

The White Hat.

A true story

By

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Registered WGA West

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT.

We are water level about fifty feet away from the aft of a Goliath cruise liner.

We see a flash of white come crashing down in front of us from above resulting in a huge splash of water.

We follow down below the choppy water line to see, illuminated by the diffused moonlight, the form of a man with his back towards us in a light summer suit holding onto a light colored hat with his right hand. He is not struggling but drops his right hand down and raises his left hand up towards the surface, as if to wave a nonchalant goodbye to someone leaving on a train while he was still left standing on the platform. A long stream of bubbles escape his mouth as he sinks.

The hat comes loose and is floating by itself.

The huge prop of the boat is loudly churning away from us as the man descends into the blackness.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEW ENGLAND ROAD - DAY.

On screen: Autumn 1980.

Long forest shadows of morning splay across the two-lane roadway as a brown metallic 442 crests a small hill and races towards us and past the white town sign of Plainfield Connecticut Population 2,000. All the affiliates of the Lion's Club, Rotary Club, Masons etc gold medallions on white criss-cross wood background are displayed.

CUT TO:

INT. 442 CAR - DAY.

Behind the wheel is 21 year old JIMMY COLLINGS with a wide goofy smile, brown shoulder length curly hair, and sporting aviator sunglasses. He is smoking a joint, has a short beard, and is wearing a mauve/silver acetate shirt with horses and jockeys.

"Black Cloud Following Me" by Trapeze on 8 track is playing and Jimmy is tapping his right palm against the steering wheel holding time with the ride cymbal of the recording.

Sitting in the passenger seat is some very frayed drum sticks and a custom air-brush painted Harley Motorcycle gas tank adorned with naked women.

CUT TO:

EXT. BODY SHOP - DAY.

He pulls up to a white 40's era gas station with antique gumball pumps out front. He gets out of the car.

A faded brown and yellow art-deco sign in-between the office door and the opened garage doors reads "Colling's Body Shop". In front of the shop is a suicide door baby blue Lincoln Continental that has the front window and the whole roof caved-in.

Jimmy walks over to the Lincoln and we see some dried scalp blood and hair affixed to some of the remaining windshield.

JIMMY

To himself

So much for the protective covering.

Hmm, 'guess it wasn't that much
of an army tank after all.

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY.

There is a black Ford Falcon's front driver side that is jacked up with a floor jack. GREG MARSHALL a tall dark hair mechanic in olive-drab mechanics overalls is sparking up the arc welder. On his left shoulder a white oval ID patch "Greg". Jimmy stands by the Falcon driver's door.

GREG

Your old man sure is in a good
mood today.

JIMMY

Goofy smile.

Yeah he gets that way when cool
cars boomerang back to him. The
more wrecked they are, the better.

GREG

Oh. You mean the suicide-door
Lincoln they towed in last night,
that's sitting out front.

JIMMY

Yeah. The old man got that special
for the Delacor family. Old man
Delacor wanted something that
would protect the family like
an armored tank.

GREG

Yeah I heard the story. 'Too bad
Papa Delacor didn't count on the
other oncoming vehicle getting
airborne and plowing into them
like a screaming Kamikaze on a
flattop.

JIMMY

Yeah. It's too bad. Now I got to
clean it up. 'Guess the daughter
lived. She's in intensive care.

The welder sparks, it ignites in a billowing blue flame and
Greg pulls the flame down to a fine white point.

GREG

Ah. Here we go.

Greg squats down to address the tire.

As Jimmy turns his gaze away from the white welding flame,
and happens to look into the driver's open window of the
Falcon, he notices three topless cans of Fix-A-Flat sitting
on the driver's seat.

JIMMY

Hey Greg, what you plannin' on
---Fuck!

Simultaneously with Jimmy's "fuck", the flame comes in
contact with the rim and the tire explodes like a cannon.

In an instant, a section of the metal tire rim rips through the top part of Greg's head and punches a hole through the roof of the garage.

JIMMY'S (VO)

I had already pretty much made up my mind to tell pops that I wouldn't be working at the body shop this year. But, this episode with the exploding tire carving my buddy Greg's head into a canoe, pretty much was the cherry on the top of the banana split sundae.

As the smoke and debris clears, We pull back and up to see MR COLLINGS a mid-forty man with brown hair in a peach colored Jack Nicholas golf shirt come running into the garage holding a chicken drumstick with a bite out of it.

Jimmy picks himself up off the floor, where he has been thrown fifteen feet onto his back, stands up, shakily comes over and looks at the prone body of Greg without the top of his head.

JIMMY

Hey Dad, call and ambulance or better yet call a hearse. I can't handle this shit. I Gotta go. Gotta change up for work at the restaurant. Let me know how it goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUIZI'S RESTURANT - NIGHT.

It is a lone standing brick building from the forties. Brown brick and black awnings. The brown metallic 442 is sitting out in the parking lot with five other sixties vehicles.

CUT TO:

INT. LUIZI'S RESTURANT - NIGHT.

It is a posh quiet Italian dinner club. Interior is mostly red and black with white highlights. Out at the dinner

tables are seated 4 COUPLES. Dean Martin is singing "When You're Smiling" in the background. Behind the bar is Jimmy in a black and white bartenders' outfit a couple of sizes too big. There is an older thin Italian gentleman in his late sixties, MR FANELLI, showing Jimmy how to make a dinner drink.

MR FANELLI

There you go James. A rusty nail.
Just remember the Drambuie. Don't
forget the Drambuie. It ain't a
nail without the stuff.

JIMMY

Thanks mister Fanelli.

James puts the drink in front of BAR PATRON #1

MR FANELLI

There's Mister Getz. I'll show
you how to crush the ice for his
drink.

He looks down the bar.

MR FANELLI (CONT.)

Ah, maybe I show you on his second
drink. Did you want a break before
we get into the dinner rush?

JIMMY

Sure. Thanks. I just need to take
care of a little personal business.

MR FANELLI

Yeah. I can see that.

Following Mister Fanelli's brief gaze we go down the bar,
Past the other 5 BAR PATRONS, to see a doe-eyed 19 year old
brunette GALE WIENTROUBE dressed smartly in contour jeans,
heather top and tennis shoes sitting at the end of the bar.
Jimmy comes around the bar as Mr Fanelli is taking another
order at the bar.

JIMMY

Fake smile.
What 'you doin' out tonight over
here?

GALE

I thought I'd just come by and see ya'.

JIMMY

I'm glad you did 'cause I was gonna call you and tell you that I was thinking about going to Miami and get a bartending job for the Winter season.

GALE

Can I come with you?

JIMMY

Naw, it's not one of those kind of trips.

GALE

How long are you gonna do that?

JIMMY

Wise ass smile.

As long as I stay there. I don't know.

GALE

Were you gonna' tell me or what? You' just gonna take off? What about us?

JIMMY

Hey, look I really care about You. Please bear with me and give me a little time and space.

GALE

Fine.

JIMMY

Hey it'll only be for the Winter. I'll be back before you know it anyway.

GALE

Fine. No it's fine. In fact I've got to go.

JIMMY

Hey, I'll call you.

GALE

Sure. Whatever. I won't be waiting at the bottom of the swimming pool out in my Mom's backyard that's for sure.

He gets up and goes back around behind the bar to work. Mr Fanelli comes out to talk to the WAITRESS. Jimmy pours a shot of CC for PATRON #2.

JIMMY (VO)

Semi guilty face.

Sure, I felt bad about Gale and all but I had never been any further than New York before and I knew that I had to travel light going all the way down to Miami. And if I don't go now, I'll never get out of this fucking town.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY.

We see Jimmy smoking a joint in the brown 442 buzzing down the pike.

He pulls into a Roy Rogers/gasoline station turnpike island.

He is pissing in an open-air urinal stall (exposed waist up) at a rest stop humming "Green Eyed Lady". There is a 181st Airborne soldier next to him in full uniform pissing in the stall next to him.

JIMMY

Hey pal, are you in the service?

AIRBORNE GUY

No. I'm just pumping your fucking gas!
It's a long way to your car.

JIMMY

Cool. Nice uniform. I've got to wear
a tux everyday. I know how you feel.

Airborne guy walks out.

AIRBORNE GUY

Jerkoff!

CUT TO:

INT. 442 CAR - DAY.

Jimmy is wearing the same clothes, aviator sunglasses and
Black Sabbath's Iron Man is playing on the 8 track.

FADE TO:

INT. 442 CAR - NIGHT.

The sunglasses are off. His shirt is unbuttoned and he is
sticking his head out the window to keep from going to
sleep. Black Sabbath's Iron Man is still on the 8 track.

FADE TO:

EXT. MIAMI - DAY.

We come into South Miami with plenty of palm trees and
Jimmy pulls into an inset drive-way that is down below the
small fifties red brick bungalow up above with sliding
glass doors, Frank Loyd Wright angles with small walk up
cement stairs. UNCLE GUS a pale squat man with a lopsided
smile, thin tan cotton shirt, thinner hair, who is sitting
on the small sloping lawn in a woven back chair with a
scotch highball.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI - DAY.

Jimmy gets out of the car shielding his eyes against the sun he waves to GUS. Jimmy goes up the walkway.

GUS

How's your Mom and Dad?

Sticks his hand out for a hand shake.

Jimmy sticks his hand out and right as Gus's hand comes up, Jimmy pulls his hand back and combs hair.

JIMMY

Go fish.

GUS

Still an ass hole I see.

JIMMY

Pinches Uncle

Gus's cheek.

But I couldn't wait to see 'ya.

Jimmy has his shirt unbuttoned and pulled out, rolled up to the elbows. He sits down on the grass.

GUS

I'd tell you to pull up a chair
but all I have is this one.
Theivin' Spic bastards around
here took the other three.

JIMMY

You got problems with the Cubans?

GUS

All of them. Haitians, Cubans,
Ricans, Spics whatever. I keep
a loaded forty-five revolver under
my pillow when I go to sleep. I've
been broken into twice while I
was in the house sleeping at night.

JIMMY

Jesus.

GUS

He won't fuckin' help! And you
can bet one of them was named *Jesus.

Pronounced with h (*Jesus)

Gus walks the short distance to his car and pulls out a
bumper sticker out of the glove compartment.

GUS

Hey Jimmy, here's my favorite bumper
sticker. Show the boys up in Connecticut
this.

Inset bumper sticker.

"When the last American leaves Miami, please take the flag"

JIMMY

(Playing an air
snare drum)

Ba bop boom.

JIMMY

Hey Uncle got any brewskis?

GUS

Is the Pope a Polack? What kind
of question is that? Of course I got
brewskis.

They go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Gus and Jimmy are sitting at a kitchen peninsula and behind
them through the sliding glass door, we see the street
below. The clock on the wall says 7:42.

GUS

So what kinda work you looking for?

JIMMY

I'm just looking for a bartending job.

GUS

A friend of mine is a big cheese on the cruise lines. Let me give him a call right now.

Gus calls.

GUS

Your in luck, he'll be in his office First thing in the morning.

JIMMY

Thanks. You're the coolest.

GUS

Well, I can tell you right now, you'd be the only white guy in the crew for thousands of miles.

JIMMY

Why there's no white guys in the crew?

GUS

My friend the Captain is French Canadian from Montreal, uh lets see, he's kinda white. Then there are some of the dealers and the casino crew are just women from England. They're all sentenced by the court. The English anyway. They give them the choice to work on a cruise ship instead of going to prison.

JIMMY

Goofy Smile

Really? My kind of gash. What did They do to go to prison?

GUS

Oh, I don't know. Mostly whores.

JIMMY

I don't see any problem with that. Really sounds like my kinda' chicks now.

GUS

You would. Sheeesh, here I am trying to talk you out of going and I bring up whores. What was I thinking? That's what you'll be dealing with. 'You still want to go? I can get you a nice job in a bar pouring liquid refreshment here on dry land.

JIMMY

No. I really want to go. I've always wanted to go to sea. You know, Mutiny on the Bounty, Moby Dick, all that kinda' jazz. And I love the excitement of bartending. It'd be the best of both worlds, on the high seas and pouring drinks---with whores.

GUS

Alright then. They're in dry dock for two weeks but you can start tomorrow if you want. You can learn the ropes and jump before they sail if it's too much for you.

JIMMY

Alright. Thanks Uncle Gus.

GUS

You're my favorite nephew James, so please be careful for me and my baby sister's sake. She would kill me if anything happened to you.

JIMMY

I will. Oh and Uncle Gus, speaking of killing, let's just keep the whore thing between you and me okay? I think Mom will be worried enough without mentioning wild English whores running rampant aboard a cruise ship that I was bartending on for the Winter. So whatever you do, don't mention the whores.

GUS

You can make book on it.

CUT TO:

INT. GUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

We see the clock on the wall and it is 12:45 AM. We see the side-lit dark street down through the sliding kitchen glass patio door. Jimmy is sitting at the kitchen peninsula in his Hanes white briefs with a black Bakelite phone receiver to his ear and a beer and a smoke.

JIMMY

Goofy smile.

Mom---mom, let me speak. Okay? Mom, it's just going to be a few whores and the whores that are going to be on board are English. It's not going to be like the whole boat is going to be filled with wild rampaging Norwegian whores or Spanish Flamingo dancing whores or anything like that. Just a few well bred English whores. Just think of the money I'd save. You'd really have to worry if the whole boat was full of whores. I mean it is an international boat and I'm an international kinda' guy.

MOM (OS)

Shut up now and be careful.

JIMMY

Thanks Mom. Love you too. See ya.

Jimmy hangs up the phone---

JIMMY

Pumps fist.

Yes!

Jimmy then turns and Gus is standing in the hallway in his pajamas. Gus walks to the refrigerator pulls out a glass pitcher of milk. He pours the milk into a cartoon jelly jar glass and with his left-hand peels off a fork-indented peanut butter cookie from a batch of cookies that are lying on a sheet of wax paper on the counter.

GUS

Glad to see my baby sister will
have nothing to worry about---you
know, with the whores and all.

He munches into the cookie, washes it down with a gulp of milk, puts the glass on the kitchen counter top---

GUS (CONT.)

And the jury finds the defendant,
guilty and sentences him to ride
old Sparky off to a blazing death.
Thank you so much James.

---and walks back down the hallway

JIMMY

Yells

She would have found out anyway.
She always finds out. She's like
the Spanish Inquisition or the Gestapo
when it comes to stuff like this.
She would have found out. I just
thought I'd make it easier on the
both of us.

From down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD DECK - DAY.

A medium build GREEK STEWARD is leading Jimmy with his suitcase down a dimly lit bronze rusted/scraped hallway.

JIMMY (VO)

Goofy smile.

Hey, this is cool.

We hear a dull but omnipresent metallic drone mixed with muffled heavy clangs.

They pass 2 thin teenage Pakistani boys PAKISTANI #1 and PAKISTANI #2 dressed in loose fitting white cotton tops and bottoms in leather sandals and who are scraping the walls about twenty feet from each other.

After the officer goes by they send playful signals to each other.

The Steward and Jimmy come to a door hatch that is propped open and they stop outside.

GREEK STEWARD

This yours. We sail. Two weeks.

Mess hall, same deck. Five O' clock.

JIMMY

Goofy smile.

Cool! This is me.

He walks into a rusted/scraped torn-to-shit very small cabin smelling of rotten eggs.

There are three Oriental men sitting on the right. Nearest to him sitting on the downstairs bunk is an older Chinese gentleman in Khaki trousers, flip flops, gold chain attached to a small mint-green jade donut, and green and black Hawaiian shirt, MR LEE who is drinking a glass of Welsh blended whiskey.

JIMMY

Hello.

MR LEE

Hello you self. 'You inspecting quarters today?

JIMMY

No I'm a bartender. You guys bartenders too? Oh and by the way, who shit their pants? 'Fucking smells in here.

MR LEE

Very proud.

Kim-shee. Very hot pickled cabbage. Korean favorite dish. 'You room us? American?

JIMMY

Yeah. If that's alright with Everyone.

The three oriental men all look at each other although on any given Sunday you can tell they usually avert their gaze from one another. They look at Jimmy w/ distrust thinking he is a company spy.

MR LEE

No, that fine. Don't worry about them. My bunk top bunk. Bottom yours. I sit here for now.

JIMMY

That's me.

Mr Lee gets up and sits hesitating on an upside down pickle bucket next to a younger Korean man MR KIM, the ship's caricature artist, who is sitting on a thin wooden folding chair and wearing white boxer underwear, white underwear tank top and white flip-flops.

Mr Kim has a medium sketch-pad on his crossed leg and is sketching two deer walking through a grove of bamboo in charcoal. He regards Mr Lee with a moment of irritation and proceeds to draw.

Sitting in another wooden folding chair on the other side of a small footlocker is another Korean man of middle age with a very short crew cut, MR TONG, built almost like a square and dressed in a white suit one size too small. He

is sitting almost at the ready with his back stiff and his two clenched fists on his knees almost as if holding imaginary dining utensils upright at an imaginary dinner table.

Just past Mister Tong is a rusted port-hole hatch that is obviously welded shut.

Jimmy sits on the bottom bunk with his small suitcase at his feet.

Jimmy extends hand for handshake.

JIMMY

I'm Jimmy Collings.

Mister Lee puts his right hand up, Buddha-like in polite recognition. He is holding his drink in his left hand.

MR LEE

I Mister Lee. This is Mister Kim
and that Mister Tong. Welcome aboard.

JIMMY

Alright please to make everyone's
acquaintance. Now if I might be
so bold, where's the bar?

Mister Lee gets up and walks to an upright storage locker. He pulls out a bottle of Johnny Walker Black and starts to pour into a Flintstone jelly jar glass-Dino.

MR LEE

How much you drink?

JIMMY

Two fingers.

MR LEE

Huh? Two fingers, oh, like this?

Mister Lee indicates the first and middle finger together against the bottom of the glass.

Jimmy holds out his hand with his first and small finger indicating a distance of four inches between.

MR LEE

Oh. Heh heh. You like me. We get along just fine. Whiskey gone quick. We have to go to real bar up on hill soon.

JIMMY

I was just joking about the amount. Just pour me a taste. We could go up to the real bar now. You could let me buy you a drink. I don't want to drink up your private stock. Not 'till you got to sleep anyway. ha ha ha.

Jimmy gives Mr Lee a back hand slap on the arm.

MR LEE

Ah hah hah hah, Jimmy, I like you already. You good man. You fit in around here real good.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP BAR - NIGHT.

We come up to a bar overlooking the shipyard similar to Hussong's bar in Ensenada, Mexico.

There is a 8 PIECE MARIACHI BAND including an accordion player playing.

Mister Lee and Jimmy are walking up the hill to the bar. We see them go in the front and then they come out into the courtyard that overlooks the ocean proper.

In the bar is 6 Italian men, 3 English men and 8 English women casino dealers, 12 Norwegian engineers still in their greasy orange work overalls, 4 uniformed Greek officers, The 2 teenage Pakistanis, 4 black Jamaicans, 6 black men from Barbados and the local Ship yard workers.

Mister Lee and Jimmy sit at the only two chairs at the same table with the 2 Pakistanis. Without an overt display of caressing, we get the immediate impression that the 2 teenage Pakistanis are gay.

MR LEE

Hello boys. You do alright?

PAKISTANI 1 & 2

Yes Mister Lee.

PAKISTANI #1

Mister Lee, who is your handsome friend here?

MR LEE

Oh, this is Jimmy. He bartender for cruise. He room with us.

PAKISTANI #2

Oh, you're working the cruise?

JIMMY

With extended hand.

Yeah, can't wait.

PAKISTANI #1

Indicating Mister Lee.

How nice for you.

Jimmy quickly pulls hand back.

There is a momentary flash of hatred from Mister Lee towards the Pakistani at the implication of buggery, but the 2 Pakistani quickly go back to focusing on each other.

JIMMY

Whispers.

Those guys are fruitcakes.

MR LEE

What is fruit cake?

JIMMY

Some days you smoke and some days you poke.

Tapping Mister Lee with back of hand.

JIMMY (CONT.)

Gay guys.

MR LEE

Yes that's right. For each other.
Everyone has someone that is for
him or her. Sometime it just happens
to be same sex. No different.
True love in the eyes.

JIMMY

Rolling eyes.
Wow, true love. Did you just make
that up? that's almost poetry.

MR LEE

That true love for them. True
love for me---big boobs. Ha ha ha.

JIMMY

Yeah, you right. Salute.

CUT TO:

They look out at the night across the panoramic ocean. The moonlight is shining down through the Nimbus clouds like you see in Key West illuminating the tiny black ship outlines with their pinpoints of twinkling porthole light down below.

MR LEE

You can see everyone here from
ship. There are the Greek petty
officers. They hate the English.
There are the English that hate
everybody. There are the Italians
that hate the blacks. The Jamaicans
hate the blacks from Barbados. The
blacks from Barbados hate the blacks
from Haiti. The Haitians hate the
Jamaicans and so on and so on---

JIMMY

And scooby dooby doo on. The
Love Boat huh?

MR LEE

More like the Big Family Affair
Boat of NATO. Everyone hate each
other unilaterally.

JIMMY

Do you hate the Koreans? Mister
Kim and Mister Tong?

MR LEE

Why you say that?

JIMMY

I just felt a tension when I
came into the room.

MR LEE

Oh. We all hate round eyes.

JIMMY

Oh.

MR LEE

Not you now. We know you. You
room with us. You one of us now.

Pause.

JIMMY

Why do you hate white people
so much?

MR LEE

You would have to read a Korean
history book to know. The ones you
read in the USA---all propaganda.
Make US look heroic. When it all
big business gobbling everything
up. Land, resources, killing and
manipulating our people. History
is re-written by the victors. The
losers, right or wrong, have to
eat shit.

JIMMY

Wow. How do you know so much?

MR LEE

All my people are taught real history
at very young age. Too much talk
tonight. Concentrate on drinking.

JIMMY

Goofy smile.
Now you're cookin with gas.
Okay, but you didn't answer my first
question. Do you hate the Koreans?

MR LEE

No hate Koreans! They hate Chinese.
(pause)
I no hate Korean. I just feel
much better when they no around.

JIMMY

Oh. Gotcha'.

MR LEE

Heh heh. And they around all the
time! Heh heh.

To the waitress.

MR LEE (CONT.)

Two whiskeys here. Ice. No water.

DISSOLVE TO:

We go back to the dark expanse of ocean peppered with the
tiny black ship silhouettes.

JIMMY

It's nice up here. That ocean
breeze mixed with the salt spray
has got to make for a great night's
sleep when you're out to sea.
Almost like an Epsom salts for
the soul.

MR LEE

You're a romantic. I spotted that
right off when you didn't drink
all my whiskey when I first meet

MR LEE (CONT.)

you. For the soul? Hmmm? Sometimes.
Sometimes you get so sick of ocean
you wish you could be back in
China, where it nice and dry. Yes,
sometimes you wish you could.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT.

On Screen: Two Weeks later.

The CRUISE SHIP is lit up with running lights, leaving Port
of South beach with the lights of the city in the
background.

3 loud blasts from the ship's air horn signal a bon voyage
to the other ships still docked.

30 PASSENGERS line the deck holding tropical drinks in
their hands waving goodbye.

Jimmy is leaning over the deck looking back towards port.

JIMMY (VO)

Geez this is unbelievable. I'm a lucky
guy.

FADE TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT.

Blackness of early morning. We hear a distant muffled
clang, clang, clang of the engine room. The sound becomes
gurgled as if underwater then turns into a shimmering hum--

FADE TO:

---And we see the white hat floating by itself in the dark
ocean. The humming turbines of the dark cruise ship can
barely been seen off in the murky distance. We look down
towards where the man in the white suit had been sinking
but we do not see him in the blackness.

The hum turns to hissing steam mixed with a hint of electric chain saw.

CUT TO:

Jimmy wakes with a start.

MR LEE

Hey Jimmy. You get up. Time to work. Cleanup crew.

JIMMY

Huh? What time is it? Whoa Nelly, what a nightmare.

MR LEE

It five o clock in morning. Time to work. Shower is at end of hall.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

Jimmy is walking barefoot down the hallway with a towel wrapped around his waist.

There is in omnipresent metallic groan and clang of the engine room.

MR LEE

Hey!

Jimmy turns his head to look back as two white flip-flop sandals hit him in the back.

MR LEE (CONT.)

Take.

JIMMY

Huh? I'm just going for a shower.

MR LEE

You need flip-flop.

Jimmy continues down the hallway, As always there is the muffled clang of the engine to the aft of the ship. Further down the hallway, we hear a loud spit-fire indiscernible shouting divided by a wood-on-wood smashing sound that is

emanating from the open hatched cabin up on the left. There is a series of 12 smashes in a row then it is broken up with vocalization for 8 smashes.

SMASH!

VOICE #1 (OS)

Oh, the fuckin' bumboclot!

SMASH!

VOICE #2 (OS)

Yes Eye.

SMASH!

VOICE #3 (OS)

There's your fuckin' bumboclot and
I raise you four!

SMASH!

VOICE #4 (OS)

Four on four. Bloodclot!

SMASH!

VOICE #1 (OS)

Nothing from nothing mon. Fucking
double razz clot!!

SMASH!

VOICE #2 (OS)

Leaves nothing mon.

SMASH!

VOICE #3 (OS)

I come from this end. You in da
rain blood clot!

SMASH!

VOICE #4 (OS)

As do I.

VOICE #1

SMASH!

Take a six you razzclot you.

VOICE #2

SMASH!

Come on on the double bloodclot.

VOICE #3

SMASH!

There's the bomboclot on the lot
of you.

VOICE #4

SMASH!

Da blood, da bumbo!

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD DECK - DAY.

In the hallway, Jimmy is coming up to and pausing by the open hatch. Jimmy looks in to see FOUR JAMICANS sitting in a smoke filled room at a red and yellow Red Stripe Beer folding card-table smashing dominoes palm-down with great force on the table-top from the back of their heads in rapid-fire succession. They are all wearing very bright long sleeve acetate shirts rolled up to the elbows, hair is clean cut. JAMICIAN #4/RIKI who is sitting facing Jimmy and the open hatch has an afro comb sticking out of the back of his hair.

Jamaican #1's back is towards the door sitting to the left of #4.

JIMMY

What's all the noise?

JAMICAIAAN #3

Fucking dominoes you fucking Yankee
razz clot.

JAMICIAN #1

Smashes domino on
table surface.

There mon. Fucking Bumboclot.

Jamaican #2 gets up to strike Jamaican #1 and Jamaican
#3 jumps up to break them up.

JAMICIAN #3

No fighting on ship. You lose your
job mon.

JAMICIAN #2

I don't care. I butcher that razzclot
pig.

JAMICIAN #1

Back to the game mon.

JAMICIAN #2

Smashes domino.
And so, double razzclot.

JAMICIAN #3

Smashes domino.
Yes Eye. And I see the double
razzclot and raise you with the
block with no little white devil
eyes.

JAMICIAN #4/RIKI

Smashes domino.
Oh, I have the double six-eyed
spider and that's a double bumboclot
on the lot of you.

Jamaican #4/RIKI interrupts the spit fire progression by
pulling out a pack of Kool cigarettes. He opens the pack
from the bottom and carefully pulls out a cigarette from
the open bottom flap, he carefully pulls out the cigarette
with his fingertips. With the cigarette in his mouth, he
folds the flaps back in place and puts the pack back in his

breast pocket. He lights the cigarette, takes a drag and notices Jimmy standing in the hallway for the first time.

RIKI

What dis here I see? The little
snow bunny wid his bright eyes
come wigglin' his nose out of
the iron forest to see Jamaican Ire?

JIMMY

Sorry. 'Didn't mean to interrupt
your game. I was just going to
the shower. Uh, I was wondering,
how come you opened your pack
of cigarettes from the bottom?

RIKI

The clean end on the bottom. Don't
want no dirty end that's been
handled by the dirty fingertips
all over the cigarette in the Rasta
Man's mouth. Nasty one-eyed Bumbaclot.

JIMMY

Oh yeah, nice to know.

JIMMY (VO)

Jimmy learned something new.

JIMMY (CONT.)

I'll have to remember that. 'Love
to chat about this bumboclot business
but 'gotta go take a shower. See ya.

Jimmy continues down the hallway. He looks back to the
Jamaican's hatchway. Almost in response---

RIKI (OS)

Be sure you got da flip flop mon.
Don' step in the water closet
wid out the flip flop.

Jimmy turns his head quickly as he walks down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - DAY.

Jimmy is standing in a urine smelling stream of tea colored water. It is a rusted close-quartered stall with peeling paint. In the background, through the cellophane-thin shower curtain, we can still faintly hear the throb of the engines downstairs and blasting dominoes hitting the surface of the tables echoing down the hallway.

We come down and the only insulation between Jimmy's naked feet and the razor-sharp jagged and rusty floor are the flimsy rubber flip-flops.

FADE TO:

EXT. CABANA BAR - DAY.

A glowering Tiki-head ceramic mug. We hear the Caribbean music. Coming back and up we see it is adorned with a wedge of pineapple, round orange slice and a cherry. Coming back, the top suddenly erupts in a huge blue flame.

A little umbrella is positioned on the highball drink next to it.

A pair of black hands remove the tray with the drinks on it out of frame to the right.

In the background is activities announcement over the intercom.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

At one thirty in the ballroom
second deck, Shuffle board, skeet
shooting on aft deck. Three O clock
will be the shuffleboard tournament
on deck one. Four thirty there
will be a cooking class with guest chef
from New Orleans Mark Boudroux.
Five O clock on the second deck
by the pool we will be having
water dance aerobics. Bring your
water wings.

RIKI

Points at the
speaker.

Shut the razzclot speaker off!

We pull back to see that we are at the open-air very white cabana bar near the pool. Jimmy is dressed in a black and white striped vest with white tux shirt and long sleeves and black pants. There are 40 GUESTS of all shapes and sizes sunning themselves by and in the bright sun reflected pool.

Jamaican #4/Riki is dressed similar to Jimmy and is standing to his left behind the bar smoking a Kool.

JIMMY

W/ goofy smile.

Where are all the good looking chicks
I saw in the brochure? Nothing but a
bunch of beached whales.

RIKI

All white women sweet.

JIMMY

Goofy smile

Those are the skinny ones where
I come from. Ha ha ha.

Slaps him on arm. Riki laughs.

JIMMY (CONT.)

Hey Riki, what's it like where
you grew up?

RIKI

It very poor mon. I finally make
it out of the forest when my Mother
and Grandmother leave me in a cave.

JIMMY

In a cave?

RIKI

They never come back. And I come
down to Kingstown for food. I
dive for the cruise ships that

RIKI (CONT.)

come into port. The tourists throw the coins from ship. You dive and find the coins on the seabed and you fill your mouth up with them. You cannot put them anyplace safe so you just keep them in your mouth like a parrot fish hiding it's babies.

JIMMY

Wow. That sounds like hard work.

RIKI

You dive, and dive until your legs and arms are so tired. A lot of times I would take a nap on my back floating in the water.

JIMMY

What?

RIKI

Sure like the sea otter. Roll over on back and take short nap while floating.

Pause

RIKI (CONT.)

You know, it's funny, even though I nearly drown five times, and I see my best friend Bidee taken by shark, I still think of the ocean as the father I never had. I'm always happy when I am in the water. Then I come here.

JIMMY

Wow. Did you ever see your Mother or Grandmother again?

RIKI

I thought I did but it was so fast. I don't know. I hope not. I hope she dead rather than coming out of

RIKI (CONT.)
 the place that I thought I saw
 this woman that look like her
 come out of. I hope not.

JIMMY
 Riki. I'm sorry.

RIKI
 You don't have to be mon. You
 weren't there. Don't worry 'bout
 the island man. He good swimmer.
 'Hold breath a long time.

CUT TO:

A huge egg-plant hued black man about 6'7" ANDRU' walks up.
 He is dressed in the white ship tux outfit with the
 commodore hat with massive black rimmed glasses and is an
 obvious ex-Mr Universe alumni.

He smiles a wide grin and we see that all his teeth are
 capped in gold. The top row has each tooth etched away to
 cameo the white enamel underneath showing a white elephant
 walking on a gold tooth background. It is walking to the
 left and holding the next elephant's tail on the next
 adjacent tooth with it's trunk. The dental cameo is a
 family of elephants, Papa, Mama, and babies in that order
 marching to the left on Andru's teeth.

JIMMY (VO)
 Puts out hand to shake.
 Nice chicklets.

ANDRU'
 Shows teeth.
 Jimmy is the lazy Rasta man giving
 you any trouble yet?

Jimmy with nervous look

RIKI
 Be best to be running for your life
 when you be sayin dem bad things
 about Riki.

Show Jimmy nervous.

ANDRU'

Shows teeth.

I be running right behind dem big
buggery Rasta bollaks a kickin away
with my big work boots if there is
any running to be done betwix you
and I.

Jimmy backs off.

RIKI

Barbados bumbacot. Best be comin
around this side of the bar when
you are talking to me like dis.

He throws his cigarette on the floor and moves towards the
flip-up end of the bar, which is on the other side of
Jimmy.

Jimmy holds Riki back.

JIMMY

Ah, hey Andru' we're out of cocktail
onions. Mister Talbot was in here
this morning drinking his Gibsons,
and he was making a big ruckus
about how big the onions were, I
just laid them out on an Hors d'
Overe' tray for him. He ate all
of them up.

ANDRU'

They have plenty more down in
the galley. You send little dread
lock boy here down to fetch them.

RIKI

Clown Fish-eyed Bumbacot!

JIMMY

Actually I was thinking of stretching
my legs a bit. I was going to
leave Riki here in charge.

ANDRU'

Yeah, I guess that's alright.
You are in charge of the bar, if
you think that is wise.

JIMMY

Me and Riki here are a team.

Jamaican #4 puffs up with pride.

RIKI

Yes Eye.

ANDRU'

Heh heh. Alright just be quick
about it. Let me check your register
before you go.

RIKI

Not trusting the Rasta mon, eh?

ANDRU'

Show teeth.

Not that at all mon. It's just the
top of the hour. Register check.

The clock behind the bar is straight up 6:00.

RIKI

Oh. That's right.

CUT TO:

Andru' comes behind the bar and keys the X tape on
register.

The animosity between Riki and Andru' seems to melt. Andru'
looks to Riki and puts his two fingers up to his mouth.

RIKI

Never am I surprised at this.
'Always out of the little white
tobacco sticks.

Riki reaches into his jacket pocket, taps out a cigarette
out of the bottom of the pack and extends the pack so that
Andru' can pull it out himself. Andru' puts the cigarette
in his mouth and Riki lights it for him.

ANDRU'

Thank you, mon.

Puffs on cigarette and shows teeth.

Andru' and Riki slowly, as if hypnotized, are drawn from the cigarette bonding and the clicking of the cash register to rump of a young BLONDE WOMAN in a mint green swimsuit lying near the pool.

Jimmy's questioning gaze finally follows the trajectory of the other two men.

JIMMY

Whew. That is prime top shelf.

RIKI

Yes Eye. That right there would be some wonderful stuff to jump on.

ANDRU'

No doubt. Just don't get caught. The Captain and his sea worthy henchmen think that all the women are all for them and them only. You get caught, you're off the boat. And if you are lucky, they wait until we dock to throw you off.

The tape stops clicking away. Andru' looks at the tape.

ANDRU' (CONT.)

It's just as I thought. You ran over three hundred that last hour. The first two hours before that were alright. Pull out a hundred and eighty four dollars.

JIMMY

Huh? What do I do with it?

ANDRU'

Keep it. Or---split it up with island man here.

JIMMY

What?

ANDRU'

Split it up. You keep it. Just keep track to give me my percentage.

JIMMY

This is my first day at this station. I don't understand what you're trying to say to me.

ANDRU'

I'm telling you that this bar, for years, has only done eight hundred dollars in an eight hour shift. For years before you coming here. We can't, all of a sudden, have you make fourteen hundred dollars at this bar today. Even though, as you are going now, you will easily top that. Now can we?

JIMMY

Skimming.

ANDRU'

It would look bad to all the bartenders that came before you. We have a system here. The ship makes money. We make money. At the end of your shift you tip me ten percent of what you two made over the top. But don't be stupid you know, take the cab fare not the plane fare.

JIMMY

Oh, I got ya'. Okay, okay. No problem. As long as I know.

ANDRU'

Shows teeth.

As you were. Mon. See you next hour.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST DECK - DAY.

In the background is the various array of annoying activities announcements.

Jimmy is walking past the last row of the pool sun bathers.

There are a group of shuffle-board players to his left.

MR KIM is sitting in the same folding wooden chair with the sketchpad on his knee and is drawing a typical tourist caricature of an thin OLD MAN sitting on a matching chair with his GRANDDAUGHTER sitting on his knee near the entrance of the casino.

Jimmy says to the OLD MAN with a slap to the side arm and pointing to Mr Kim.

JIMMY

Goofy smile.

He can't draw unemployment.

INT. CASINO - DAY.

As Jimmy is walking by the entrance he sees, sitting up on his right, a demure woman SAMATHA TUNNEY with sandy blond hair behind a black jack table. She is wearing an ill-fitting white dealer's uniform. Jimmy comes up and sits down at the black jack table.

JIMMY

Hello, didn't I see you working in the casino last night?

SAM

With Manchester accent

You're a bloody observant Yank ain't cha.
And you'd best get up straight
away before any of the admiralty
sees you and they keel haul you
or whatever they do on this bleedin'
circus ship.

JIMMY

Oops, sorry. I forgot. But I couldn't resist stopping and saying hello to such a beautiful lady.

He stands back up.

JIMMY (CONT.)

Oh my name's Jimmy.

SAM

Hello. My name's Sam.

JIMMY

Goofy smile.

Sam? You're the best looking guy I ever seen.

SAM

Short for Samantha you bloody yank.

JIMMY

Hey Sam, when you get done tonight, maybe you could meet me for some drinks up on the top deck towards the aft. A lot of the help hang out up there after work.

SAM

Now aren't we the shy lot? We both could get fired for fraternization after hours.

JIMMY

I just want to get to know you better. You know, just a few drinks.

SAM

That's what fraternization means.

JIMMY

Oh. Damn the torpedoes, they'll never take us alive.

Turns and leaves.

JIMMY (CONT.)

Yells without turning
his head back around.
'Round twelveish? Top deck. Love
your accent baby.

Jimmy exits.

PA announcement interrupts:

ANNOUNCER (OS)

Attention the AP wire service has
announced that John Lennon was shot
dead today in front of his New York
apartment.

Even though Mr Kim is in the middle of sketching he notices
how deeply the death announcement has affected Sam inside
the casino.

A fairly robust and pasty white MRS GUGGINHEIM in cat eye
sunglasses, a one-piece bathing suit, and a very wide straw
hat who has been sitting at the adjacent roulette table
comes over and sits down at Sam's black jack table. Sam is
trying not to cry.

SAM

Yes madam, place your bets please.

Mrs G puts chip down.

Sam deals up.

MRS GUGGINHEIM

Are you alright?

SAM

Yes. Thanks.

MRS GUGGINHEIM

I couldn't help hearing you and that
nice young man talking.

SAM

Excuse me?

MRS GUGGINHEIM

I said you ought to meet him for that drink. This is a cruise ship you know. Fun and festivities?

SAM

Oh, I don't know. Twenty one, winner.

As she gets up to leave.

MRS GUGGINHEIM

You're young and life's too short Deary. Take it from me. It goes by quick. If it were me, I'd meet him for that drink in a high ball heartbeat.

SAM

Oh, I'll think about it. We'll see. Life does go by quick.

The Old Man who is bitching about the sketch and his daughter get up from Mr Kim's station.

Mr Kim walks into the casino and over to Sam.

MR KIM

I am very sorry to hear about your Mr Lennon being assassinated. I can see it make you very sad. For this I am sorry beyond words.

SAM

Thanks, Kim.

Sam stands up and hugs Mr Kim.

In the background is a loud announcement for Keno in the lounge.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

Just one quick reminder that in fifteen minutes we have a Keno match in the lower green lounge

ANNOUNCER (OS CONT.)
on deck two. Music will be provided
by Leslie and the Finches. That
is all.

SAM
Yells at speaker.
Shut that bloody hole in your face!

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - DAY.

2 BLACK MEN are dumping black trash bags over the edge of
the ship.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - DAY.

Smaller casino on lower deck with a small bar on the left.
There are 40 PATRONS of all shapes and sizes playing the
slots.

Andru' is standing near the bar watching a beautiful
Lebanese BRUNETTE in a gold and bronze silk slit dress and
mid-heels playing a slot machine who is obviously not
winning.

Andru' calls on his walkie- talkie.

Jimmy comes walking by, sees him, and comes up to him.

JIMMY
Hey Andru' what's up?

ANDRU'
Shows teeth.
Did you get them onions yet?

JIMMY
I'm on my way there. What's up?

ANDRU'
Look right there. She is a work
of art. A cautious gazelle posing
in a thicket of Mangroves.

A WORKMAN wearing a kaiki pants and flowered shirt appears with a ring of keys.

ANDRU' (CONT.)

Excuse me for a moment James. I
have a bit of work to do.

Jimmy stands at the bar and watches Andru' and the workman as they go over to the Brunette's slot machine. They come up to her and in MOS tell her they have to open the machine. She stands back and sips on her martini while the workman opens the front of the machine.

Andru' stoops and flips some counters down and to the right inside the machine.

The workman pretends to write something down on his pad and then, after Andru' finishes, swings the front back in place and locks the machine.

Andru' gives a little salute to the Brunette. The workman heads to the exit and Andru' comes back over to Jimmy.

JIMMY

What was that all about?

ANDRU'

Sleigh bells are about to ring.
Are you listening? It's Christmas.
Watch.

The Brunette starts to walk away from the machine but looks over to Andru' and he waves her back towards the machine.

She goes back to stand in front of the machine, puts her drink on the side of the machine and then puts three quarters into the machine.

It spins and comes up three golden bells across.

Coins begin their metallic cascade into the catch tray.

She smiles a wide appreciative smile.

ANDRU'

The glistening bells. No
finer music to the ears.

JIMMY

Wide eyes and
stupid grin.

Wow. That is a great way to meet
chicks.

ANDRU'

With pride.

There is no better. It is fool
proof. A bit costly, but the ship
can afford it. Well, time to go
unwrap my present.

Andru' walks back over to help the woman with her winnings.

Two English ship's photographers MICK and IAN come out of
the ship's theater. On the marquee "Caddy Shack". They are
wearing ship's suits and approach Jimmy. Both have heavy
cockney accents and Polaroid cameras to match.

MICK

Hey Jim boy. What's the ruckus
up here?

JIMMY

Andru' is so smooth.

MICK

Oh that. Water off a Duck's bottom
he is.

IAN

He's the master.

MICK

Silver tongue. He could charm the
singing birds right out of the
bleedin' trees. That one.

IAN

That he could.

JIMMY

He just scoped out that woman. Got
on the horn and had a workman up
here to open up the machine and
reset the tumblers so that she

JIMMY (CONT.)

could win a jackpot. Then, after it hits, he goes over and collects his winnings. It was beautiful.

IAN

He is one of two ex Mister Universes in the world. Great body, that one. He slept with a Russian ambassador's wife once. She still sends him cards now and then all written in English.

JIMMY

Unbelievable. Oh hey, you two are English. I heard on the ship's speaker that John Lennon was shot and killed in New York today.

MICK

Go on. It's a bloody bad lot saying something like that at all but you're just havin' a bit of one on us now, right?

JIMMY

No it happened. I didn't know if I had heard it right on the radio but a passenger came up and said that she had heard it too.

IAN

It's true? Oh, bleedin' hell.

Ian passes out and falls over backwards on the floor.

Mick is crying.

JIMMY

Holy shit. Andru'! Help.

Andru' quickly extricates himself from the brunette and comes running over to help Mick and Jimmy with Ian who is laying on the ground.

ANDRU'

On his walkie talkie.
We have an emergency here. We need
some oxygen on the casino deck.
In front of the bar. Man down.

WALKIE TALKIE (OS)

The medic is on his way to your
twenty.

ANDRU'

Roger that. He's not breathing.

In the background.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

We have a crochet class starting
up on deck one at eight forty five
right after dinner. Also Doctor
Armando from the Mayo Clinic will
be our guest tonight teaching a
CPR class on the second deck at
nine right after bingo. Also, when
or when not to use oxygen. That is
the question.

ANDRU'

To speaker.
Cut that damn thing off!

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY.

An old black FISHERMAN is repairing his nets beside his
frail wooden ship. He looks down to see Styrofoam debris
float in with the tide emblazoned with S.S. WHITEFISH.

FADE TO:

INT. GALLEY - DAY.

Dim, almost prison lighting overhead.

The metallic clang, clang, clang is very loud in this part
of the boat.

It is a stainless steel ship's galley with huge stainless steel prep tables. Over the prep area, the many great metal cooking pots are hanging from massive hooks. In between and through the hanging pots and the table we see great Blodgett ovens in back of the Hobart stainless steel prepping area. To the right are great sinks and an industrial steam dishwasher.

Behind the table, Jamaican #1 is cutting up heads of lettuce with a huge butcher knife.

There are 4 ITALIANS improv dialogue in Italian, dressed in soiled white Chef's attire.

As the biggest Italian, FREDRICO, who is carrying a tray of cooked Halibut fish, comes around behind Jamaican #1, he raps him soundly in back of the head with the knuckles of his left hand.

JAMAICAN #1 Mock swats the knife at Fredrico as one would swat a fly.

JAMAICAN #1

Hey. Watch it mon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABANA BAR - DAY.

Riki is standing with his back to us behind the bar. He is drinking out of a bottle of Barcardi Rum.

A cocktail cherry hits him in the back of the head sticking in his natty Afro. He puts the bottle down with his right hand and at the same time reaches behind his head with his left hand to pull out the cherry.

RIKI

What dis hitting me in the back
of the head?

He pulls the cherry out of his hair as he turns around to see the BLONDE woman with disturbing green see-thru-eyes from Texas that he and Andru' had earlier been admiring her posterior. She is sitting at the bar.

RIKI (CONT.)

Oh, it's you. Uh, can I help you?

BLONDE

Oh, I hope so. I need a hellofa
Wallbanger with a little Mango.

RIKI

Wha? You need a what?

BLONDE

A Harvey Wallbanger cocktail with
Mango juice instead of orange juice.
Just a touch.

RIKI

Oh. That. Yes, coming right up.

As Riki mixes the drink while the Blonde woman watches his
ass more than intently.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - DAY.

JIMMY

Hello, Fredrico.

FREDRICO

Hello Jimmy boy. What you do down
here with us?

JIMMY

I need some setups. Onions, lemons,
Limes.

FREDRICO

Ah the marinated onions. They went
fast eh?

JIMMY

Oh, Mister Talbot ate em all.

FREDRICO

Hoo boy. Ate them all, eh? Well
we have more where that came from.
Go ahead Jimmy, help yourself.

Jimmy sees JAMICIANS #1 & 2 fighting outside the walk-in cooler door.

JIMMY

Hey you guys wanna lose your jobs.
Knock it off. What's up with you guys?

JAMICIAN #1

We need stuff mon. Out of the cooler.

JIMMY

Yeah. Why don't just you go in?

JAMICIAN #2

We cannot go where death is crouching.

JIMMY

What are you talking about? I gotta'
get my stuff.

JAMICIAN #2

Don't do it mon. Don't go in there.

INT. COOLER - DAY.

Jimmy goes into cooler and sees what he thinks is a rack of beef wrapped in clear/opaque plastic but upon closer examination, while getting his setups, he sees it is a human with a tag.

EXT. COOLER - DAY.

JIMMY

Hey Fredirico, there's a body in here.

FREDRICO

Yes. They do this all the time.
If a passenger passes away on a
cruise what are we gonna' do? We
can't throw him overboard so we keep
him back here for the duration of
the cruise.

JIMMY

Goofy smile.

I been in the bar business for
a long while and I heard of a stiff
one but this one is one leg up.
Oh. Okay. What do you guys need
in here?

JAMICIAN #1

Potatoes mon. Sack of potatoes.

Jimmy starts to drag body out of cooler. Jamician #1 and &
#2 scatter.

JAMICIAN #2

Bloodclot! Razzclot!

JIMMY

I thought you said Mister Potato head.

Coming from the cooler back to the bar with his arms full
of setups, Jimmy sees ITALIAN #2 come around behind
Jamaican #1 and purposely kick him in back of the shins.
The Jamaican barely flinches as if this treatment has been
unrelenting.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABANA BAR - DAY.

BLONDE

Not much action around here.

Riki puts second drink in front of her.

RIKI

What do you mean? That, three
dollar please.

She puts a hundred dollar bill in front of him.

BLONDE

Lock it up.

RIKI

Thank you. What did you mean by
action?

BLONDE

I mean, I thought this cruise had
built in stud service for the
clientele'.

RIKI

Stupid smile.
Stud service? You mean horse
racing on the deck of the ship?
Camptown racetrack sing this
song doo da, doo da, that kind
of thing?.

BLONDE

No, you delicious thing. I meant
for a wild black native man to
come to my cabin and fuck the
living shit out of me 'till I'm
laying on my back totally exhausted,
that's what I meant by stud service.

Riki's look is a total Buster Keaton deadpan.

RIKI

Oh, of course. That.

Riki bends down to wash glasses and smiles.

INT. GALLEY -

Jimmy turns to go, but turns back around

JIMMY

Fredrico. I forgot the Maraschino
cherries.

FRERICO

I'll get it for you.

JIMMY

I noticed the love tap between you
and the blacks there's no love lost.

FREDRICO

You mean the worthless shit colored,

FREDRICO (CONT.)

one step-above-monkey niggers that
they force us to work with? That who
you talk about?

JIMMY

Did I hit a nerve?

EXT. CABANA BAR - DAY.

Lifts head back up.

RIKI

Oh. Really? Uh, that's what I
thought you meant. Uh, when were
you thinking of, I mean when were
you thinking of having this---
service, installed?

BLONDE

As soon as I finish this drink
and walk to my cabin 223, that's
how soon I would like this service.
Can you send someone there who
can handle the job?

She puts her hands akimbo just below her breasts and slowly
smoothes her hands down and over her lap.

RIKI

A job that important, I wouldn't
dream of sending anyone but myself.
So important a job as this.

BLONDE

Five minuets. Knock twice.

She drinks the drink in one swallow and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - DAY.

JIMMY

Wow. Man, I just can't believe
how bad you talk to them. I've

JIMMY (CONT.)

gotten to know them pretty good
and they are hard workers.

FREDRICO

Hard workers! Working hard at
stealing you blind at every corner.

In the background we see Jamaican #2 holding a huge sauté
pan with both hands and he hits Jamaican #1 flat in the
lower back with the edge of the pan.

Jamaican #1 falls to the floor.

JIMMY

Why do you hate them so much?

FREDRICO

You want to know why we hate them
so much?

JIMMY

That's why I'm asking you.

FREDRICO

I tell you why.

JIMMY

Okay.

Pause.

FREDRICO

It goes back to the Middle Ages
during the Crusades when the Moors
invaded Sicily and Italy proper.
We hate them since they come and
rape our women and burn our villages.

JIMMY

I'm sort of a history buff and,
Well, I hate to say this but
since you brought it up, when
the Moors were raping---

FREDRICO

Yes?

JIMMY

Well, I mean to say that when that Moorish blood got all mixed up with your descendents bloodline---

FREDRICO

Go on. Say it in simple English.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABANA BAR - DAY.

The sun is going down on the horizon.

Riki looks around and realizes he will be leaving the bar unattended.

He looks for Jimmy.

He takes another swig from his hidden booze stash.

RIKI

Damn this white witch. This cannot be good for Riki. I need to forget this bedevilment.

He looks at the bar clock on the wall.

RIKI (CONT.)

Yes Eye. The flesh is weak for this sweet vanilla woman.

Riki walks away. The bar is unattended.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - DAY.

Jamaican #1 gets up from the floor with the knife and comes after Jamaican #2 who still has the sauté pan.

The hatred in Fredrico's eyes convince Jimmy to go no further with his jokes of genealogy.

Jimmy notices, for the first time, that Fredrico is clutching a huge metal soup-spoon that is down and in the folds of his apron at his right side.

JIMMY

Oh, jeez the time. I got to go.

FREDRICO

No. I want you to finish what you Started to say!

JIMMY

Really, I'd love to stay and chat
But---

Jimmy suddenly bolts for the exit. Stops and turns around and screams.

JIMMY

Immigration! Immigration! Run!

All 10 KITCHEN STAFF scatter.

FREDRICO

Come back here you little
cocksucker!

Fredrico chases Jimmy almost to the door when he slips and falls.

FREDRICO (CONT.)

Bastard! I kill you.

Fredrico gets up and runs out the door hatch.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - DAY

There are 3 KOREANS dumping bags of trash overboard.

FREDRICO

Are you enjoying your Mu Duck
Chow?

MR LEE

Oh yes. Very much. It delicious.
Melt in mouth. Thank you for
asking. Sauce, extraordinary. My
compliments, as always, to chef.

Also, barely discernable through the steam, is Mr Tong who
is sitting at a small wooden table with two wooden salad
spoons in each hand going at a large wooden salad bowl
piled full of raviolis like there is no tomorrow.

MR LEE (CONT.)

Ah, Mister Fredrico. Are you here
to pick up your bowling shirts?

Fredrico doesn't say anything but keeps looking in the
laundry for Jimmy.

MR LEE (CONT.)

We have a special today for chef's
aprons. Only one ninety-nine and
if you act right now I can throw
in a free very nice starch steam
machine pressing for tall chef hat.
Stand in the corner all by themselves.
No need to hang up. Can double
as works of fine art. Impress your
girl friends, or if you prefer,
your men friends.

Fredrico regards Mr Lee and walks away.

Jimmy slowly rises up from Mr Lee's feet where he has been
obscured by the inside overhang of the counter-top.

MR LEE

You safe for now.

JIMMY

I owe you one big time. What do you
want from the midnight buffet tonight?

MR LEE

What you mean?

JIMMY

Well I been sneaking up there with the passengers. I blend in with them a little better than you guys.

MR LEE

Oh, pretty sneaky.

JIMMY

Yeah, I'll fix you up.

MR LEE

What you do to piss him off? I never seen him so pissed.

JIMMY

It was a little joke that backfired on me, big time. I made a mistake by telling him that his ancestors might have been African.

MR LEE

Laughs.

You might just as well have told him his great, great, grandmother was fucked in the butt by a big Ubange Hoothie Coochie man with dick this---

Mr Lee holds hands out to indicate way more than 12 inches.

MR LEE (CONT.)

---Big.

JIMMY

That's just the way he took it.

MR LEE

I wish you wouldn't do that. He the only cook we have so far that make the best Chinese food Mr Lee have since I leave mainland. Right

MR LEE (CONT.)

amount of MSG. 'Always has the snow pea pod. Just leave him alone. Some people don't want to hear the truth.

JIMMY

You want to hear something interesting about China regarding the last Japanese occupation?

At the word "Japanese", Mr Tong stops eating in mid-bite, holding the two spoons upright yet grounded on the tabletop and appears that he might get up from the table and go berserk.

MR LEE

Ah---

Mr Lee holds his left finger up as if saying "wait a moment" or as a magician might indicate "for my next trick". He then, with his right hand, discreetly palms one of the fortune cookies up from the counter.

MR LEE (CONT.)

Ancient Chinese secret say---

Jimmy's eyes are trained on the upturned finger.

Mr Lee smashes the cookie on Jimmy's left forehead with his opened right palm.

Mr Tong radiates a wide appreciative smile and resumes his rapid-fire consumption of the raviolis.

JIMMY

Ow! Son of a bitch!

Mr Lee pulls back his hand, scooping up the crumbs of the cookie and picks out the little fortune paper, as one might pick out a pecan out of it's crushed shell. He pretends to read.

MR LEE

Let's see---You are a winner today so far because Mr Lee save your ass---so forth and so on. To make it short and sweet, as we say in

MR LEE (CONT.)
the Chinese laundry business---
don't press your luck.

JIMMY
Hits the air
rim-shot.
Ba bap boom. You forgot to add:
In bed.

MR LEE
Oh yes. I forget. Don't press your
luck---In bed.

JIMMY
Mr Lee I owe you one. I'll get
the good stuff from the midnight
buffet tonight for you. 'Gotta go.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - DAY.

Fredrico comes in the hatchway, stops, turns back towards
the kitchen area and for a brief moment then regards
Jamaican #1 then turns away back to his kitchen duties.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABANA BAR - DAY.

The only light from the late afternoon sun is refracted off
of the clouds on the far horizon.

The running lights of the ship are on.

We come in close to the dormant cash register.

We come back up and not four seconds later, Jimmy comes
into view down the deck rubbing his head. He comes behind
the bar. Looks around. Re-opens the register and leans his
elbows on the bar.

JIMMY
Shit. Riki. Chasin' the skirts.
Shit, where's the register key?
Now I got to call Andru' and have
him turn it back on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN 223 - NIGHT.

Riki comes up to the room and hesitatingly knocks twice on the door.

BLONDE (OS)
Inside the room.

Come in.

Riki goes into the room.

Down the deck, in the shadows, there is a middle aged MAN with a pock marked face and black hair in a three piece glen plaid suit. He has observed Riki going into the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABANA BAR - NIGHT.

Andru' comes up.

ANDRU'
How's it going Jimmy? Where's Riki?

Jimmy thinks about lying, but know it won't wash with Andru'.

JIMMY
I don't know. I came back from getting the onions and he was gone. I think he went to pay the water bill.

ANDRU'
What's that?

JIMMY
Goofy smile.
You know take a leak.

ANDRU'
Of course. I bet he's chasin' that fucking white pussy. He's not in the bathroom. I know where he is. But,

ANDRU (CONT.)

while I'm here it's top of the hour
for an X on that register. You and
I still have to make our money.

Pause

ANDRU' (CONT)

Oh well. I bring Egidio up here
to run the Cabana bar and you
go on up to the Ballroom bar.

JIMMY

What about Riki?

ANDRU'

Riki will go back down to the
galley prepping food when I find
his ass. This is bullshit to
close down the bar with no one
else to cover.

Andru' walks away.

JIMMY

Riki you dumbass. You're in the
Black rabbit stew now, buddy.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN 223 - NIGHT.

BLONDE

Come on in and slip out of those
clothes and into that robe laying
on the bed.

RIKI

Uh, okay.

Riki picks up the robe and looks around for the dressing
room.

BLONDE

No. Change here where I can watch
you. I'll fix you a drink. What
would you like to drink?

RIKI

Maybe some Cognac with ice?

The Blonde goes over to a small corner bar in the room and pulls out a bent-spout bottle of Armanac'.

She pops in a cassette into the player and the room erupts with jungle sounds and a drum.

BLONDE

In a snifter?

RIKI

Of course, with extra ice. Do you have any pineapple juice or grenadine?

Riki disrobes under the watchful eyes of the blonde while she puts one hand in the ice bucket and holds it in there pulling out a large ice cube when she retracts it.

Riki puts on the robe.

She comes over, with the ice cube in her palm and hands him the snifter of Armanac'.

BLONDE

Here you go. Nice material.

RIKI

Yes it feels like silk.

BLONDE

No. This is nice material.

She reaches into the robe and grabs his cock with her well-chilled hand and the ice cube.

RIKI

Yeow mon. Icy Bumboclot.

Then takes the ice cube out of her hand, pops it into her mouth and descends towards Riki's lap.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT.

Jimmy is behind the bar.

There is a full tilt 30 PIECE SWING BAND with an upright bass player on the stage rehearsing Wardell Gray's "Steeple Chase" complete with sax battle. The drummer is doing a Gene Krupaesque jungle solo underneath the dueling saxes who are replicating Dexter Gordon and Johnny Griffin's legendary sax battles.

There are three couples sitting in chairs at back of the room.

Sitting at the bar is a wide Polish man MR BUKOWSKI in a white summer suit with a cream and chocolate wide deco tie. His white hat is on the bar. His wide neck and meat slabs of hands indicate many years of dock work/and or mob hits.

Sitting to his left is a Irish woman MRS BUKOWSKI of equal width and stature with cat-eye glasses, pearl necklace and white cotton print dress. Her red/silver hair is done up in a bun.

Mr Bukowski reaches out and gives Jimmy a firm handshake.

MR BUKOWSKI

What's your name boy?

JIMMY

Jimmy. Jimmy Collings.

MR BUKOWSKI

Well Jimmy Cowlings, I'm Mitch
Bukowski from Milwaukee and this
Is my lovely wife Lonnie Bukowski.

MRS BUKOWSKI

Hello.

JIMMY

Kisses Mrs Bukowski's hand.

Always a pleasure to meet a lady.

MRS BUKOWSKI

Blushes.

Hello. Nice to meet you too.

MR BUKOWSKI

Loudly.

That ain't a lady that's a Polack by injection. Har har har.

MRS BUKOWSKI gives him a tap in the back of the head.

MR BUKOWSKI (CONT.)

The missus here will have a glass of Riesling wine, very sweet, and I'll have a tapper and a shot of J&B.

Jimmy pours the wine, beer and the shot and places them in front of the couple.

JIMMY

Where did you say you and the missus were from?

MR BUKOWSKI

Milwaukee. Well, actually we're from White folks bay just outside of Milwaukee.

MRS BUKOWSKI

Mitchell is a big leader with the union.

JIMMY

Yeah, and a big Polack mouth too.

MRS BUKOWSKI

Yeah, I think it's the credit union.

MR BUKOWSKI

Oh, it's okay, you two have your fun. I like ya' Jimmy. We're on vacation. By the way where' you from?

JIMMY

Connecticut.

MR BUKOWSKI

Plenty of Polacks there too. Gotta be nice. 'Lot of class.

JIMMY

Nostrovia.

MRS & MRS BUKOWSKI

Nostrovia.

Jimmy drinks a shot of grand Marnier.

Mr Bukowski downs the shot and washes it back with a swig of beer. She takes a sip of the wine and puts it back on the bar.

MR BUKOWSKI

This is our first vacation since we were on our honeymoon in Las Vegas. Say, over thirty five years.

JIMMY

Wow. Congratulations. How could you be married to a Polack that long?

MR BUKOWSKI

Ha ha ha.

JIMMY

I'm from Connecticut remember? I lived with a Polack for a while. He was a nice guy like you.

MR & MRS BUKOWSKI

Ha ha ha.

MRS BUKOWSKI

We thought this would be just the romantic touch. The kids are all married and have families of their own now. It's just me and Mitch now.

JIMMY

Don't tell anyone.

MR BUKOWSKI

I heard that!

We pull back and onto the DRUMMER who is flaying away with sweat flying everywhere.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

Tommorrow activities will be ballet dancing from ten am and after that we will have some urban tap dancing lessons.

MR BUKOWSKI

Shut that thing up!

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - NIGHT.

A handsome BLACK MAN with a light skinned BLACK WOMAN in swimsuits are embracing while laying in the surf ala/from "Here To Eternity" while white Styrofoam debris, mostly cups with S.S. WHITEFISH, gradually comes floating in around them.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN 223 - NIGHT.

Riki's face is covered in sweat. They are both naked. A final groan and he falls forward on the front of the Blonde.

The blonde strokes the back of his head with her left hand.

She reaches over with her right hand and smashes a huge red alert button that is imbedded in the nightstand.

Riki raises his head.

RIKI

What was that?

BLONDE

Mosquito.

RIKI

Oh. Yes, they would have the big feast right now.

They lay there for a moment.

BLONDE

Jumps up, runs to and opens the door screaming.
Help, help. Someone please help me.
He raped me. He threatened to kill me if I didn't let him have me.

RIKI

What?

3 GREEK STEWARDS with the pock marked faced man burst into the room and grab Riki ---

RIKI

The white witch is lying. She told me to come here. She told me to come here and---and---service her!

---and hustle him out of the room.

We hear out on the deck.

ANDRU' (OS)

Ah, here you are little Ire. I was looking all over for you.

Andru' and a GREEK COMMANDER come into the room.
The Blonde is putting her clothes on.

ANDRU'

Ahem, Mrs Temelcoft we understand this is a difficult and embarrassing situation but we would like to get a statement from you.

BLONDE

Embarrassing? He raped me and threatened my life?

The GLEN PLAID MAN walks into the room behind Andru' and the Commander.

GLEN PLAID

Gentlemen, I am Mrs Temelcoft's legal council and any statements by Mrs Temelcoft will be made to me and me alone. But, on her behalf I can make this statement that I will be initiating a law suit regarding S.S. Whitefish Cruise lines to the amount of two million dollars. I'm going to have to get Mrs Temelcoft down to the ship's doctor for a semen test. That is all. You may leave.

Andru' and the Commander look at each other and at Mrs Temelcoft.

ANDRU'

Oh, that way.

GLEN PLAID

What? What did you say?

COMMANDER

He didn't say anything. Common.

Commander grabs Andru' and pulls him out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

CAPTAIN BOUVIER is a tall man from Quebec who looks like a later version, with the white streaks in his temples, of Reed Richards from the Fantastic Four. He is sitting behind his desk in his dress whites with his hat on the desk and Riki is standing in front of him. Andru' and two GREEK COMMANDERS are standing behind Riki.

CAPTAIN

When the owners hear about this they'll have me and you, drawn and quartered for crab mullet.

Pause

CAPTAIN (CONT.)

Just throw him in the brig for the remainder of the trip until we dock and then we'll try him for rape and aggravated assault.

ANDRU'

Uh, Captain, in this man's defense, Mrs Temelcoft's lawyer was right there when me and Nikopolous came in her state room. I believe that Riki was set up so that they could sue the cruise lines.

CAPTAIN

It appears so but we need to keep this man out of sight for the remainder of the trip. What do you recommend?

ANDRU'

Well we could consign him down to the galley where he could work during the day out of sight and come back to the brig at night.

CAPTAIN

Well, what do you have to say about All this Riki?

RIKI

I do not like the galley but I like the brig even less. I will work in the galley during the day as you say.

CAPTAIN

Alright. That will be entered in the ship's log. Right now I have a dance waiting for me. Dismissed.

RIKI

Where should I go now? It is dark.

ANDRU'

You can get started in the galley and help them with the big party

ANDRU' (CONT.)

they are catering. After that you
can go to the brig.

RIKI

Alright mon. Thank you.

CAPTAIN

That is alright young man. Just
try to stay out of trouble from
here on. We don't need to compound
the issue. Dismissed.

The Captain leaves the room first leaving Andru', Riki, And
two Greek Commanders.

The Greek Commanders leave next.

RIKI

Thank you mon.

ANDRU'

For what?

RIKI

For speaking up for the island man.

ANDRU'

You might not be thanking me after
working in the galley for a couple
of days.

RIKI

Anything is better than the brig.

ANDRU'

Maybe. Time will tell.

FADE TO:

EXT. ISLAND - DAY.

The ship is docked in St. Thomas, VI. The decaying town is
in the background.

In the waters below the hull on the port, there are 12
small Haitian CHILDREN who are diving, retrieving and

displaying coins in their teeth that are tossed by passengers still on the boat.

300 PASSENGERS disembark down the gangplank.

The ship's photographer, MICK, is on the pier and taking photos of passengers sticking their head through a S.S.Whitefish life preserver.

Jimmy disembarks with Mr Kim and Mr Lee.

JIMMY

Wonder what kind of rum they got here?

MR LEE

Oh, you'll like the local dark ones. Very sweet.

In the marketplace there are OLD WOMEN with rotten mangos, banana and naked LITTLE CHILDREN urinate and extricate in the street.

The GOVERNOR of the town is sitting in the back seat of a new MERCEDES.

It comes down the street honking it's horn to disperse a crowd of BEGGERS, and CAPT BOUVIER gets into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY.

MR LEE

One more shot of Mount Gay and we should be getting back to the ship. It sails at six.

MR KIM

What time is it now?

JIMMY

It's five fifteen. Plenty of time to get back. I'm with mister Lee. One more.

They down one more shot apiece and walk out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR ENTRANCE/ALLEY - DAY.

As Jimmy, Mr Lee and Mr Kim come into the alley, there is a ruckus between Jamacain #1 and Jamacain #2.

Jamacian #2 picks up a piece of pavement and pounds Jamacain #1 in the face, smashing it into pulp.

Jamacian #2 runs away down the alley.

MR LEE

Quick. He not see us. Let's get out of here.

JIMMY

Yeah, no shit. Anybody finds out We're involved, we're fucked. Let's Get the hell out of here.

MR KIM

Shouldn't we see if he's okay?

JIMMY

Okay, okay I'll look. You guys split.

Mr Lee and Mr Kim stay there and watch as Jimmy goes over to check out Jamacian #1.

Jimmy comes running back.

JIMMY

Yeah, he's okay. His finger moved. Now let's get the hell out of here.

MR KIM

We can't leave him here.

MR LEE

Common. Let's get out of here.

JIMMY

We can't get involved. You guys want to go to fucking jail on this goddamn island? Not me. I'm outta here and you're coming with us.

Mr Lee and Jimmy pull Mr Kim out of the alley.

FADE TO:

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - NIGHT.

The ship is all lit up and is at sea.

INT. BALLROOM BAR - NIGHT.

The room is full with 50 COUPLES in evening attire dancing to a sappy swing version of Wardell Gray's "Twisted".

Sitting at the bar is Mr & Mrs Bukowski.

Mr Bukowski's white hat is still on the bar.

To the right of Mr Bukowski is a Rosillinni looking brunette, one of the English dealers, BRIDGETE, in a silver and white silk evening dress.

Sitting to Bridgete's right is a Greek Lt. Commander in dress whites.

The CAPTAIN is dancing with a demure stately REDHEAD woman on the dance floor.

Jimmy can't keep his eyes off of Bridgete who notices Jimmy.

Samantha Tunney and Pakistani #1 are the wait staff.

SAM

'Need a Rolling Rock and a Gin and tonic.

JIMMY

Looking adrift.

Gotcha.

He pulls out the green bottle and pops off the cap and mixes the highball with Vodka instead of gin while looking at Bridgett. Jimmy puts the drinks on Sam's tray.

SAM

Jealous look.

Alfie, you'd best roll your tongue back in your head before you step on it and trip yourself.

JIMMY

Huh? Who me?

SAM

You know what I'm talking about. I saw you pick up that bottle of vodka instead of the gin because you had your eyes glued to that Pomme cunt.

JIMMY

I did? Ah, they're totaled. They wouldn't know if it was kerosene. Cunt? She's nice.

SAM

Right then. I'm off.

Jimmy smiles knowing the playing field is wide open now.

She leaves to deliver the drink order and Pakistani Man #1 comes up.

PAKISTANI #1

Need whiskey sour with cherry and orange twist. Also flaming volcano.

JIMMY

Roger Wilco. One flaming, coming up. Position the fire extinguishers!

As he is mixing the drinks Jimmy is watching Bridgette intently who is talking to the Greek Lt. Commander while still showing covert interest in Jimmy.

MR BUKOWSKI

Hey Jimmy, give me five of those stemmed pony glasses and put a shot of J&B in one, then stack the other four on top of each other, on top of the shot.

Mr Bukowski proceeds to a light wooden match and place it in the top empty glass. Picks up the glass with the lit match and puts it to his forehead. The vacuum of the extinguished match causes the glass to stick to the skin. Same procedure with the other three glasses. One on each cheek and one on the chin.

MR BUKOWSKI

Alright here we go!

He tilts his crystalline porcupine head forward to grab the lone glass on the bar with his teeth. Pulling his head back and up with his arms extended out to each side, he downs the full shot and then slams the glass back down on the bar. Then he pulls off the other four stuck shot glasses. Pop, pop, pop, pop. There are four red circles on his face like a Gasey clown painting.

MR BUKOWSKI (CONT.)

Ah, hah hah hah!

MRS BUKOWSKI

Hands on head.

Oh no. Here we go.

JIMMY

Handshake.

You're the coolest Polack I ever met in my life.

MR BUKOWSKI

Set 'em up again. Our first cruise.

MRS BUKOWSKI

Well, I'm back to the cabin. It's starting to get too wild in here.

MR BUKOWSKI

Oh, come on. I'll settle down. Come on, stay.

MRS BUKOWSKI

Oh yeah. That will last for about two minuets. Really, I've got a headache.

MR BUKOWSKI

See you later. Go to sleep on your stomach. I'll wake you up later.

MRS BUKOWSKI

Men. On that note. I'm off. Thanks Jimmy.

JIMMY

Good night Mrs B.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT.

Fredrico is supervising 2 ITALIANS throwing bags of garbage into the ocean.

CUT TO:

Jamacian #2 with his face covered in bandages comes into the galley and grabs an ice pick from an ICE SCULPTURE station.

Jamacian #1 is cooking with his back turned towards the entrance.

Jamacian #2 taps him on the back and as Jamacian #2 turns around he is stabbed in the heart with the ice pick.

Fredrico and 2 Italians wrestle Jamacian #1 to the floor.

FREDRICO

Call security and the ships doctor.

FADE TO:

The Three Greek Stewards bring Riki up to Fredrico.

FREDRICO

What is this? I just got rid of two of them.

GREEK STEWARD #1

This man has been assigned to the galley during the days and will spend the evenings in the brig for corporal punishment.

FREDRICO

Well, take him to the brig. It is night already.

GREEK STEWARD #1

The Captain thought you could use an extra man with the catering of your ballroom party.

FREDRICO

Ah yes. We can use an extra hand slopping dirty dishes that is true. Hmm, what did you do?

RIKI

I didn't do anything. I was set up.

FREDRICO

Set up? Hmmm. Must be pretty bad. Did you kill some rich little old Lady and her smelly pet?

GREEK STEWARD #2

Prisoner's not allowed to discuss any details of this case pending the trial.

FREDRICO

Now I know it is serious. Okay, get over there and help Urbano

FREDRICO (CONT.)
to pour the soup in those dishes.
Best stay away from me while you
are down here.

The Stewards leave.

Fredrico watches Riki helping Urbano the cook ladle the
soup into dishes on a cart.

FREDRICO (CONT.)
I know this old lady on board. I
hope you kill her. If you do, maybe
I have new respect for you.

Fredrico sees Egidio, a diminutive Italian waiter, walking
past the doorway.

FREDRICO (CONT.)
Hey!

Fredrico sticks his head out the doorway.

FREDRICO (CONT.)
Hey, Egidio!

Egidio comes back.

EGIDIO
Que?

FREDRICO
I want you to find out what this
Island man did to come down to
my galley.

EGIDIO
I know what he did. I was on that
deck when it happened.

FREDRICO
I am waiting---

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT.

Bridgett, by now completely toasted, reaches over the bar to hug Jimmy and falls out of her chair on the floor. The Greek Commander helps her to her feet.

JIMMY

Ah, Bridgett I don't think that
would be a good idea.

Samantha and the Pakistani #1 are watching and really eating it up.

GREEK COMMANDER

Common let's go to your room.

BRIDGETTE

No. I want to stay here with Jimmy.

The Captain comes up.

CAPTIAN

Is there any trouble here?

GREEK COMMANDER

No sir. I am just escorting Miss
Qualhorst to her cabin.

BRIDGETTE

I want to stay here with Jimmy.

CAPTIAN

Well Madame, seeing how Mesuer'
Collings is on duty until one O
clock, maybe you could just come
back then and talk to him. Okay?

BRIDGETTE

Okay then.

The Greek Commander leaves with Bridgett in tow.

The Captain gives Jimmy an exasperated look and is about to open his mouth when the Captain's date, the stately REDHEAD woman comes over and leads him by the arm.

JIMMY

Wiping brim, Goofy smile.
Saved by the bell.

SAM

'Very thin bell at that. A squeaker.
You lucky wanker.

FADE TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT.

The band is winding down with Benny Goodman's "Rose Room".
Mr Bukowski is talking to the Pakistani #1 MOS at the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE AREA BEHIND THE BAR - NIGHT.

Jimmy is in the back storage area cleaning up some bar mats in the galvanized sink. A couple of wet bar mats are still on the wet floor and it is unsteady footing.

Pakistani #1 comes up to Jimmy.

PAKISTANI # 1

Jimmy.

JIMMY

Looking down.
Gimme a couple of seconds okay?
Oh, hey. What's up? The bar
'alright?

PAKISTANI #1

Yes, the bar is alright. Everybody
winding down now. Most everybody
gone. Ah---I have to tell you something.

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah. Hold your weenie.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT.

The room is empty now with the sole exception of the DRUMMER who is toting his two-wheeler full of drum cases out the door.

Mr Bukowski is sitting at the bar weeping uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK STORAGE AREA - NIGHT.

JIMMY

Good. Uh, what's up Hadji?

PAKISTANI #1

That Man in white suit at bar---

JIMMY

Mister Bukowski, yeah he's pretty tanked up, we might hafta' cut him off---even though we've only got thirty minutes left for the bar to be open.

PAKISTANI #1

Blurts out. Now
really desperate.

He offered to pay me fifty dollars
for him to suck my dick.

DISOLVE TO:

INT. BALLROOM BAR - NIGHT.

Show Mr Bukowski propositioning Pakistani #1.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK STORAGE AREA - NIGHT.

JIMMY

He should have offered you a hundred!
Ba bap boom.

Pause

JIMMY (CONT.)

Hey, I'm just kiddin'. Really? He
wanted to blow you?

PAKISTANI #1

Shaking.

Yes. I was very offended. It's never
happened to me before.

JIMMY

Stupid smile.

No doubt. I would be too. Fifty
dollars. That's weird he sure as
hell don't look the type. No offense,
I mean, you know what I mean.

PAKISTANI #1

I'm not going back out to the bar.

JIMMY

I'll go see what's going on.

PAKISTANI #1

Thank you Mister Jimmy.

Jimmy enters the bar.

JIMMY

Stupid smile.

You're date left. Just kiddin'.
Heh heh.

PAKISTANI #1

Still shaking.

Good. I've still got some more work
to do.

JIMMY

Yeah, let's close up this fucking dump.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT.

The ship's lighting is very sparse and indirect. The moon is full and very bright like a sun.

Jimmy, Mr Lee and Andru' are sitting in a bench seat along the side of the ship's outer deck. All three have their ties untied. They are passing around a bottle of champagne. Mr Lee has a bottle of Johnny Walker Black and he is washing it down with the champagne in plastic cups and passing a joint.

There is an inset where they are sitting at the railing of the deck where you can see the outside of the third deck below.

Sitting on the other side of Andru', almost out of sight is Mr Tong drinking a glass of champagne.

Mr Kim, his sketch-pad laying next to him, is sitting with Pakistani #1 and Pakistani #2.

JIMMY

What a night.

MR LEE

Brother, you said it.

ANDRU'

Oh, I meant to say "thank you" before. About the casino thing. Your timing couldn't have been any worse.

JIMMY

Sorry Andru'. How was I to know they'd react like that?

ANDRU'

John Lennon. English guys. Duh.

ANDRU' (CONT.)

Tell me about the rabbits George.
Tell me about the rabbits.

MR LEE

Hee hee. Rabbits! Andru' you so
suave. Very knowledgeable about
all things.

JIMMY

Yeah, I guess I should have thought
about that. Rabbits? Oh shit, I
just thought about something.

MR LEE

You start to think? Oh no, please---
Just drink. No try to think.

JIMMY

I told this English girl Samantha
earlier about Lennon's death earlier.
She probably reacted the same except
I didn't even notice.

ANDRU'

Yeah, I'm sure she did if she was
a Beatles Fan. Maybe even worse.

JIMMY

Man. Dumb dumb dumb.

MR LEE

Andru' what do you think will
happen to Riki?

ANDRU'

He'll end up in a stateside
prison unless the woman drops
the charges.

JIMMY

If she gets the money she probably
won't press charges.

MR LEE

Oh no. To make it look one hundred
per cent legitimate the white woman

MR LEE (CONT.)

and her lawyer will have to prosecute.
Riki will have to eat shit.

ANDRU'

I'm afraid Mister Lee, you are correct. That's exactly the way I'm afraid it will go down. And with Riki not having any high powered attorney to help him, he will be screwed.

JIMMY

That's royally fucked.

MR TONG

That's life. Royally fucked.

Everyone except Mr Lee jump and then react as if EF Hutton just spoke.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT.

Riki is by himself scrubbing stacks and stacks of gigantic pots and pans. He is bent over the industrial sinks in the back of the galley.

The walk-in refrigerator is open and inside we see many sides of beef, pork hanging from metal hooks from the ceiling and the dead Jamacian #2.

Fredrico is in the foreground chopping up some steaks on a wooden chop table.

He is having some trouble with a portion of the beef thigh and stops for a moment to regard the inept bloody meat cleaver.

Fredrico looks over to Riki across the long room.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT.

JIMMY

Lower.

I've never heard Mister Tong ever speak a word. I thought he was mute.

MR LEE

It's not how much he speaks but The content of what he says that matters with Mr Tong.

JIMMY

What did he do before he came here?

MR LEE

Mister Tong devout Buddhist all his life. Mister Tong only Korean I know that serve with Red Army that eventually invaded Tibet and ended the Dali Lama's reign there. Although he not with actual army when this happen, he never forgive Chairman Mao. Or himself for his initial association. He make his way to Shanghai and work on boats as penitence for his disgrace in eyes of Buddha.

JIMMY

Wowee. What a story. I know you came from Manchuria. What were you doing before you came here?

MR LEE

Oh, you don't need to be hearing all these Eastern tales of woe.

JIMMY

I'm really interested.

MR LEE

You sure?

JIMMY

Yes. Go on.

MR LEE

Very well---

Long, almost David Lynch Eraserhead-like pause.

MR LEE (CONT.)

I never ask you as long as I see
you here on boat. Why you come here
to work?

ANDRU'

The sea. The money. The woman. All
three. No sad story here. I'm happy
to be here.

JIMMY

Me too. Mostly the babes.

MR LEE

That makes me happy just hearing
you say that. Such a carefree
agenda. That truly worthwhile
endeavor that make me forget about
pain---the hunt for big boobs.

JIMMY

Salute!

Everybody laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT.

Fredrico switches and picks up a vicious looking electric
chain (ice carvings) saw to properly address the bone.

After he loudly shears through the bone, and is covered in
blood and white gristle, he looks back over to Riki.

Riki has begun to notice Fredrico's overt display of
malevolence.

The other 3 Italians come into the room.

RIKI

Well. Uh, I guess I need to be going to the brig. I finished here.

FREDRICO

Not quite. We're not finished with You. We need to talk with you about going into defenseless women's cabins and raping them..

The 3 Italians come in close to grab Riki.

RIKI

I was set up. You ask Andru.

FREDRICO

We were all set up.

Fredrico slowly walks toward Riki who is being held by the 3 Italians with the chain-saw loudly screaming.

CUT TO:

INT. GARBAGE DUMP - NIGHT.

3 ITALIAN MEN are dumping bags of garbage over the edge.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT.

We hear the whining of the electric chainsaw.

We see Fredrico's face and come down very close to the chainsaw to see the whirling teeth and small sparks are flying.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT.

We see the moon, the dark ocean and the cruise liner in the immediate distance.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT.

We see Fredrico's blood shot eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP DECK - NIGHT.

JIMMY

Mr Lee have you ever seen any sea monsters out here since you been working on the boats?

MR LEE

I knew someone that shipped out of Okinawa that was on trawler that netted something that look just like Loc Ness Monster. They were northwest of Australia. Big body, four paddle fins, long neck like giraffe with strange head with sharp teeth. It was huge.

JIMMY

Really?

MR LEE

Oh yes. They send helicopter from associated press to photograph. By the time the trawler got back to Japan, It had all rotted away and all that was left was the skull.

ANDRU'

I knew one of the Norwegian engineers that told me of a ship that they found up in the Baltic that was abandoned and had saucer

ANDRU' (CONT.)
size suction cup marks all over
it from a giant squid.

MR LEE
Oh yes. I hear of that in South
China Sea. Same thing. Giant squid
come up from great depths and eat
everybody on board ship like Dim
Sung on floating Hors de Overe's
tray.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT.

We see the cruise liner going farther away in the distance.
The choppy water is very murky.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT.

Over the PA loud speaker.

CAPT BOUVIER (OS)
Attention, this is the Captian,
all passengers and crew members
please return to your cabins or
emergency stations. The Coast Guard
has issued a hurricane warning. We
will keep you apprised of the situation.
Thank you.

Samantha comes walking up. She walks first over to Mr Kim
and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

Then Sam walks towards the railing where a cardboard case
of champagne is next to Mr Tong, and Mr Lee, Andru' and
Jimmy are sitting a little farther away.

SAM
Hello boys. Got any more of that?

ANDRU'

Sure. We have a half case that
Fredrico let us have that he had
left over from the big ballroom
bash.

Andru' hand signals Mr Tong who reaches into the cardboard
box and fills a glass with champagne.

SAM

Oh good. That Fredrico must be
a good lot.

JIMMY

Like a stolen glass of wine, He's
best appreciated while running.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT.

The chainsaw is still screaming and Fredrico is still
walking towards Riki.

The cord goes taut.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT.

SAM

Pardon me?

JIMMY

What did you fart? Just a little
inside joke.

SAM

Fuck off!

Mr Tong has poured Sam a glass of champagne, comes over and
hands it to Sam.

SAM

Thank you.

MR TONG

You welcome.

JIMMY

Ah, you wanna sit down?

SAM

Sure. On your bloody face!

JIMMY

With shit eatin'
grin.

That's my date. She's all class.
All low.

SAM

W/ sexy smile.
Hello and fuck you Jimmy Collings.

MR LEE, ANDRU', MR TONG

Hello.

JIMMY

What was that with Mr Kim?

SAM

Nothing. Just saying hello.

JIMMY

Hey, I just wanted to say I'm
sorry about John Lennon and all.
I just didn't think when I told
you down on the deck how much
it probably hurt you.

SAM

That's alright. I had a bit of a
good cry.

JIMMY

Yeah, it's too bad. I wasn't
thinking when I told you. I
should have been more---

SAM

Subtle?

JIMMY

That's the word. Yeah, I should have been that. Would you like to take a walk?

SAM

I'd love to.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Fredrico is still walking towards Riki

The cord finally pulls out of the wall.

The saw grinds to a stop.

Fredrico looks at the saw and goes berserk.

FREDRICO

Goddamn motherfuckin' son of a bitchin' worthless piece of crap. How do they expect you to work like this? Goddamn it. Fuckin' short ass cords. Why don't they make these goddamn things with batteries? Motherfuck!

He smashes the saw into the floor and then steps a few steps forward and smashes it into the prepping table into the overhead hanging pots. He then hurls it away and it hits the back wall with a loud CRASH.

Then, Fredrico comes towards Riki holding his hands out like meat hooks before him.

With the look on Fredrico's blood and gristle covered face, Riki almost wishes the plugged-in saw was still acting as a buffer between himself and Fredrico.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT.

Sam and Jimmy are smooching.

SAM

We should have done this before.

JIMMY

Shut up and don't stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALLEY DECK - NIGHT.

We come in close to see Riki pulled out of the galley door onto the outside deck by Fredrico and the 3 Italians.

CU They struggle with Riki who is desperately trying to get away.

Fredrico is leading the way while the 3 Italians cover Riki's mouth and carry him towards the aft of the boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT.

Sam who is leaning on the railing to look for the hurricane with Jimmy's arms around her, happens to look down and sees Riki and the Italians struggling on the deck below.

SAM

Softly

Hey! Look at this.

JIMMY

Softly.

Hey what the fuck is that?

Just before they go out of view, under some decking, we see the 3 Italians, who are holding Riki's mouth shut and his feet up off the decking.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT.

The Italians with Riki move down the deck.

Fredrico following them, glances up.

Jimmy pulls his head back out of sight.

When Jimmy looks down below again, they are gone. They are gone so fast that Jimmy doubts he even witnessed the event.

JIMMY

With scared shitless
look.

Did you see that?

SAM

Has the same look.

Yes.

Jimmy and Sam lean over a little more to see to watch what's happening.

JIMMY

Man, we gotta go.

SAM

What is it?

JIMMY

They did it. They threw him
overboard.

SAM

Let's go to my room it's closer.

Jimmy stops and throws a life preserver overboard.

SAM

What are you bloody doin'?

JIMMY

You never know.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT.

The white hat floats up and breaks the surface of the water.

Far to the left, we see the lights of the silhouetted cruise ship and very far off---

to the right are the first rays of early dawn.

CUT TO:

JIMMY

Can I take a shower?

SAM

Help yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S CABIN - DAY

Early morning. Jimmy is showering in a very nice shower. He gets out with the towel wrapped around his waist.

A sleeping bag is laying next to Sam's small cot-like bed. Sam is already in the bed with the covers pulled over her.

Jimmy lays down and gets into the bag.

JIMMY

Hey thanks again Sam. I'll see You later.

SAM

Sure. Get some sleep.

We start to FADE TO but then---

SAM

Oh, the hell with this.

Sam, naked, rolls out of her bed onto the sleeping bag and jumps on Jimmy.

JIMMY

Yaaa! Holy cow.

SAM

You didn't think you were getting off that easy did you?

FADE TO:

INT. SAMS CABIN - DAY.

We see the inside of the cabin door.
Knock, knock, knock. Andru' walks in the room.

ANDRU'

Hey Jimmy mon. Captain wants to see you.

We see Sam laying in the sleeping bag and Jimmy's feet are beside her head.

Jimmy pushes the flap of the sleeping bag to expose his head with Sam's feet beside his face.

JIMMY

Huh? What?

ANDRU'

You need to get dressed and over to the Captain's quarters. Now.

JIMMY

What's up?

ANDRU'

I have no idea. I don't know.
Captain said within the hour.

JIMMY

Okay. I'll be there.

ANDRU'

You know you're not supposed to be in here.

JIMMY

Yeah, I know.

SAM

It's my fault, really.

ANDRU'

Well it doesn't matter whose fault it is. I don't think this is what he wants to see you about.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALLEY - DAY.

Jimmy is passing the galley. He stops and looks in the door.

JIMMY

Immigration! Ha ha ha.

20 CREW MEN scatter.

Jimmy comes away from the door and turns around to go back the other direction and runs headlong into Fredrico's chest who is standing right there.

FREDRICO

That's the last time.

JIMMY

Okay, okay I promise.

FREDRICO

Oh well then, let me fix you up
Some breakfast.

JIMMY

Oh no, really that's alright, I've
got to be going.

FREDRICO

Oh no, I insist. My treat.

Fredrico drags Jimmy to the galley door hatch and pushes him through the door.

Fredrico is now behind Jimmy with his arms on Jimmy's shoulders leading Jimmy over to the prepping area.

There is a long pause as Fredrico looks at Jimmy.

FREDRICO (CONT.)

Well isn't this nice. Just the two of us. Oh I forget, let me get you some coffee.

There is a Mr Coffee machine on an inset table and Fredrico pours a cup of coffee.

FREDRICO (CONT.)

Cream or sugar?

JIMMY

Goofy smile.
Black and hot like my women.

FREDRICO

You know why I ask you to come in here?

JIMMY

Ah, no.

Fredrico comes back over to Jimmy and gives him the cup of coffee.

FREDRICO

Careful. It's hot. I hear things and I just want you to know we are still friends.

JIMMY

What things?

FREDRICO

You have not heard?

JIMMY

No.

FREDRICO

Oh well, I let Captain tell you.
I just want to say I am sorry for
chasing you around yesterday and
maybe I come to visit you in your
Connecticut some day.

JIMMY

Oh, Ah, I'd like that.

FREDRICO

Good. We are still friends then?

JIMMY (VO)

Whew, now I know that Fredrico didn't
see us, throwing Riki overboard.

JIMMY (CONT.)

Yes.

FREDRICO

That makes me feel much better. I
like you Jimmy boy. I always have.
It would make me so sad afterwards
to have something bad happen to you.
You understand?

JIMMY

Yes. I'm glad we are friends too.

FREDRICO

That's it. You can go.

Jimmy starts to walk away.

JIMMY

Yells.

Immigration!

Fredrico walks behind the prep table, picks up the butcher
knife and starts to cut a head of lettuce but stops.

FREDRICO

Jimmy. Come back here.

JIMMY

No way.

FREDRICO

You forget your coffee.

JIMMY

Fuck the coffee.

Jimmy runs.

Mr Fredrico smiles and picks up the butcher knife and starts whacking, with great ferocity, the heads of lettuce lined up in a row on the metal prep table.

As Jimmy gets to the hatchway he turns and takes one look back at Mr Fredrico who, almost on cue, stops whacking and takes the knife, substituting it for his hand, to give a little salute and wink.

FREDRICO

Chow, Jim boy.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAINS CABIN - DAY.

In the stateroom is the Captain sitting behind his desk and the Greek Commander from the ballroom the night before who is sitting to the side of his desk. There is a cup of coffee in front of each man.

JIMMY

Yes sir?

CAPTAIN

I just wanted to let you know that when we pull into Miami in a couple of hours, you will be getting off the boat for good. We have appreciated your good work on the ship but we cannot tolerate incidents of fraternization such as the one last night, going unpunished.

JIMMY

What?

CAPTAIN

Your services will no longer be
required here on the S. S. Whitefish.

Jimmy looks around and sees the look of satisfaction of the
Greek Commander's face that left with Bridgett the night
before.

JIMMY

I didn't even have anything to do
with her and he knows it!

CAPTAIN

That will be all. Thank you.

JIMMY (CONT.)

This is bullshit.

CAPTAIN

Monsuire Collings, belay those
adjectives. You're dismissed.

The captain hits a little maritime court martial bell with
a small mallet. Two lessor Greek Commanders come into the
room and grab Jimmy---

CAPTAIN (CONT.)

You will be escorted to your room
and when we dock you will be escorted
off the ship.

---and pull him out of the room. The Captain and main Greek
Commander continue their morning conversation MOS as we
pull back.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY.

One of the Greek Commanders is standing outside of Jimmy's
cabin.

Jimmy is laying on his bunk. Mr Lee comes in.

MR LEE

I heard. About you.

JIMMY

Not much I can do about it.

MR LEE

Well maybe we have a little
going away drink.

He mixes to glasses of Welsh whiskey and sits down on the
pickle bucket next to Jim's bed.

JIMMY

I know most of the people that
are working here because they
are more or less indentured servants
---no offense---

MR LEE

None taken. I know what you mean.

JIMMY

---You know, they have to work here.
But, I'm really going to miss working
here on this ship. That was one of
my dreams; to bartend. I never
thought really about anything else.
You know meeting and talking to
exciting people. Mixing their drinks.

MR LEE

Exciting drunk people.

JIMMY

Well there is that drawback, of
course. But even when they are
bombed out of their minds, people
are more likely to say something
to their bartender that they would
never reveal to anyone else. You
hear things you would never hear
anywhere else. Things that really
affect you.

MR LEE

You would make good psychiatrist.

JIMMY

It that it? Maybe. Here's to my last voyage.

MR LEE

Last voyage. Boy, that sounds nice. I hope mine comes soon. I would love to come back to one of these ships as a tourist passenger, lay by the pool, play the slots, chase women and get bombed out of my mind without worrying about being fired.

JIMMY

It will happen one of these days Mr Lee. If you really want it.

They drink their shots.
Pause.

JIMMY

We were lucky we missed the hurricane.

MR LEE

And how.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - DAY.

Docked ship back in port. Disembarking passengers. The two Greek Commanders escort Jimmy down the walkway to the pier. There are 50 PASSENGERS with luggage disembarking. As Jimmy walks away from the ship he sees MRS BUKOWSKI standing by herself with his and her luggage.

JIMMY

Hello Missus B. Where's Mister B?
Getting a cab or something?

MRS BUKOWSKI

I haven't seen him since last night. We searched all over Hell and a half acre for him this morning before we docked and haven't been able to find him. I don't know what to do.

JIMMY

I'm really sorry. He seemed pretty happy when I saw him last at the bar. He's gotta be around here somewhere.

MRS BUKOWSKI

I'm going to wait for as long as I can and then I've got to go call the harbor police or something.

JIMMY

Well, jeez there's a cop up at the end of the pier. I'll send him back to you if you want. Okay?

MRS BUKOWSKI

Thank you. Yes, please.

JIMMY

Well, hang in there. He'll turn up. 'Probably sleeping under a life boat or some place they forgot to look.

We see Jimmy's face as he walks away from Mrs Bukowski to indicate that he believes that he did jump overboard.

CUT TO:

INT. HILLTOP BAR - NIGHT.

Jimmy is really drunk and wearing a wide mariachi hat beating on a Dezi Arnez "Babaloo" drum draped over his shoulder.

JIMMY

Singing.

---A knight without armor in a
savage land. His gun is for hire
reads the card of a man. Paladin.
Paladin, Paladin where do you roam.
Paladin, Paladin far, far from home---

As are Andru', Mr Lee, Sam, Mr Kim, Mr Tong, Pakistani 1 &
2, who are following Jimmy in a conga line and singing with
the mariachi Band who is playing a samba version of the
theme from "Have Gun Will Travel".

They flop down at their table.

ANDRU'

Well, it's been so nice knowing
you Jimmy but I gotta get back to
the boat.

MR LEE

Yes Jim. Very nice knowing you.
Take care.

JIMMY

Man, I'm gonna' miss you guys.

MR TONG

Bye.

PAKISTANI #1

Be careful.

PAKISTANI #2

Yes, take care Jimmy. Thanks for
everything.

They leave.

SAM

Well, I really should go.

They kiss.

JIMMY

You know, I sure would like to
sneak on board one last time.

SAM

Well, I'm sure you could. And
Make it off before anyone even
knew you were on board. You know
as well as anyone, there's hardly
any security.

JIMMY

Yeah, One last time. Lets' go.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMS CABIN - NIGHT.

By the light of a porthole across the cabin, we see Sam
laying on her back. Jimmy, who is on the far side of Sam
from us, lifts up a bit on his elbows to look her in the
face.

JIMMY

You know, I haven't known you
for very long but I feel like
I would like to see more of you.

SAM

That would be nice. How would
you do that? You're off the boat.

JIMMY

Well, I could get a job bartending
on shore and when you come into
port we could see each other. Or---
you could quit the boat and get
a job on shore too.

SAM

It's a nice thought but I have
to work on the boat to serve out
a sentence.

JIMMY

Oh.

Pause

JIMMY (CONT.)

Well, maybe I could just get a
job on shore and like I said,
see you when you come in.

SAM

Look, Jimmy, I'm really not ready to make any kind of commitment right now. I'm just not mentally prepared for a relationship. What we have right now at this moment is precious to me. Let's just leave it at that. Okay?

JIMMY

Just sex?

SAM

A friendly squirt in the bloomers if you like. Nothing more, okay?

CUT TO:

EXT. GARGAGE DUMP - EXT.

3 CHINESE MEN are dumping black garbage bags over the side.

FADE TO:

INT. SAMS CABIN - DAY.

We see the door. We also see the ocean through a port hole. There is a Knock, knock, knock. Andru' walks in the room.

ANDRU'

Captain wants to see you.

Sam is laying in the bed and bottom covers fly up and Jimmy is laying there with his head towards the foot of the bed.

JIMMY

Huh? What? Oh, shit!

ANDRU'

We're way past the three-mile mark where we cannot turn back and the Captain has become aware that you are still on board. I

MR LEE

I said Jim not an employee anymore. He sign necessary documents at office. He is not an employee of cruise lines and he is an American citizen not like us where you can put us off where ever you want because you hold onto our passports. He has to be returned to the United States point of origin. You do not have authority over him. You screwed.

CAPTAIN

I can do what I want.

MR LEE

Yes, you can do what you want. Far be it from me, a lowly Chinese laundry man to tell you different, but if you want to retain your commission of this ship when we return to mainland, you will not touch this man.

The Greek Commanders are not pleased. The Captain is pleased even less.

CAPTAIN

Then, get him out of here! I don't want to see him any of the four days out to sea got it?

MR LEE

Got it. Common Jimmy, you tourist now. You could be just in time for the Keno game up on deck two. They start in fifteen minuets.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABANA BAR - DAY.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

At one thirty in the ballroom second deck, shuffle board, skeet shooting on aft deck. Three

ANNOUNCER (OS CONT.)

second deck, we will be holding
a discussion about Three O' clock
will be the shuffleboard tournament
on deck one. Four thirty there
will be a cooking class with guest chef
from New Orleans Mark Boudroux.
Five O clock on the second deck
by the pool we will be having
water dance aerobics. Bring your
water wings.

Jimmy is sitting at the bar. Behind the bar is Andru'.
Pakistani#1 and Pakistani #2, Mr Tong, Mr Lee, Sam, Mr Kim,
Mick and Ian the photographers, The Greek Commanders and
the Captain are standing off to the side watching futility.

JIMMY

To all my friends. Here's to a
successful four day cruise. As a
tourist!

Mr Lee, above all else, is cheering the loudest. We come up
and away to see the whole ship on the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY.

We are looking straight up to see a flared-lens view of a
blue sky with the clouds shooting by/time lapse. We come
back to real time and then up to 48 fps as a SEAGULL comes
straight down towards our face.

CU From the side/back to 24 fps. The gull lands and begins
eating from a $\frac{3}{4}$ devoured red fish carcass that is laying
across a very still black man's belly floating in the
ocean.

The gull is really going to town at the fish flesh, giving
the impression that the black person is dead underneath the
fish, when a black hand comes into frame and tiredly swipes
at the bird.

RIKI

Get out of here you flying rat
of the sea.

The bird flies off squawking.

We come back to see Riki laying on his back across an S.S.
Whitefish life preserver and wearing Mr Bukowski's
bedraggled white hat.

RIKI

A seagull!

We come back to see Riki roll over on the preserver to see
in the very far distance some sort of land.

We come way up to see the land is not an island but the
United States.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY.

2 LITTLE BLACK GIRLS are playing in the tide amidst
floating Styrofoam debris S.S. WHITEFISH.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

CREDITS ROLL

