to him, and puts an arm on his shoulder.

JANITOR

You know, I've been watching you around the resort all day, and I can't believe you're having so much trouble with the ladies.

MARK-CHAD

I'm sorry?

JANITOR

I mean, I can't believe you can't get laid! I'm a janitor, and I get sex constantly!

He laughs. Mark-Chad furrows his brow.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Hell, my custodial closet is filled with boxes of condoms. I barely have room for the cleaning supplies anymore!

He then points at TWO GIRLS ON LOUNGE CHAIRS who are enjoying some drinks.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Those two are primed for some threesome action. Why don't you take over for me?

MARK-CHAD

You don't want to?

JANITOR

My shift's over. I gotta go.

MARK-CHAD

I can't believe you're passing on a threesome.

JANITOR

I've already had four today. I'm plum tuckered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pats Mark-Chad on the shoulder and heads off. Mark-Chad, now filled with hope, approaches the two girls. They look up at him.

TWO THREESOME GIRLS

Hi!

Mark-Chad smiles.

EXT PIRATE SHIP IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS - EVENING

Re-establishing shot of the impressive pirate ship.

INT PIRATE SHIP CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Bernard is tied up in the middle of a dirty cabin on the pirate ship. He is being guarded by the two pirates from the fishing boat. Several other PIRATES are nearby, also dressed like old school pirates. All look grizzled and mean. Bernard is sweating, terrified for his life.

BERNARD

Look, I was just trying to hide from a guy who wanted all my bones. I'm sorry I hid on your boat. It was a terrible accident. I'm very sorry. If you take me back to the resort I can get you exact change for the cereal bar.

PIRATE #2

The captain's on his way down. We'll just see what he wants us to do with you.

Pirate #2 makes the cut-throat gesture. Bernard winces.

A door opens and the PIRATE CAPTAIN enters. He is a computer nerd that looks exactly like Bill Gates, complete with khaki pants, light blue shirt and glasses.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

What do we have here, Tony?

PIRATE #2

We got us a stowaway, Cap'n. You want us to slit his throat?

PIRATE CAPTAIN

Maybe. Wait a sec.

(turns to Bernard)

So, uh. What's the story?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

It was a terrible mistake. I hid on your boat by accident. I was just trying to get away from this guy who wanted to beat me up. If I can get home I can get you exact change for the cereal bar.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

So, it's just a misunderstanding.

BERNARD

Yeah.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

Good enough for me! Tony, untie him.

PIRATE #2

But Cap'n--

PIRATE CAPTAIN

Tony...

PIRATE #2

Aye, Cap'n.

Pirate #2 unties Bernard.

PIRATE #2 (CONT'D)

(mumbles to Bernard)

Sorry about the gun thing and the throat cut thing.

BERNARD

(bewildered)

It's okay.

(to Pirate Captain)

Who are you guys?

PIRATE CAPTAIN

Oh, we're pirates.

Bernard looks at the clean-cut Pirate Captain, confused.

BERNARD

Pirates of what?

PIRATE CAPTAIN

(excited to explain)

You like computers?

INT CASINO HORSE RACE MACHINE - EVENING

Now there are twenty empty glasses and only four chips in front of Sally - she's lost practically everything. The male prostitutes are cleaning up her empty Margarita glasses. BURT REYNOLDS and DOM DELUISE sit next to her. Deluise is dressed in his Captain Amazing costume from "Cannonball Run". Burt looks irritated.

Sally's horse loses and her last chips are taken away.

SALLY
That's it. I've lost it all.
(then, to the male prostitutes)
You guys have a layaway plan?

The male prostitutes leave.

SALLY (CONT'D)
(calling after the prostitutes)
Fine! Leave! I was just going to have you help me pack, anyway!
(looks at Burt Reynolds)
Money gone.

BURT REYNOLDS
You could always bet your shirt.

DOM DELUISE
Oh, yes! Bet your shirt!

BURT REYNOLDS
(to Deluise)
Shut up!

Burt hits Dom in the head.

SALLY
What the fuck. I'm betting my shirt!

CUT TO:

INT CASINO CASHIER BOOTH - LATER

Sally stands at the booth in her bra, her shirt having been taken away after she lost the last horse race.

SALLY
(angrily)
Where's my blouse?

CASHIER
I'm sorry ma'am, but you bet your shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

I didn't think you were actually going to take it! I thought it was a courtesy bet!

CASHIER

So did they.

The cashier points over at Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise, who are both standing around, shirtless. DeLuise still wears the Captain Amazing cowl and cape.

INT MAIN EVENT HALL - EVENING

Ed is at the bar, continuing to drink too much. He polishes off a jug of scotch.

ED

I'll need another jug of scotch.

BARKEEP KAMENETZKY

Comin' up.

Ed starts weeping.

ED

I want my wife back.

BARKEEP KAMENETZKY

Sorry. All I've got is the scotch.

He puts another jug down in front of Ed.

INT PIRATE SHIP CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

The Pirate Captain is giving Bernard the grand tour. Pirates #1 and #2 trail behind. They walk through a section of the hold filled with rows of computer terminals manned by pirates. As the Pirate Captain speaks, he picks up various CDs and DVDs to accentuate his points - including a DVD copy of "Amazon Women on the Moon".

PIRATE CAPTAIN

Right here is the nerve center. This is where we maintain our database of downloaded MP3s, DVDs, first run movies, cracked software, porno, blah, blah, blah. We've got everything. We're connected to the internet via satellite and park the ship in international waters so the record and movie industries can't touch us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIRATE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

We also have CD and DVD burning equipment so we can sell actual hard copies of everything, also via internet thank you very much. You got any albums you're looking for?

BERNARD

I've been looking for that David Bowie 50th birthday live concert album for a while.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

(laughs)

Easy!

(yells across the hold)

Hey, Rhonda! Burn this guy a Bowie 50th birthday concert album.

Bernard looks over to a cluster of CD burners that are manned by a group of TOPLESS WOMEN. One of them stands up and waves back.

RHONDA

You got it, Cap'n.

BERNARD

(to Pirate Captain)

I have to admit, this is really impressive. I thought this was going to be the worst vacation of my life. I was going to drink myself to death.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

Because of the low self esteem?

BERNARD

Exactly.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

You know what? You are a glass is half empty kind of guy. Sure, you're a slovenly, balding, dead-end job dude, but you've got something more valuable than all the riches in the world. You know what that is? Your friends, friend.

(then)

I mean, good friends are hard to come by, you know.

BERNARD

I hadn't thought about it that way.

(then, re: the women)

Are they naked so they can't steal any CDs from you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIRATE CAPTAIN

No, I just like topless women.

Bernard can't argue with this. He also likes topless women.

INT TWO THREESOME GIRLS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The two girls are furiously making out. Mark-Chad is trying to get himself in between them, but they are barely acknowledging his presence. He is excited anyway. Finally, he starts kissing one of the girls on the back of the neck, and she takes notice.

THREESOME GIRL #1

Oh, hey, baby. You know what we need?
Lubricant!

MARK-CHAD

I'm all for that! Where do you keep it?

THREESOME GIRL #1

(to her girlfriend)
Where did we leave it?

THREESOME GIRL #2

The balcony.

THREESOME GIRL #1

Oh, yeah. It's on the balcony.

Mark-Chad jumps up and runs for the balcony. He opens the sliding glass door and steps outside.

THREESOME GIRL #2

Don't let the bugs in!

MARK-CHAD

Sorry!

EXT TWO THREESOME GIRLS' BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Mark-Chad shuts the sliding glass door behind him, and looks for the lubricant. He finds it under some towels, then turns to go back through the door and finds it locked. He yanks on it a few times, but it won't budge. He knocks on the glass, but the girls are busy making out, completely lost in each other.

Mark-Chad struggles with the door some more, pulling and pushing and yanking on the handle, but nothing works. This goes on for a while until Mark-Chad works himself into a spastic frenzy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moments later, he is using his feet to push against the door frame just below the door handle which he pulls on using all his body weight. He loses his grip and falls violently into the balcony furniture. He does not get up. He groans sadly.

CUT TO:

INT RESORT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Trent and Brenda, skin imprinted with the pattern of the hammock rope, are going up to their rooms.

TRENT

Maybe fate is keeping us from ruining our friendship. Maybe we're not meant for sex, you know?

BRENDA

Maybe you're right.

Just then, the elevator conks out.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

What's going on?

TRENT

Elevator shut down.

BRENDA

(seductive)

Now what was that about fate?

Brenda smiles...finally they are alone. Oblivious to Brenda's excitement, Trent looks at the elevator buttons. Brenda begins to unbutton her blouse. Trent yanks open the bank of elevator buttons, touches two wires together, and the elevator starts up again. Brenda buttons her shirt back up.

TRENT

(proud of himself)

No problem.

Brenda rolls her eyes, disappointed.

EXT PIRATE SHIP IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS - NIGHT

The ship sits in the moonlight and club music can be heard from below decks.

INT PIRATE SHIP MESS HALL - CONTINUOUS

There is a huge party going on. The pirates and women are drinking and dancing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a great light show and a DJ is kicking out the jams, so to speak. Bernard is in the middle of it, having the greatest time of his life.

The Pirate Captain steps up and takes a microphone from the DJ. The music stops.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

Attention, please. Can I get everyone's attention?

The crowd calms down. The Pirate Captain adjusts his glasses.

PIRATE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Thanks everybody. I just wanted to say I'm really glad to see everybody cutting loose tonight. It's been a long time since we had a party like this, am I right?

The pirates CHEER in approval.

PIRATE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I know, we're all such workaholics, it's crazy. But I just wanted to take a moment and say thanks to Bernard here for shaking up the monotony and giving us all a much needed break.

The pirates CHEER Bernard. Bernard is visibly touched.

PIRATE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

It's been great having you here, Bernie, I really mean that. It's sad to think about all the other good times we've missed out on. All the previous stowaways whose throats we slit and bodies we dumped overboard without even getting to know them first.

This confuses and alarms Bernard.

PIRATE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

But I had a feeling about you, Bernie!
And I was right!

(singles out Pirate #2)

Now, Tony here wanted to kill old Bernie like he's done a hundred times before. And now you see what you would have missed out on then, huh Tony?

The crowd razzes Tony, who nods in embarrassed acknowledgement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIRATE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding, Tony. He's great.
Hardest working guy on this boat. Anyway,
what I'm trying to say is that we're all
a family here, through good times and
bad. I value each and every person on
this ship and--
(starts getting choked up)
well, damn it, I love you guys.

The pirates all applaud affectionately. Bernard wipes back a tear, and then stands up to address the crowd. He grabs the mic from the Captain.

BERNARD

You know what? I love you guys, too! And
I love your Captain. Why? Because he
taught me the value of friendship, and
that life should be a celebration, not
something to squander on self-pity and an
obsession with getting old. This is a
great man. This is a great Captain!

The crowd cheers again. The Captain takes the mic back.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

All right, enough of this silliness-

The Pirate Captain holds up a Jenga game.

PIRATE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Who's first up for Jenga?!

BERNARD

(so happy he can't contain
himself)
I am!

The Pirates CHEER again, then start to chant "Jenga, Jenga, Jenga..."

EXT PIRATE SHIP IN INTERNATIONAL WATERS - NIGHT

The chanting continues until there is the sound of falling Jenga pieces. Then everyone CHEERS.

EXT TWO THREESOME GIRLS' BALCONY - NIGHT

Mark-Chad is sleeping on a chair. One of the threesome girls opens the balcony door and looks at him quizzically.

THREESOME GIRL #1

What happened to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK-CHAD

(covering)

Oh. Well. I wanted to play out this peeping-tom fantasy I've had for awhile, so I just came out here a few hours ago and looked in, you know, at you two. Very, very hot. I'm all jazzed up for that threesome now, for sure!

THREESOME GIRL #1

You're a freak. Get out.

She slams the balcony door shut. Mark-Chad turns and starts to climb down a palm tree next to the balcony. After only a second, he falls and crashes into something below that sounds like it must have been made of glass.

INT HOTEL CAFETERIA BUFFET AREA - NIGHT

Ed wanders into the cafeteria, woozy from all the evening's drinking. He grabs a tray and starts slopping food onto it at one end of the buffet. Everything contains a thick layer of grease. Jimmy Buffett's "Margaritaville" plays over the loudspeakers.

Sally enters at the opposite end of the buffet and, not noticing Ed, grabs a tray and starts doing the same thing. She wears a shirt that reads "I lost my shirt at Mango Casino so I had to buy this one - Bahamas".

They each pile food onto their trays without seeing each other and approach the ice cream machine at the center of the buffet. When they reach either side of the machine they notice one another for the first time.

Ed and Sally stare at each other as they angrily slop food onto their trays, creating huge piles.

A drunk college-aged resort patron, BRITT, walks up to the ice cream machine between them. Without explanation he begins to fill his pants with soft serve. Ed and Sally stare at him, confused.

INT BRENDA AND CANDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sally walks into the room with her luggage. Brenda and Candi are watching soft-core porn on television.

SALLY

I'm staying here from now on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRENDA

That's fine with us, but shouldn't you be trying to work things out with Ed?

SALLY

The man is a stupid, foolish fuck-face.

CANDI

Yeah, but you guys look so good together.

SALLY

Guys, I already see what you're trying to do, but forget it. The marriage is over. There's nothing that can trick us into falling in love again. So, please don't think you can come up with some silly plan to make things right. I just want to get some sleep.

Sally goes into the bathroom. Brenda looks at Candi, concerned.

BRENDA

This is really serious. I don't know what we're going to do.

Candi is distracted by moaning on the television.

CANDI

(points at the screen)

Oh, my god, I slept with her last night!

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ed enters the room, which is dark except for light coming through the open bathroom door. As he passes he sees Mark-Chad naked in the tub, a towel draped across his lap. Mark-Chad's hand is under the towel and he is obviously beating off, although in a bored, nothing-better-to-do sort of way.

MARK-CHAD

(sees him enter)

Hey.

ED

What the hell are you doing?

MARK-CHAD

Just waiting for you guys to get back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

You're disgusting. And Sally won't be staying in this room anymore as we are getting a divorce. Weren't you at the pirate museum?

MARK-CHAD

That place was cool.

Ed heads into the room and turns on the light. He immediately steps into an inch-deep puddle of water - the room is flooded.

ED

What the hell is this?

He looks around. Towels line the floor all the way back to the bathroom, all soaking wet. There are no clean towels left in the room. There is even an upended maid's cart in the middle of the puddle, which is empty since Mark-Chad used those towels to contain the puddle in the middle of the room.

ED (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. Get a fucking maid up here.

Mark-Chad comes out of the bathroom in a wet robe.

MARK-CHAD

Oh, I've already called several times. They refuse to come to this room any more.

Mark-Chad wades through the puddle to a table on the far side of the room, where he busies himself with his laptop computer.

CUT TO:

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - LATER

Ed, now in slightly damp pajamas, lies down in bed to sleep. Mark-Chad is playing a video game on his laptop. Ed turns off the light.

Mark-Chad turns up the volume on his computer and starts to vocalize his excitement. He pounds his feet on the floor, which splashes water everywhere. Ed sits up.

ED

Can you stop doing that?

MARK-CHAD

I'll be done in an hour or so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

I'm sorry, that's not going to work for me.

CUT TO:

EXT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM POOLSIDE GLASS DOOR -
MOMENTS LATER

The sliding glass door to their room opens and Mark-Chad's laptop computer flies out, landing in the pool with a SPLASH.

EXT DOCKS NEAR RESORT - THE NEXT MORNING

Bernard is being dropped off in the fishing boat by Pirates #1 and #2 and the Pirate Captain. Bernard carries a stack of counterfeit CDs and DVDs.

BERNARD

Thanks again for the stuff and a great party. I had an amazing time.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

The pleasure was all ours. Now you've got my email address, so if you want anything - movies, cds, porn, whatever - just drop me a line. And, hey, let's keep in touch.

BERNARD

Aye, Cap'n.

They all laugh. Bernard starts to leave, then turns back to the Pirate Captain.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I did have one question.

PIRATE CAPTAIN

Shoot.

Bernard leans in so only the Pirate Captain can hear.

BERNARD

(referring to the other
pirates)

Why do they all dress like pirates?

PIRATE CAPTAIN

They just like the lifestyle.

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - MORNING

Ed is sleeping soundly. There is the sound of a toenail being clipped, and Ed gets hit in the cheek by a flying nail. His face scrunches up a bit, then he goes back to sleeping.

Then, another clip, and another nail hits him in the forehead. He stirs a bit more, this time not returning to peaceful sleep. A third nail hits him on the eyelid and he sits bolt upright, yelling.

ED
What the fuck?!!

Ed looks over to see Mark-Chad sitting on the side of his bed, clipping his toenails.

MARK-CHAD
(startled)
Oh my god! What happened?

ED
You hit me in the eye! Why'd you have to hit me in the eye?

MARK-CHAD
I didn't hit you. I'm over here. Clipping my nails.

ED
You hit me with a nail. Why are you doing that out here? Why don't you do that in the bathroom?

MARK-CHAD
There's like three inches of water in there.

Ed gets out of bed, his feet landing in the water that covers the bedroom floor.

ED
There's water all over the floor in here, too!

MARK-CHAD
Yeah, but only an inch or so.

Ed becomes so flustered he can only express his aggravation through small noises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

So what's up for today? You want to go scuba diving?

ED

I don't know how.

MARK-CHAD

It's easy.

ED

What do you mean? Can't you die doing that?

MARK-CHAD

Well, yeah, but only if you don't know how to do it.

ED

I just said--

(stops himself)

Forget it. I'm going to breakfast. You need to get this shit cleaned up. I'm living in squalor. On my vacation. Because of you.

MARK-CHAD

(not even remotely phased)

Breakfast sounds good. I'll be there in five. Gotta finish these nails.

Ed, exasperated, turns for the door.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Grab me an orange juice and a plate of bacon. Turkey bacon.

Ed stops at the door, now fuming, but can't turn around to face Mark-Chad for fear he might actually kill him.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Oh, and get me a bowl of that corn-meal mash!

(then, to himself)

I love mash.

Ed opens the door and leaves, slamming the door behind him. Mark-Chad then pulls all the linens off the beds and uses them to soak up some of the water on the floor.

INT HOTEL CAFETERIA DINING AREA - MORNING

Candi, Tom, Trent, Brenda, and Sally are sitting together at a table, eating in silence. Jimmy Buffett's "Margaritaville" is still playing over the loudspeakers and does so on an endless loop.

TOM
 (listening to the music, oddly
 sad)
 Margaritaville. I love Jimmy Buffett.

Ed walks by the table with a giant tray of nothing but bacon and one bran muffin.

ED
 (listening to music)
 Margaritaville? Again? I fucking hate
 Jimmy Buffett.

Ed looks at Sally, begins to speak, then can't bring himself to apologize. He starts off, and Trent stops him.

TRENT
 Hey, buddy! Glad to see you!
 (then, re. Sally)
 Your wife's here!

ED
 Great. I'm going snorkeling.

He leaves with his bacon and muffin.

TRENT
 (to Tom)
 How were the sharks?

CANDI
 Awesome.

TOM
 (seeming depressed)
 Yeah, it was good.

BRENDA
 Hey, where's Mark-Chad?

SALLY
 Who cares?
 (then)
 I want more mash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stands up, knocks her chair over, grabs her mash bowl, and storms off for the buffet.

BRENDA
Where's Bernard?

TRENT
Nobody knows. Last I heard he was rubbing that porno lady in the ass and her husband chased him away.

TOM
Candi, everybody. I've got some bad news. My vacation's over.

CANDI
What are you talking about?

TOM
I've got to go back to the States today. My former church's leaders have been accused of embezzling and because I used to be secretary, I'm needed for questioning. I can't believe it. The minute I excommunicate myself, the whole place goes to hell.

BRENDA
Tom. This is terrible. Can't they wait?

TOM
If I don't go back, I'll be charged with obstructing justice.

Tom looks over at Candi.

TOM (CONT'D)
I wish I didn't have to go. I was having a good time.

Bernard walks into the cafeteria, and jauntily approaches the table where Trent, Tom, and Brenda are sitting.

BERNARD
(cheerful)
Hello, all!

BRENDA
Bernard!

TRENT
Where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNARD
Pirates.

TRENT
What?

BERNARD
(dismissive)
Don't worry about it.

INT HOTEL CAFETERIA BUFFET AREA - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Sally is moping around with a newly filled bowl of mash. She walks by the ice cream machine, and sees that the Britt fellow from the previous night is back, again filling his pants with soft serve.

SALLY
Why are you filling your pants with ice cream?

BRITT
(answering a stupid question)
It's all you can eat.

SALLY
But you're not eating it!

BRITT
Not now...

Disgusted, Sally heads out with her mash. Britt, not caring about Sally's reaction in the least, is now adding jimmies, walnuts, chocolate syrup and the like to the ice cream in his pants.

INT HOTEL CAFETERIA DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sally passes by the table of her friends.

SALLY
I'm going to eat my mash on the beach.

She leaves angrily, knocking over furniture as she goes.

BERNARD
The divorce is still on, I take it.
(then)
This is wrong, people. This is just plain wrong.

Everyone looks at Bernard, somewhat taken aback by what appears to be very passionate energy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Those two love each other. And all they wanted to do was to fulfill the pact that we all made.

Bernard looks around at the table. His friends are listening intently.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

They're the ones who initially brought us together to have a good time, lo those many years ago.

TRENT

Lo?

BRENDA

Forget it, he's rolling.

BERNARD

We've done nothing but fight and complain and add to the misery that this terrible, terrible island called Nassau has already imparted on them. That, my friends, is what is wrong.

TRENT

It is. You're right, Bernard.

BERNARD

What matters here should be friendship. What matters here should be love. And that is where the good times should come from...not a stupid pool bar, or a rock-climbing wall, or a cheesy toga party filled with pathetic breast-bareing low-lives!

The Girl With Braids from the first night's toga party is sitting at the next table, in a toga, with a bunch of other people in togas.

GIRL WITH BRAIDS

(offended)

Hey.

Her toga immediately unfurls, exposing her breasts. Bernard, not skipping a beat, puts a hand to his chest.

BERNARD

The good times come from in here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Candi, Brenda and Tom start choking up with emotion while Trent has the determined look of an inspired soldier ready to go into battle.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Guys. It's like the pirates told me...

TRENT

Why do you keep talking about pirates?

BERNARD

Never mind. The point is, getting Ed and Sally back together will bring us all back together, and that's where we'll find our good times again! Got me?

They all nod, the girls and Tom now full-on crying.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Who's in?

TRENT

(determined)

I am!

BRENDA

(smiling at Trent)

I am, too!

CANDI

Me, too!

TOM

(through tears)

I can't, really. I've got to get back to the States.

BERNARD

Fine. Me, Trent, Brenda, Candi. That's a good team.

TOM

I'd like to help. But I really do have to go.

BERNARD

It's okay, Tom. We'll make do.

TOM

I don't want you to think I'm not on board. It's just I've got to catch a plane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BERNARD

Well, you're leaving. You're not on board. Technically speaking.

TOM

(through hysterical sobs)
Well, it's a legal thing! I have no choice!

BERNARD

Okay. Got it. You're with us in spirit, okay?

Tom gets himself under control.

TOM

Thank you! Thank you so much! I'm so glad I'm a part of it!

BRENDA

Wait! What about Mark-Chad? Shouldn't we get him in on this?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT ED, SALLY AND MARK-CHAD'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Mark-Chad is now pulling the mattresses off the beds to soak up more water. He appears to be having a rip-roaring good time.

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT HOTEL CAFETERIA DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

BERNARD

Oh, no.

BRENDA

So what's the plan?

BERNARD

Candi and I will go find Ed. You and Trent go get Sally. We'll take them both out for a New Year's Eve celebration, and then we'll make sure that we all run into each other at Junkanoo near midnight. They won't be able to resist that New Year's kiss.

TRENT

(to Brenda)
Of course!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRENT (CONT'D)

The Bahamian New Year's Eve celebration festival, called Junkanoo! That's perfect! Junkanoo will solve all our problems!

BRENDA

What makes you think that?

TRENT

It's a festival!

BERNARD

By midnight tonight, Ed and Sally will be back together, everything is going to come full circle, and as long as we stick together as friends and stay the course, everything will be fine!

Brad (the Porno Lady's angry husband) walks into the cafeteria and spots Bernard. He immediately charges. Bernard sees him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

Bernard takes off running. Everybody watches Bernard run from Brad. They are concerned.

TRENT

(calling after him)
Are you going to be all right?

BERNARD

(as he's running)
Don't worry about me! Everyone get to work! Candi, get us a cab, and I'll meet you out front!

BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND

I'm gonna eat your heart!

They disappear.

EXT EMPTY BEACH - LATER

The beach is deserted except for a lone beach towel, a giant tray of bacon, and a cooler. The bacon is mostly gone. A stray dog is picking at the remains. Ed is snorkeling just off the shore line. As he swims, a pod of dolphins approach him.

Ed looks up from his snorkeling to see he is surrounded by the smiley mammals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
 (happy surprise)
 Hey! Dolphins!

Then, the dolphins charge Ed, bumping into him harshly and snapping at him with their jaws.

ED (CONT'D)
 No! No! You're supposed to be friendly!
 (then, to the deserted beach)
 Help! Help! Unfriendly dolphins!
 Unfriendly dolphins!

He frantically swims for shore as the dolphins continue their attack.

INT TOM AND TRENT'S ROOM - DAY

Tom is sadly packing up his suitcase for the trip back to the States. There is a knock on the door, and Tom mopes across the room to answer. Candi walks into the room.

TOM
 Oh, hey.

CANDI
 Hey.

He continues to pack. She looks at him affectionately.

CANDI (CONT'D)
 Tom, I don't want you to go.

TOM
 I have to.

CANDI
 Tom. How much money do you make annually?

TOM
 What?

CANDI
 Just ballpark it.

TOM
 Well, not as much as that Borehead guy.

CANDI
 Boreland. Mr. Boreland.

TOM
 Whatever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDI
 Look, if you make...
 (tries to do math in head, brow
 furrows)
 ...sixty-five thousand dollars a year, I
 won't marry Mr. Borehead. Boreland.

TOM
 I make forty-five thousand dollars a
 year.

CANDI
 Close enough.

Candi moves to him, and kisses him passionately. They move
 onto the bed.

INT TAXI CAB - DAY

Tom, Candi and Bernard share the back of the taxi. The DRIVER
 is obviously terribly drunk. Tom, sitting in the middle, has
 a shit-eating grin on his face.

CANDI
 (to Bernard)
 How did you get away from the crazy
 chasing guy?

BERNARD
 There's quicksand in the hammock park.

CANDI
 Oh my god! Did he die?

BERNARD
 No, they keep a backhoe there for
 emergencies.

Tom spies something out the window.

TOM
 Is that him? Is that Ed?

Bernard looks out the window.

BERNARD
 Yeah, I think it is! Hey, driver, stop
 here!

DRIVER
 I thought you were going to the airport?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM
I am. They're not.

The cab stops.

BERNARD
Later, buddy.

TOM
See ya.

Bernard hops out and heads for the beach. Tom looks at Candi.

TOM (CONT'D)
I am the happiest man alive. Thanks for making my vacation.

CANDI
Call me when your deposition's over.

She gives him a peck on the lips and jumps out, running after Bernard. Tom smiles, watching her go. The cab then pulls away.

EXT EMPTY BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Ed, looking beat-up, is pulling six-packs out of the cooler and angrily yanking the cans off the plastic rings. He then throws the six-pack rings out into the ocean.

ED
Fuckers!

Bernard and Candi run up to him.

CANDI
Ed!

BERNARD
What are you doing?

ED
Killing the fuckin' dolphins!

Bernard and Candi look at him like he's lost it.

BERNARD
Look, man, we came looking for you because we thought you might need some cheering up.

CANDI
Yeah, you need company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start to walk him away from the cooler. Ed is reluctant, looking back at the water.

ED
But the dolphins...

CANDI
It's okay, sweetheart, we'll get them later. Yeah?

They walk off toward the road.

INT TAXI CAB - MEANWHILE

The driver is swerving all over the road, turned completely around and engrossed in conversation with Tom.

DRIVER
I don't get it. Why are you going to the airport and all your friends aren't?

TOM
I've got to go back. I need to testify against my former church-cult. It's stupid.

DRIVER
Yeah, it is. Cutting your vacation short because of religion? That ain't no way to live.

TOM
No, it ain't.

Tom looks out the window and sees someone para-sailing over the ocean.

TOM (CONT'D)
That looks like fun.

DRIVER
Oh, yeah. My cousin runs one of those outfits.
(then)
I could get you a good deal.

TOM
I've got to--

DRIVER
Oh, right, right. You don't want to have a good time. You want to go to church-court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

I don't want to go. I have to.

DRIVER

You don't *have* to do anything. Except live, my friend. Livin' is all you really got to do.

TOM

But I'm an adult. I have responsibilities.

DRIVER

You are an adult. And as an adult, you control your own destiny.

Tom lets this sink in for a moment, then he is suddenly inspired.

TOM

You're right! You're right! I control my own destiny! I WANT CANDI!

DRIVER

I got cigarettes and an inhaler.

TOM

No, not candy! The woman I love!

DRIVER

Ooo. You know what would really impress the shit out of her?

TOM

What?

DRIVER

If you showed up back at the resort on a para-sail. Women find para-sails sexually irresistible.

TOM

Take me to your cousin!

DRIVER

No problem.

EXT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The cab pulls a screechingly violent one-eighty and heads back to town.

INT RESORT HALLWAY - DAY

Trent and Brenda are walking down the hallway, still looking for Sally.

BRENDA

We've checked the room, the pool, the beach, the main event hall, the club bar thing downstairs...where else could she be?

TRENT

I hope she didn't leave the resort.

BRENDA

She couldn't have. She's got no money. She lost it all at the casino.

TRENT

Right, right.

BRENDA

I hope she's all right.

TRENT

(on a mission)
We'll find her, we'll find her. Nothing can get in our way.

A YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN come bounding out from a custodial closet and into the hallway. They are putting their clothes back on, obviously having just had sex.

YOUNG WOMAN

That was incredible!

YOUNG MAN

Damn straight!
(then, to Trent and Brenda)
This custodial closet is filled with condoms!

The young couple laugh and skip off down the hallway, hand-in-hand. Trent and Brenda look at each other, then seize the opportunity and run into the closet, tearing off their clothes as they go.

INT TRADE WINDS PIANO BAR - DAY

Sally is at the piano, an empty bowl of mash before her, leafing through a sing-a-long song book. The PIANIST, a disinterested-looking middle-aged Bahamian woman with huge glasses, is watching Sally impatiently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

Oh, "Yesterday". I love that song. I'll sing that one.

PIANIST

I don't know that one.

SALLY

Oh.

She flips through some more pages.

SALLY (CONT'D)

"Little Pink Houses".

PIANIST

No.

SALLY

(flipping pages)

Okay. What about "Piano Man"?

PIANIST

Yep. Don't know that one, either.

SALLY

"Tiny Dancer"?

PIANIST

No.

SALLY

"Hey, Nineteen"?

PIANIST

Nope.

SALLY

(annoyed)

Why are all these songs in this book if you don't know any of them?

PIANIST

That's not my book.

Sally starts banging her head on the piano.

SALLY

This is the worst resort in history!

(then, pulling herself together)

Okay. What songs do you know, then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The pianist then begins to play "These Boots Were Made For Walkin'" very slowly and very deliberately, as if she just learned the song the night before.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Oh! That's "Boots Were Made For Walkin'"!
I like that. Do you know--

PIANIST

(interrupting)
Shh.

The pianist fumbles the song a bit as she tries to get back her concentration. Sally just stares at her.

Trent and Brenda, clothes disheveled and sporting "just-been-fucked hair", come hurriedly into the piano bar.

BRENDA

There you are!

SALLY

Hey, guys.

TRENT

We were worried about you.

Sally then takes in their messy appearance.

SALLY

You guys just had sex, didn't you?

Trent and Sally look at each other, both happy and slightly ashamed at the same time. Sally starts crying.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I was supposed to have sex! I haven't had
any sex! I don't even have a husband any
more!

BRENDA

Yes, you do.

SALLY

No, I don't.

Trent and Brenda each put an arm around Sally, calming her down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRENT

Tell you what. You, me, and Brenda are going to go out for a New Year's Eve night on the town you'll never forget. We'll do up Junkanoo and everything!

Sally manages a smile.

SALLY

That sounds fun.

BRENDA

Everything's going to be all right, Sally. You'll see.

Sally dries her tears. After a beat, the pianist stops playing, and looks at the three of them.

PIANIST

Look, are you going to sing along or am I doing this for nothing?

EXT OCEAN - DAY

Tom is para-sailing. He is having a great time, laughing like a child. He is reborn.

TOM

(over-joyed yell)
I FEEL ALIVE! CANDI, HERE I COME!

The line between the motor boat and the para-sail breaks and a strong wind carries Tom out over the ocean. The MOTOR BOAT DRIVER and his cousin the cab driver both watch from the boat as Tom flies out to sea.

MOTOR BOAT DRIVER

Fuck.

He stops the boat. They watch until Tom is just a barely visible speck in the sky.

DRIVER

You want to get a beer?

MOTOR BOAT DRIVER

Yep.

He starts up the boat and they take off for that beer.

EXT THE TRADE WINDS RESORT OPEN-AIR LOBBY - EVENING

Trent and Brenda and Sally are leaving the resort, heading out to Junkanoo, the Bahamian New Year's festival celebration.

BRENDA

You look great, Sally.

TRENT

This is gonna be the best Junkanoo ever.

SALLY

Yeah, we'll see.

An ELDERLY COUPLE passes by. They stop when they recognize Trent.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(to Trent)

Oh, hello there, young man!

TRENT

(polite)

Hello.

ELDERLY WOMAN

We saw your balls on the rock climbing wall!

She and her husband share a chuckle.

ELDERLY MAN

Good stuff. Good stuff.

The elderly couple walk off. Sally looks at Trent.

SALLY

They saw your what? On the what?

EXT DOWNTOWN NASSAU - NIGHT

Junkanoo, the Bahamian New Year's festival, is in full swing. A huge parade shuffles down the street, made up of elaborate "mini-floats" that rest on top of individual parade walkers. Periodically, the whole procession stops and a small group performs a musical number. A huge crowd lines both sides of the street, cheering ecstatically.

EXT SIDEWALK DURING JUNKANOO - NIGHT

Sally, Trent and Brenda arrive at the parade just as a group wearing floats that look like bizarre NBA players is finishing their number. Trent and Brenda are holding hands. Sally is composed, but would obviously rather be any place else.

TRENT

Wow, look at this! It's fantastic!

BRENDA

I can't believe all the costumes!

Sally points at a mini-float that looks like Bill Cosby in a Boston Celtics uniform.

SALLY

Yeah. I think that guy's supposed to be Larry Bird.

The mini-float spins around and the name "Bird" is clearly seen on the back.

TRENT

I love Larry Bird!
 (getting back onto the plan)
 Hey, let's find a place to get some drinks.

BRENDA

(playing along)
 Yes. I would love to find a place to get some drinks. Wherever could we get some drinks during the festival of Junkanoo?

Sally looks at them, puzzled.

SALLY

Are you guys high?

They walk off down the street. As they leave, Ed, Bernard and Candi show up on the other side of the parade.

EXT ACROSS THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Bernard is staring at the parade, entertained and at the same time trying to understand it. Candi and Ed stand with him, somewhat bored.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

(not listening to their
conversation - referring to
the mini-floats)

Guys, how much do you think those things
weigh?

ED

I don't know. I'm really not a big parade
person, I've got to tell you.

BERNARD

(still engrossed in the floats)
Probably a good fifty pounds, I bet.

CANDI

(to Ed)

We can get drinks and ring in the new
year somewhere if you want.

ED

That's a better idea. I'm a very big
drinks person.

CANDI

Hey, how are things with you and Sally?
Have you talked to her?

ED

I haven't talked to her all day. I don't
think she wants to talk to me, anyway. I
don't know. I'm just not sure where we
are.

CANDI

I'm sure things will cool down and
everything will be all right.

ED

Like I said, I don't know.

BERNARD

You know, Ed, I think Candi's right on
this one. And the best thing we can do
now is just relax and enjoy the night.
Let's get some drinks.

And then Evelyn the Porno Lady and her husband Brad show up
in the parade crowd. Evelyn is having a great time, but her
hubby is stone-faced. Brad sees Bernard. He gives chase,
Evelyn running after him, protesting.

Bernard takes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ED
What's happening?

Brad and Evelyn nearly bowl him over.

ED (CONT'D)
(to Candi)
Holy shit! They're after Bernard! What do we do?

CANDI
Don't worry about it. He'll be fine.
He'll probably lose them in some quicksand or something.

ED
What?

CANDI
Let's go get some drinks.

Bernard doubles back through the parade and sprints past Ed and Candi. Brad and Evelyn follow right behind him.

BERNARD
(yelling as he passes)
Don't worry about me! I'll be fine! Go get some drinks! I'll meet you there!

BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND
I'm gonna rip your eyes out and shit down your throat!

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY
(scolding)
Brad! You're ruining our vacation!

BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND
Shut up, Evelyn!

Ed watches them go, dumbfounded.

ED
The Bahamas is cursed.

EXT SIDEWALK OUTSIDE ALLEY BAR - NIGHT

Trent and Brenda lead Sally through the crowd. They approach an alley with a sign hanging over it that reads "Captain Reddeath's Merry Nook O' Spirits". The alley looks dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRENT

Here we are! This is the place the cab driver told us about.

BRENDA

I thought he said *not* to go in here.

SALLY

It looks like an alley.

TRENT

No, that's just part of the rustic charm.

An alley cat YOWLS and runs out of the alley, upending some garbage cans.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I'm sure it's going to be really nice inside.

They start toward the alley. Suddenly, Mark-Chad bursts out of the street parade in front of them, covered in a partially destroyed mini-float.

MARK-CHAD

Yeah! JUNKANOO!

Without missing a beat, Mark-Chad strips off the mini-float and steps up to the trio.

MARK-CHAD (CONT'D)

Hey, guys, I didn't think you were going to make it!

SALLY

(confused - where the hell did he come from?)

No one told you what we were doing tonight.

MARK-CHAD

Great! Where are we going?

Sally, Trent and Brenda head into the alley bar. Mark-Chad follows.

Moments later, Ed and Candi arrive at the mouth of the alley. Ed trips over Mark-Chad's discarded mini-float.

ED

Ow! What the fuck is this?

Candi spies the alley-bar's sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CANDI

Here we are! This is the place!

ED

(eying the sign)

I swear somebody told us *not* to go in here.

They head into the alley, leaving the chaos of the Junkanoo parade behind.

EXT ALLEY BAR ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Ed and Candi enter the "bar". It is a dirty nook wedged in between two buildings with crumbling orange walls. Patrons are scattered awkwardly across the alley in plastic lawn furniture and a small shack sits to one side, serving as the actual bar. Most of the patrons are regulars and appear content, despite the run-down surroundings.

ED

Jesus Christ, this is actually an alley.
It isn't even indoors.

A seagull swoops through the alley, CAWING. It is followed by a bunch of bats.

CANDI

It certainly has a lot of character.

BERNARD (O.C.)

Ed! Candi! Over here!

EXT ALLEY BAR TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Bernard is already at the table. Evelyn and Brad are with him. Brad has obviously been crying his eyes out. Ed and Candi walk up to Bernard.

ED

What happened?

BERNARD

Evelyn and Brad here were having marriage troubles, and I became the focus of his rage. But we sat down and talked it out and they're about to head back to the resort for a romantic New Year's Eve alone together.

(then, to the couple)

Am I right, you two?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVELYN THE PORNO LADY

Yes, thank you, Bernard.

Brad awkwardly hugs Bernard.

BRAD THE PORNO LADY'S HUSBAND

Thanks for saving my marriage, little buddy.

BERNARD

(to himself)

One down and one to go.

Then, the reconciled couple leave arm in arm. After they're gone, Bernard winces in pain.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I think he cracked a rib.

TRENT (O.C.)

(pathetic fake surprise)

Guys? Is that you?

Ed, Bernard and Candi turn to see Trent, Brenda, Sally and Mark-Chad at a table next to a metal dumpster full of garbage.

EXT ALLEY BAR TABLE NEXT TO DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS

Ed, Bernard and Candi join the group at the table. Mark-Chad is deep in conversation with a YOUNG BAHAMIAN WOMAN. Sally looks at Ed, disgusted.

SALLY

Oh, you guys didn't--

ED

This is the stupidest thing--

BERNARD

All right, now come on. I admit, this wasn't the most sophisticated of ideas, but we all weren't going to sit around and watch your lives unravel like that. We're all your friends and we love you too much to stand by and watch you two make a terrible mistake. So we came up with this silly plan to get you both together, in the spirit of the New Year, and help you work through this - because we're all family. And each of us loves you very much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed and Sally are touched, and a little confused.

SALLY
Bernie, did you just use the word
"love"...twice...?

ED
In a non-sexual manner?

BERNARD
I did. I learned a lot from the pirates.

TRENT
Why do you keep talking about pirates?

BERNARD
(ignoring Trent)
All right, beers all around. First one's
on me.

Bernard heads to the bar-shack.

EXT ALLEY BAR-SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Bernard steps up to the bar. He is greeted by an OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN. She smiles at him. ANOTHER OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN sits behind the bar, quietly knitting mittens.

OLD BAHAMIAN MAN
Can I help you?

EXT ALLEY BAR TABLE NEXT TO DUMPSTER - MEANWHILE

Ed sits down next to Sally. They are still obviously upset with each other. Everyone watches them to see what they will do next, except for Mark-Chad. He is still talking to the woman, making excited gestures with his hands.

ED
Well.

SALLY
Yes?

ED
I just...Bernie made an interesting
speech.

SALLY
Yes. Interesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRENT
 (butting in)
 I think he was really on to something
 there.

Ed glares at Trent. Brenda jumps in.

BRENDA
 The parade is really nice, isn't it?

Ed rolls his eyes. The young woman Mark-Chad was talking to gets up and leaves. Mark-Chad turns to the group excitedly.

MARK-CHAD
 I think that woman was a prostitute!

SALLY
 Why?

MARK-CHAD
 She was being nice to me!

Bernard returns to the table with bottles of beer. He is being trailed by the Old Bahamian Woman who carries the rest of the bottles. She is clearly drunk. Bernard looks worried.

BERNARD
 Here's the beer.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN
 I don't want no fucking cursing here!

She slams the bottles down on the table.

BERNARD
 (quietly)
 I wasn't cursing.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN
 (doesn't hear him, addresses
 everyone)
 I own this fucking place and I won't have
 no fucking cursing in here, 'cause of the
 families.
 (turns to Bernard)
 An' if that crazy bitch sister of mine at
 the bar don't like it, I'll fucking burn
 the place down. I know where them propane
 tanks are.

BERNARD
 I know. You've already told me. Twice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The woman turns her attention to the table, Trent and Brenda in particular. She swoops down between them and starts pawing Brenda's hair.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN

Oh, now look at how pretty that hair is, my dear. But you got no braids. You've got to have braids for Junkanoo.

BRENDA

Oh, I don't know--

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN

Now, don't you worry. I'll braid your hair for free. They charge twenny dollars out on the street, rip you off your money.

She starts braiding Brenda's hair. Trent is uncomfortable but tries to laugh it off.

TRENT

Yeah, see, there you go. It'll be fun.

BRENDA

I guess. OW!

The old woman yanks on her hair.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN

Quit your fuckin' movin'.

Ed and Sally take long pulls from their beers, turning away from each other. Mark-Chad leans in to Sally.

MARK-CHAD

(re: the old woman)

This woman is fascinating.

SALLY

This woman is out of her gourd.

Trent leans over to Bernard.

TRENT

Why did you bring her over here?

BERNARD

I didn't. She latched onto me at the bar. She said she'd kill me if I didn't let her serve us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRENT

(thinks for a moment, then)

Why won't you tell me about the pirates?

The old woman finishes her braid and releases Brenda's head.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN

There you go my dear, all ready for
Junkanoo!

The old woman turns to Trent.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now your man is gonna tip me!

Trent laughs at this. So does the old woman, but she pulls him close.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

(quiet and serious)

No, you gonna tip me now or I'll burn you
alive.

Trent pulls out his wallet, nervous but still laughing. He opens it to grab a bill. Brenda looks over, worried. The old woman snaps at her.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

Don't you fucking look in his wallet!

Without looking at Trent, the old woman grabs a bill out of his hand and pockets it.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're his woman now, so he can give me
money.

(yells out to the bar in
general, pointing at Brenda)

HE CAN GIVE ME A HUNDRED DOLLARS 'CAUSE
HE DON'T HAVE TO PAY FOR HER PUSSY NO
MORE!

The old woman gets up and wanders off into the crowd, laughing.

BRENDA

(to Trent, flabbergasted)

Did you give her a hundred dollars?

TRENT

No! I gave her a twenty.

(to Bernard)

She said she was going to burn me alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BERNARD

Yeah, that sounds about right.

Sally stands up.

SALLY

Well, this has been a great evening so far. I have to go to the bathroom.

She walks off. Ed sits and stews.

TRENT

(to Ed)
Well?

ED

Well what?

BERNARD

Go after her, dummy.

BRENDA

It'll be romantic.

ED

She went to take a piss.

MARK-CHAD

You know what I think?

Ed glares at Mark-Chad, who gets the message and drinks his beer.

CANDI

Go after her, Ed. You two were made for each other.

Ed, with nothing else to do, gets up and heads after Sally.

EXT OUTSIDE ALLEY BAR BATHROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Ed catches up to Sally outside the bathrooms.

ED

Sally...Sally, wait!

She stops and turns to him.

SALLY

What? I'm going to the bathroom.

ED

I know, look...I just wanted...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

Well?

ED

No, just...gimmie a minute...I don't know what...to say...look. I'm sorry, okay? I feel old. I remember having such a great time when we were kids, but now, my back hurts, music makes my ears ring, and I bruise much easier. And I've been taking it out on you. Because you're so much more successful than me, and I just feel like an old, old failure. Is that stupid?

Sally softens a little.

SALLY

You're not a failure. I wouldn't marry a failure. And you know what? How could you feel like a failure with an incredibly hot, intelligent, talented wife like me? Nobody else got to marry me.

Ed smiles.

ED

I am the winner.

SALLY

Tell you what, meet me back out here in five and we'll talk. But I really gotta pee.

She smiles at Ed. He returns the smile.

ED

Okay.

Sally heads into the women's bathroom. Ed decides to hit the head as well, but has to get in line behind a BRITISH MAN.

ED (CONT'D)

Line, huh?

BRITISH MAN

Yes, sorry. Only room for one at a time.

ED

No biggie. How do you like the Bahamas?

BRITISH MAN

Having a wonderful time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ED
(confused)
Where are you staying?

BRITISH MAN
The Radisson. Lovely place.

ED
(to himself)
The Radisson. Damn!

The old Bahamian woman staggers up to Ed.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN
What the fuck is going on here?

ED
Uh. I'm waiting for the bathroom.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN
Yeah? I'm part Sicilian! I'll fucking
slit your throat! The British man goes
first!

BRITISH MAN
Really. It's no bother.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN
Fuck that. He goes first!

ED
I know. He's in line first.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN
You got that fuckin' straight!

EXT ALLEY BAR TABLE NEXT TO DUMPSTER - A BIT LATER

Bernard, Trent, Brenda, Mark-Chad and Candi sit at the table,
drinking their beers.

BRENDA
So, do you think they're going to work it
out?

TRENT
Oh, I think so. They're solid people.

MARK-CHAD
Ed's a little uptight about bathroom
etiquette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

I think we got through to them,
especially Ed. If he can come around,
then I think their odds are pretty good.
I think it's gonna be a good New Year.

Everybody gets a warm and fuzzy feeling.

EXT OUTSIDE ALLEY BAR BATHROOMS - SAME TIME

Sally comes out of the women's bathroom just as Ed is going in. The British Man tips his hat to Sally and returns to his group.

As she is waiting for Ed, Sally notices a SMALL CHILD in the corner of the alley, crying and looking lost. Her motherly instincts take over and she rushes over to comfort the wee one.

SALLY

(taking the child into her
arms)

Oh, hey there, sweetie, why are you
crying? Where's your mother?

EXT ALLEY BAR TABLE NEXT TO DUMPSTER - SAME TIME

Trent checks his watch.

TRENT

Well, only a couple minutes left to go,
folks. Then it's New Year's kissing time.

BRENDA

(giggling)
Let's warm up.

Trent and Brenda kiss.

BERNARD

I call Candi for New Year's kiss.

MARK-CHAD

What? That's bullshit! I wanted to kiss
Candi.

Bernard looks at Candi. She looks at Mark-Chad and points at Bernard.

CANDI

(it's out of her hands now)
He called it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Candi mouths the words "thank you" to Bernard.

EXT OUTSIDE ALLEY BAR BATHROOMS - MEANWHILE

Sally is still holding the crying child in her arms.

SALLY

If you can't tell me where your mother
is, we'll just have to go look for her,
my dear.

Suddenly, the old Bahamian woman is in front of Sally.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN

What the fuck is this? What are you doing
picking up other people's kids?

The child cries harder.

SALLY

(defensive)

I'm just trying to find his mother.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN

You can pick one up when you have your
own fucking kids!

Ed comes out of the bathroom and sees the old woman screaming
at Sally. He rushes over.

EXT ALLEY BAR TABLE NEXT TO DUMPSTER - SAME TIME

Everyone in the bar crowds around Trent's watch. For some
reason he's got the only fucking watch in the place.

TRENT

This is it people, one minute to go to
the New Year!

EXT OUTSIDE ALLEY BAR BATHROOMS - MEANWHILE

Ed arrives at Sally's side just as she is putting the child
down.

ED

What the hell is going on here?

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN

That's what I'm asking your woman. What
the hell is she doing with my niece's
child?

(to the child)

Get on home, child!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The crying kid runs away, terrified of the woman.

SALLY

(to Ed)

I was trying to find his mother.

ED

(now pissed, to the old woman)

Look, lady. We've put up with your nonsense all night, fine. But don't you dare talk to my wife like that when all she was trying to do was look after a scared child who--

The old Bahamian woman pulls a gigantic Crocodile Dundee-style knife from under her dress. Ed and Sally's eyes go wide.

ED (CONT'D)

--that is a big fucking knife.

EXT ALLEY BAR TABLE NEXT TO DUMPSTER - SECONDS LATER

The entire bar is still crowded around Trent and all are counting down the last seconds of the year.

EVERYBODY

Ten, nine, eight, seven--

As they count, a column of flames rise from the bar behind them.

EVERYBODY (CONT'D)

--six, five, four--

ED (O.C.)

RUN! EVERYBODY RUN!

The crowd parts to see Ed and Sally running hand-in-hand towards them. Behind them the bar is in flames, which are spreading rapidly, and the old Bahamian woman is chasing them with her knife.

SALLY

EVERYBODY GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!

The crowd SCREAMS and runs in terror. Bernard, Candi, Trent, Brenda and Mark-Chad follow Ed and Sally out.

EXT SIDEWALK OUTSIDE BAR - CONTINUOUS

The escaping crowd runs into the street as flames shoot out of the alley, scattering the parade and causing a riot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed, Sally, Bernard, Candi, Trent, Brenda and Mark-Chad break off from the crowd and pile into a bus. As it speeds off, the old Bahamian woman emerges from the alley, waving her knife and laughing maniacally.

OLD BAHAMIAN WOMAN

I told you I'd do it! I told you I'd burn
the fucking place down!

INT BUS - MOMENTS LATER

The bus pulls away from the alley as a fire truck arrives to extinguish the flames. Bernard, Candi, Trent, Brenda and Mark-Chad watch the spectacle vanish in the rear window.

MARK-CHAD

That was completely out of line.

TRENT

I-I-I-I don't believe that happened. I
don't believe that happened.

BRENDA

Ed, Sally, are you guys all right?

The group turns to see Ed and Sally locked in a passionate embrace. They are partially covered with soot.

BERNARD

I think they're going to be fine.

The group gets all warm and fuzzy again.

EXT TRADE WINDS RESORT, POOL AND BEACH - NIGHT

The slow and deliberate sounds of "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'" on the piano play over the resort. The voices of Ed, Sally, Trent, Brenda and Bernard begin to sing the song.

INT TRADE WINDS PIANO BAR - CONTINUOUS

The group is in the piano bar later that night. Ed and Sally are arm in arm. Trent and Brenda hold the song book. Bernard and Candi are trying to enjoy the pianist's playing, but wince at every wrong note. Mark-Chad is chatting up the White Trash Lady.

Mark-Chad starts to make out with the White Trash Lady as the singing continues and all is right with the world.

EXT OCEAN - DAY

Tom appears over the ocean, still in the para-sail.

TITLE CARD

"Florida Keys - Many Days Later"

EXT OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Tom appears chapped, sunburned and exhausted. He mindlessly sings "These Boots Were Made For Walkin'" to himself. He drifts toward a small island.

EXT SMALL ISLAND GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom floats down into a garden near the only house on the island. His para-sail gets tangled around a palm tree and he crashes into some bushes. A figure notices him land and walks over.

Tom digs himself out of the para-sail and finds himself face-to-face with JIMMY BUFFETT. Jimmy holds a gardening trowel.

TOM

Land. I'm on land.

JIMMY BUFFETT

Yeah.

TOM

Oh, God, you don't know what I've been through. I--

(recognizes Jimmy Buffett)

Hey, you're Jimmy Buffett!

JIMMY BUFFETT

Yeah. Get out of my garden.

Tom stares at him for a moment, then sadly starts to gather up the para-sail.

THE END