

No Way To Go!

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE JUNGLE - YUCATAN - MEXICO - DAY

Moving slow and low through the thick undergrowth of the jungle. Beams of sunlight pierce down through the canopy high above.

A coatimundi ambles by -- sniffs at a bottle of asthma inhalant laying on the jungle floor -- runs into the underbrush. Ahead in a small clearing are five men.

Three of the men are MEXICAN ASSASSINS -- two are Americans. The Americans are on their knees -- almost praying -- their clothing is soiled and torn.

Two of the Mexicans raise their guns to the heads of the Americans. One of the Mexicans -- obviously in charge -- wears an Armani sport jacket with matching pants and shoes. He is holding a Chihuahua dog.

The Americans are JAMES STAADECKER -- handsome, dark hair -- a well built -- thirty-something. His friend, GEORGE TUTTS -- a paunchy thirty-something.

JAMES

You crazy bastards. We didn't want anybody killed.

George is frantically padding his pockets looking for something. He is slapped in the head by one of the Mexicans. He stops looking -- gingerly puts his hands up.

GEORGE

(gasping for breath)
OK, OK, take it easy.
(beat)
Jimmy.

JAMES

My God, you're all insane!

GEORGE

JIMMY!

JAMES

What!

GEORGE

You're pissing off the natives.

George delicately points -- one of the Mexicans sneers at them exposing his gold teeth. All three Mexicans pull the hammers back on their pistols.

JAMES

Look, if it's money you want name
your price, just stop trying
to.....to kill my brother.

James turns to face the head assassin -- the business end of
a large pistol is awkwardly stuck into his eye.

JAMES

OK, OK, OK at least let us explain.
Comprende?

The assassins slowly lower their guns.

JAMES

Good, good now ya see it all
started with the death of my father
six months ago.....

GEORGE

(can barely talk)
Yea, right after the funeral.

FADE TO:

INT. SIX MONTHS EARLIER - STAADECKER HOME - BRENTWOOD, CA -
MORNING

A collection of photographs is lined up across a console
table -- a wall -- a mantle. A black & white photograph shows
two young boys and their father Trent Staadecker Sr. -- all
are wearing baseball gear.

More photos going forward in time -- birthdays -- graduations
-- the father's business -- their mom.

A final photograph -- their father is gaunt and pale sitting
in a wheelchair. The family is somberly gathered around him.

FADE TO:

EXT. MT. SINAI CEMETERY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

A cantor is singing the El Mobai Rachamin prayer as a dry,
brown leaf falls from a tall tree. The leaf slowly floats
downward -- lands upon a plain wooden casket.

A large group of people are gathered for a funeral. The men
are wearing yarmulkes. James and his brother TRENT STAADECKER
JR. are standing with other family members by the coffin.

Trent is questionably handsome -- dark hair -- in his late
thirties. Trent moves forward -- exactingly removes the leaf
and straightens a bunch of flowers laying across the casket.

RABBI

We are here today to bid a final
farewell to a beloved father,
husband and good friend
Trent...Joseph...Staadecker.

A lady starts to blubber.

RABBI

What is the measure of a man if not
his deeds in life and the results
of those deeds. And who...I say,
and who mind you keeps track of all
those deeds? Why the hearts and
minds of every family member and
friend, that's who.

Therefore, I can tell you all
without reservation that your
hearts and minds are full of it
today because of this man. Even
though in his final years his
memory of those deeds and the faces
of family and friends were taken
from him he, none the less, lives
on in the hearts and minds of all
of you.

Living on is every memory of every
action, of each conversation and in
every one of the life encounters
that you shared with this, this
most admired man, father and
husband.

Everyone recites the Mourner's Kaddish -- the casket is
lowered. The Rabbi nods to Trent -- he moves forward throwing
several shovels of earth over the casket.

Trent and James' mother begins to cry uncontrollably. James
comforts her -- George is by his side. Trent looks down at
the casket then straight ahead in a catatonic way.

INT. A LOCAL BAR - THAT AFTERNOON AFTER THE FUNERAL

Trent, James and George are at a local watering hole. A big
screen is on in the background with the game.

BARTENDER

Name your poison fellas.

JAMES

Just give me a draft Harry.

GEORGE

Same for me.

Bartender looks at Trent -- a painful expectant expression.

TRENT

Make mine scotch. A double.

The bartender brings them the drinks. Trent carefully straightens a jar of swizzle sticks and other items at the waitress station on the bar. The bartender dries a glass not taking his eyes off of Trent.

JAMES

Well, it's finally over.

TRENT

Thank God for that, I only wish I would have spent more time with him when it mattered. I was so God damn thick headed.

JAMES

You were both thick headed. Besides, you came back when it mattered for Mom, for us and the business. Dad would be proud of what you've done.

GEORGE

Yea Trent, don't be so hard on yourself. It takes two people to argue and it takes two people to make up. You needed the time away. Your father was a great man who loved you very much, that's all you need to remember.

TRENT

Thanks George, I just wish he hadn't had to spend his last years like that. Not being aware of himself or his family. Not remembering the great company he built with his own hands. Not enjoying the golden years of his life.

JAMES

That God damn disease is maniacal. It sucks out the very essence of a person, the very soul and leaves nothing but an empty broken shell.

GEORGE

Sorta like my last marriage.

Trent starts to drink -- stops -- examines his glass suspiciously until finding a smudge on the rim. He hands the glass to the bartender -- bartender hesitates.

TRENT

Dirty...Its dirty. You missed a spot.

The bartender is visibly annoyed but replaces his drink. The bartender examines the glass he is cleaning closely and rubs harder.

JAMES

Why our dad of all people? It just doesn't make sense. It's not fare.

TRENT

I don't want to go that way.

JAMES

Excuse me?

GEORGE

What?

TRENT

I said that I don't want to go the way.....the way that dad went, that's no way to go. I don't want to go through that, and I sure as hell don't want my family having to go through it either.

JAMES

Trent, it's been a long day.

TRENT

It's been a long four years helplessly watching his mind go a little piece at a time. I mean it! I don't want to go that way!

People turn and look -- Trent throws back another shot.

GEORGE

OK, OK calm down will ya. Look, you're fine, I'm fine, why worry about something that's probably nothing.

TRENT

They say it's hereditary.

JAMES

Look that might be, but there's no guarantee and anyway they'll probably have a cure by the time we're old and gray. Just look at what we have nowadays compared to just ten years ago. Why there's, come on George help me on this.

GEORGE

Viagra, butt implants, tummy tucks

George looks at his crotch -- starts to point with his finger -- James slaps it away.

JAMES

Alright, alright we get the picture.

TRENT

They say it can happen at any age. I could wake up tomorrow and wham! No memory. I won't know you and I won't know George.

JAMES

Well part of that might not be so bad.

GEORGE

Very funny. Look, Trent, get a grip, Jimmy's right for once, it's been a long day. I sure as hell wouldn't lose any sleep over it.

TRENT

Sleep! It's my fucking mind I'm worried about.

The people in the bar turn and look again.

GEORGE

(whisper)

Jesus Christ Trent calm down! I think you're taking this thing way too seriously. Plus you're on a guilt trip.

JAMES

It's been a long day and he's
talking bullshit. Everything is
gonna work out fine, you'll see.

Trent watches the bartender clean a glass. Suddenly the
bartender morphs into his father -- confused and lost he
turns to Trent.

GEORGE

(to Trent)

What you need is a good night's
sleep. What-a-ya say we get you
home and put you
to...Trent...Trent?

James and George look over at the empty bar stool -- Trent is
running for the bar door.

EXT. A WESTERN GHOST TOWN - OLD WEST

Trent burst out of the swinging doors of a saloon -- runs out
into the middle of the deserted street of a western ghost
town.

Except for his underwear which are pulled down to his knees
he is naked. He quickly pulls up his underwear -- walks
slowly down the main street.

The glass and window frames of every building are busted out
leaving dark gaping holes. He hears whispering voices --
deformed silhouettes dart back and forth inside the darkness
of the buildings.

Overhead dark storm clouds appear to boil in the sky --
tumbleweeds are blown across the street. Trent's FATHER
suddenly appears in a doorway as if being raised liked a
target in a shooting gallery -- DING.

He is wearing a hospital gown and has multiple veins plugged
into a rolling IV stand. He is gaunt, sickly and covered with
sores.

FATHER

Howdy stranger, the way you're
dressed I don't believe you're from
around these parts.

TRENT

Dad, what are you doing here? You
should be...you should be dead.

FATHER

Wait just a darn minute aren't you...no, must be mistaken.

TRENT

But Dad it's me Trent don't you recognize me?

Trent's father puts one elbow on the IV stand -- leans on it -
- looks Trent up and down.

FATHER

Sorry partner don't know no Trent. Hey, you heard the one about the old man?

TRENT

What?

FATHER

This old man is sitting at the bar in a saloon crying his eyes out. A younger man bellies up to the bar and asks him what's the matter.

The old man says, I'm a multimillionaire, I've got a big ole house, land as far as the eye can see and I just married a beautiful blonde bombshell who satisfies me every night in bed whether I like it or not.

The younger man says, Sir, you got everything that a man could want in life. What could be so wrong that you're sitting here in a saloon crying? The old man says, I can't remember where I live.

A loud rim shot comes out of no where, Trent looks around for its source. His father laughs and floats away back into the darkness of the building's interior.

Trent is suddenly wearing a blue hospital gown. Every arm and leg is connected to an I.V. that is dragging behind him. His body is in a state of decay.

TRENT

Dad, don't go, no wait!

Trent points -- two of his fingers fall off.

TRENT

Oh my God!

Trent stumbles further into town dragging the IV stand with him. Two men wearing guns and cowboy outfits come out of the saloon.

They walk bowlegged to the middle of the street. It is James and George.

GEORGE

All right hombre you got to the
count of three to tell us your name
or I'm gonna fill you full of, or
I'm gonna fill you full of
(to James)
What I'm I gonna fill him full of?

JAMES

Lead you idiot, lead.

GEORGE

Lead!

George and James pull their pistols, cock the hammers and level them at Trent's head.

TRENT

No, wait you guys don't shoot, it's
me. It's me...you know who.
Its...ah...

GEORGE

One!

TRENT

Please don't shoot it'll come to me
in a minute I'm sure, please give
me a chance.

JAMES

Two!

TRENT

For God sakes give me a chance to
remember!

Trent starts shaking uncontrollably -- sound of TRICKLING water. Trent has peed himself.

GEORGE

Partner, now that's just plain
disgusting.

GEORGE & JAMES

Three!

There are two loud GUN SHOTS -- smoke covers everything.

HARD CUT:

Trent awakes sitting up quickly -- breathing hard. His TV is still on. The western movie Law & Order with Ronald Reagan is playing. He lifts up the covers -- is relieved to see that he has not urinated in bed.

EXT. ENCINO HILLS - NEXT MORNING

A garage door opens -- Trent pulls an immaculate BMW out of the garage and stops suddenly at the end of the driveway. He rolls down the window -- wipes a smug off of the side mirror.

He adjusts the mirror and continues on. He leaves his neighborhood -- passes Ventura blvd. -- gets onto the 101 freeway -- is quickly swallowed by the thick traffic.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD.- LATER

Trent maneuvers along Wilshire blvd. -- turns onto a side street. At a stop light he is approached by a street person.

STREET PERSON

Hey buddy.

Trent hallucinates -- the street person transforms into his father.

FATHER AS STREET PERSON

Can you tell me my name?
 (father stares at him)
 Who are you? Don't I know you?
 (the street person changes
 back)

STREET PERSON

Clean your window for some change?
 It'll only take a sec.

Trent shakes his head -- comes out of his delusion. The light is green -- someone behind is laying on the horn. The street person leans in with newspaper and a dirty spray bottle.

TRENT

(to the street person)
 DON'T TOUCH THE CAR! Sorry, ah no
 thanks.

DRIVER BEHIND
Hey buddy come on! It's green
already!

Trent drives away.

STREET PERSON
Crazy bastard!

INT. STAADECKER INC. - MINUTES LATER

Trent enters the underground parking lot -- stops at the
security gate.

SECURITY GUARD
Good morning Mr. Staadecker.

Trent's imagination takes over -- the guard transforms into
his father.

SECURITY GUARD AS FATHER
Don't know as we've met before.

TRENT
What did you say?

SECURITY GUARD
Don't know...if you know.

The guard changes back.

SECURITY GUARD
Your tire Mr. Staadecker. It's
getting low.

TRENT
Ah, thanks Alex, thanks.

SECURITY GUARD
Are you OK Mr. Staadecker?

TRENT
Yea, yea I'm fine thanks Alex.

SECURITY GUARD
By the way, sorry to hear about
your dad. He was a good man.

TRENT
Thanks, thanks I appreciate that.

The gate raises -- Trent enters the underground parking
structure.

INT. INSIDE ELEVATOR, STAADECKER, INC. - MINUTES LATER

Trent is on the way up to the top floor. A janitor with a mop and green overalls enters. Trent hallucinates.

JANITOR AS FATHER
 Can you tell me where I live?
 (stares at Trent)
 You look familiar.

Trent stops the elevator before his floor -- runs out -- bumps into a woman employee waiting for the elevator. She looks back -- watches Trent run down the hall before she enters

WOMEN EMPLOYEE
 Mr. Staadecker?

JANITOR
 Boy, that was weird. All I asked him was if he could tell me how to get to the new accountant's office. He ran out like he'd seen a ghost.

WOMAN EMPLOYEE
 His father finally passed away poor dear.

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - SOMETIME LATER

Trent enters his office, shuts the door -- leans against it out of breath. He looks around, finds a plastic bag -- dumps out its contents -- starts breathing in and out of the bag.

TRENT
 (between breaths)
 Get a hold of yourself Trent, you gotta get a grip, got-to-get-a-grip.

He goes to a bar area at the side of his office -- gets some pills and a glass. His hands are shaking -- he pours a shot of Scotch into the glass -- looks at the glass -- puts it down and gets another.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
 (via intercom)
 Good morning Trent.

Trent looks around the office as if God were speaking.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
 Hello, I know you're in there.

TRENT
I'm sorry Marla, good morning.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Are you OK, can I get you
something?

TRENT
No, no I'm fine thanks. What's up?

INT. RECEPTION AREA

A very serious ASIAN GENTLEMAN who looks like Odd Job is
sitting across from Marla's desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Wasami is out here.

TRENT (O.S.)
Wasami?

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
To approve the new layout for the
Ichi Bon commercial spots.

TRENT
Oh yea, get 'em some coffee. I'll
be a few minutes.

RECEPTIONIST
And your brother James?

TRENT
My brother James?

RECEPTIONIST
He's here and would like to see
you.

TRENT
Tell 'em ta come back later.

Trent goes behind his insanely, well ordered desk --
repositions a paper weight -- puts it back to its original
position -- his office door opens.

TRENT
Don't you know what later means?

JAMES

Looks like you're starting early. I thought we were gonna take few days and get our heads clear.

TRENT

I know, I know, I sat around the house then I went to the gym, then I sat around the house some more.

JAMES

Mom's worried about you bro. It's one thing to confide in me but telling mom that "I don't want to end up like dad" crap. Come on give us a break, you're only 39 years old for God's sake. Mom's concerned and so am I.

Trent opens his office door a crack -- scans the reception area with one eyeball.

TRENT

(whispers)

Look I know Mom is concerned just like she is concerned about getting me married to any living, breathing, walking flesh that's wearing a skirt.

JAMES

For your sake she better be orthodox flesh.

TRENT

James listen! They say it can happen at any age and I meant what I said. I don't want to sit around like some empty, mindless shell while a stranger wipes my ass and brushes my teeth.

JAMES

Yea and hopefully not in that order.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Trent, George is here to see you.

TRENT

Great what is this? An intervention?

(he opens the door)

Tell him to come back later.

GEORGE

(George pushes past Trent)
Thought I might find you two here.
What gives?

JAMES

I'm trying to get Mr. Doom and
Gloom here to lighten up a bit.

TRENT

Lighten up, hey I've got legitimate
concerns, concerns that you need to
think about as well.

JAMES

Well I'm not gonna bother. I'm
gonna just take it one day at a
time and make the most of it just
like dad did, just like you should.
Now get a hold of yourself will ya.

TRENT

(pulls them to him by
their collars)
I've got a hold, a hold on reality,
and while I still do I want you two
to promise me something.

Trent checks the door.

TRENT

Look at me Jimmy, look at me George
and promise me, look me in the eyes
and promise me. That one day at a
time shit is fine and good but if I
lose it, I mean truly lose it, lose
my...my memory. I want you guys to
promise that you'll kill me.

JAMES

Now I know you're nuts.

TRENT

I'm dead serious.

George takes a quick hit off of an asthma inhaler -- leans on
Trents desk -- moves some papers. Trent moves him away from
the desk and straightens the papers.

GEORGE

(coughs)
You want us to kill you if you
start losing your mind?

You got a gun in here 'cause I
think we just hit magic hour.

JAMES

I'm not going to murder my own
brother.

TRENT

It's not really murder, think of it
as a mercy killing, you know
euthanasia.

JAMES

Call Kavorkian!

TRENT

No, I need you two to handle it.
You both know me the best. You'll
know if I really start losing it.

George and James hesitate -- look at one another --
reluctantly nod their heads in agreement.

JAMES

OK, OK fine you win. The very first
sign that you're heading south

TRENT

Like Dad did.

JAMES

OK, like dad did, we'll...ah...do
ya.

TRENT

Come on say it, please.

GEORGE & JAMES

(they raise their right
hands)

We promise to...do ya if and when
you lose your mind.

GEORGE

(mumbles to James)

Which at this rate looks to be
sooner then later.

TRENT

Thank you, this means everything to
me.

GEORGE

This is one twisted Hallmark moment.

James and George head for the door.

TRENT

Oh and one more thing. I don't want to know anything.

JAMES

Meaning?

TRENT

I don't want to know how or when it's going to happen.

A calendar on Trent's office wall slowly fades to five and a half months later.

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - FIVE AND A HALF MONTHS LATER

Trent is sitting in his office at a side table with two of his marketing executives.

SALES EXEC ONE

Those are the finals for Waterberry's.

TRENT

What did we end up with? The Maserati, setting sun and Malibu?

SALES EXEC ONE

Of course that sold the whole bundle.

TRENT

It's not sold yet until we get 'em to sign off on these. Take a stack, look 'em over and let's start preparing for the big push. I want this stuff sold in the room the next meeting you two have at their corporate office. Clear?

SALES EXEC TWO

Clear boss.

SALES EXEC ONE

Loud and clear.

INT. ELEVATOR - SIMULTANEOUSLY

James is in the elevator heading up to Trent's office. He is unabashedly reading a copy of Maxim. In the elevator with him is a very tall, beautiful brunette.

She gives James a hard stare. James stops reading -- leans against the elevator wall -- undresses her with his eyes.

JAMES

Hi ya.

BRUNETTE

Excuse me?

JAMES

You look familiar have I seen you up here before.

(beat)

No wait, don't tell me, you must be going to fill in for Marla while she's on vacation. What a pleasant surprise. I didn't know my brother had such an eye for the obvious.

BRUNETTE

The obvious?

JAMES

(looks her up and down)
Obviously.

BRUNETTE

And your brother is?

JAMES

Trent...Trent Staadecker.

BRUNETTE

OK and the obvious?

JAMES

Ah, well you know, it's...it's a complement.

James squirms a moment -- his cell phone rings.

JAMES

Hello, hi Ron how's it going. Yea I know, I know. You're having lunch with who? Yea, she's one of their secret weapons.

Right, who needs a pitch when you got legs that long and ah, right, two of those to go with it. OK then have fun and don't do anything that I haven't already.

Snaps his phone shut.

BRUNETTE
Are you for real?

JAMES
(looks at his cell phone)
Come on it's just business you know how it is.

BRUNETTE
All too well.

She exits the elevator -- leaves James shaking his head.

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

James enters eyeballing certain pages from his magazine.
Trent sits at the side table going over a file.

MARLA (O.S.)
Trent your two o'clock is here,
Miss Gloria Jimenez, Caribia
Resorts Inc..

TRENT
Give me a few minutes and send her
in. James, did you bring the latest
analysis on Caribia?

James continues looking at the magazine.

TRENT
JAMES!

JAMES
Sorry,
(points to his head)
It's all in here brother.

TRENT
Aren't you ever gonna grow up? A
ten million dollar plus account and
you rely on memory? Brilliant.

JAMES
Come on, it's not like it's a new
account.

Dad and old man Jimenez were doing business when we were still in diapers.

TRENT

Well for one of us things haven't changed much have they?

JAMES

Ouch, big brother.

TRENT

Look, that's precisely why it's important we are prepared. Jimenez's daughter Gloria has taken over since Jimenez died last year. You remember Gloria?

JAMES

Oh yea, kind of a gangly, hard core tomboy as I recall. Come ta think of it I think we only played with her because of Dad and the biz.

TRENT

Look, you keep your twisted recollection of the past to yourself. She's running the company, so we need to treat_

JAMES

I figured she'd grow up to be a pro golfer or a talk show host or something. Hey, didn't she have the hotsies for you?

TRENT

Look, we were just kids then. Some of us actually made it into adulthood. I'm dead serious, we need this account.

JAMES

I wonder how she turned out? I mean I'm all ears.

TRENT

It shouldn't be that difficult for us to find a concept for the launch of their new resort chain. I'll take the lead on this one myself. You gotta know when to keep your mouth shut and listen.

JAMES

Let's make a bet, come on Trent,
come, come, come, come on.

TRENT

I'm not listening, I'm not
listening!

JAMES

A hundred bucks she has a butch
hair cut, black brief case, plaid
slacks and_
(turns)
Oh boy, I'm really_

GLORIA JIMENEZ is standing behind James. James recognizes her as the women from the elevator. She is drop dead gorgeous, in her early thirties, slender and well built.

GLORIA

Forget about it, it's just
business, you know.

TRENT

Gloria?

(beat)

It, it sure is good to see you
again after all these years.

GLORIA

You too, I...I_

JAMES

I was just leaving. I'll let you
guys catch up.

GLORIA

Oh no you don't, we can all catch
up together.

James reluctantly stays -- submissively slinks to one side -- pulls out a chair for Gloria -- she sits in another chair. Trent is mesmerized by how beautiful Gloria has become.

JAMES

Trent...Trent!

TRENT

I'm sorry.

(clears his throat)

As you know our fathers had a
business relationship going back
many years and I hope we can
continue the same.

GLORIA

That's what I came to see you about.

TRENT

Great. Can I get you something? Coffee, tea, water.

GLORIA

No, thank you, I'll get right to the point. Look, I appreciate the fact that our fathers, our companies have had history together but I have to tell you those spots, the last ones, are just more of that same history.

TRENT

What do you mean?

GLORIA

I mean they're dated. The same old vacation in paradise pitch that we were using twenty years ago. We need something...something fresh. Look, I've got these demographics that show we are missing a huge segment that could potentially increase our customer base twofold.

JAMES

We got the same information from Nilson and based everything off of those stats. It shows we covered over 75% of your potential clients. Which is damn good.

GLORIA

Yes, if you only target baby boomers. There's a whole other segment of what we have to offer which specifically has a younger crowd in mind.

JAMES

Younger and penniless.

GLORIA

Look, I'm not going to argue. I have the data right here and if your company can't come up with something better by the end of the month, I'm sorry, we'll just have to get someone else to do our marketing. We run our biggest promotions of the year in three months and I want that segment targeted.

JAMES

But...

(Trent kicks James behind the desk)

TRENT

We hear you loud and clear. I promise you we'll go over the data and come up with a new approach that will knock your socks off. How does two weeks from today sound?

GLORIA

That's fine but I'll be in Cancun with investors for a grand opening. Just send it to my office and they'll see that I get them.

She gets up to leave.

TRENT

Wait, tell you what, to show you just how important your account is to us we'll bring the presentation to you, if that's OK.

GLORIA

In Cancun?

JAMES

In Cancun?

TRENT

In Cancun.

GLORIA

That's fine but it has to fly. It won't matter if you travel to the moon if you don't have what we need.

She pushes past James -- he drops his maxim magazine at her feet -- a page opens to a big busted brunet in a thong bikini. She shakes her head and leaves the office.

TRENT

(points at the magazine)
Great, that's just great and what the hell was that cold treatment about?

JAMES

(picks up the magazine)
You got me. She's definitely not a tomboy any more.

James cracks the office door -- watches her backside as she walks to the elevator.

TRENT

Get the hell away from there.

Trent scratches his arm -- fidgets -- repositions the paper weight on his desk.

EXT. GLADSTONES RESTAURANT, SANTA MONICA TWO WEEKS LATER

Trent, James and George meet for lunch. They are sitting at an outside table overlooking the Santa Monica bay.

TRENT

Well, are we all set?

GEORGE

Taken care of. We leave tomorrow morning and get into Cancun in the afternoon.

JAMES

What about you, you all set?

TRENT

I packed the concept boards myself. George has the video and the power point. I think we're loaded for bear.

JAMES

Yea, bare bodies. Cancun, white sand, clear, warm water and thong bikinis.

GEORGE

Yea, well make sure ya put on plenty of sun screen so the string marks don't show.

TRENT

This is business guys, strictly business. We've got one chance to wow her so let's make it good.

A waitress comes.

WAITER

Who gets the Mahi salad?

Trent raises one finger.

WAITER

The Malibu Double, Buster Burger?

GEORGE

That's mine.

The waitress sets the burger in front of George and a pastrami on rye in front of James. James rubs his hands together and winks at the young waitress.

Trent realigns his knife, fork, napkin -- examines the water glass -- removes a packet from his pocket, opens it -- sprinkles white powder on his salad.

George curiously watches -- elbows James -- takes a huge bite of his burger -- points at Trent's salad.

GEORGE

(mouth full to James)
He needs professional help.
(beat)
What the hell is that?

TRENT

You should know, it's one of our accounts.

JAMES

Ichi Bon. Brave, very brave.

TRENT

Brave? I try all of the products just like Dad did. How can we honestly do the marketing on something we haven't used? That's like, well, getting married to a stranger.

Besides the new ads are running this week and I want to be in tune with the product.

JAMES

In tune?

TRENT

Yea in tune, this stuff is really good for you. Remember, the power of ten sumos.

GEORGE

That line was my idea.

His burger is half gone.

JAMES

What's in that crap anyway?
(examines the label)
Bleached, coagulated freeze dried fish, black kelp & heart of mountain tiger snails.

James & George have body chills and make faces.

TRENT

(gives them each a packet)
Here, these are free samples from Mr. Wasami. I'm trying it for the first time OK. Marla swears by it. It supposed to increase your memory process, free the digestive system of impurities and increase energy flow to the vital organs.

JAMES

That's gonna increase the flow alright. Does this mean you're officially on the itchy butt diet?

TRENT

Look, never make fun of the people who pay the bills. Anyway this is a seafood place for God's sake. Can't you guys give that stuff a break?

JAMES

I need real food not a sissy salad with tuna powder on top of it.

GEORGE

With ya on that Jimmy, with ya on that.

George finishes his burger -- lights a cigarette -- takes several deep drags -- takes out and uses his asthma inhaler.

TRENT
You should talk, that shit's gona
kill ya someday.

GEORGE
But, I'm trying ta quit.

TRENT
Trying to quit what, life?

JAMES
So, gentlemen, we leave tomorrow.
Trent, you gonna ride with us to
the airport or what?

TRENT
Gonna have to meet you two there.
I've got some last minute stuff
that came up at the office.

JAMES
Just like dear old Dad.

TRENT
Yea, yea I know.

GEORGE
What time should I be ready?

JAMES
I'll Pick you up at ten and FYI
brother, the flight leaves at nine
o'clock sharp. Don't be late. I
don't want to be pitching to Miss
Personality without you.

TRENT
Pitch this.

Trent takes a final bite of his salad -- hands the check to his brother.

JAMES
Like I said, just like dear old
Dad.

Trent laughs then grimaces. There is an audible rumble from his stomach -- he twinges in pain.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE 101 FREEWAY - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Trent has the top down on his BMW enjoying the weather. He looks at his arms then at his face in the rear view mirror -- large, fiery welts begin to appear.

His stomach rumbles loudly -- he is queasy -- his skin begins to itch uncontrollably. Suddenly he gasps for air. The BMW is swerving all over the freeway.

His face and neck are completely covered with hideous, bumpy welts. Frantic, he pulls alongside a woman driver.

Trent's head resembles a swollen tomato. In desperation he points his finger inside his mouth then down toward his rumbling crotch.

The woman rolls up her window and quickly gets on her cell phone. He pulls alongside of a man in a pink mustang convertible with a poodle in the front seat. Both are wearing sun glasses.

Trent desperately repeats his gestures this time the man smiles, waves and winks at Trent. Trent speeds away -- erratically bails off at the next exit. There are rumbling, flatulent sounds coming from his car.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM AT THE HOSPITAL - LATER

Trent sits up in the emergency cubical -- the curtains are drawn. His swelling has gone down a bit. He breaths with difficulty -- an IV is in one arm. A DOCTOR enters.

DOCTOR NAPORO

Take it easy Mr. Staadecker. I wouldn't over do it. Give that antihistamine drip a chance to work.

TRENT

(a barely audible rasping voice)
What the heck happened?

DOCTOR NAPORO

As best as I can tell it was this.
(holds a packet of Ichi Bon)
Seems you're allergic to something in this. Possibly the mountain tiger...snail hearts. Isn't that the inchy buns diet that I've seen on TV.

TRENT
 (rasping)
 Ichi Bon, Ichi Bon.

DOCTOR NAPORO
 Whatever, just stay away from this stuff. Mr. Staadecker you're really lucky you got here as quick as you did. A few minutes more and who knows what could have happened. Here are some meds and whatever you do don't mix 'em with alcohol. Get plenty of rest for the next several days until the swelling goes down on your skin and in your throat. The gas should subside by tomorrow. Who's your doctor?

TRENT
 Our family doctor...Deckter, Dr. Marvin Deckter. His office is in Encino.

DOCTOR NAPORO
 I know him, you're in good hands. Make sure that you see him today before you go home. I'll give him a call with a heads up.

TRENT
 (still rasping)
 I've got a business trip tomorrow.

DOCTOR NAPORO
 Business trip. I don't know Mr. Staadecker, if it were me I'd postpone. You need some time to rest and recover from the extreme allergic reaction that your body has experienced. Now, see Dr. Deckter and go home Mr. Staadecker. And no more of this stuff, got it?

The doctor holds up the packet of Ichi Bon Powder -- makes a face.

INT. TRENT'S HOME - EVENING

Trent is sitting up in bed wearing a bathrobe -- looking sun burnt. He is eating chicken soup and surfing the TV channels.

He pauses on a channel -- two SUMO WRESTLERS circle eyeing one another strategically. They both CRY OUT Ichi Bon and crash together.

INSERT ON TV SCREEN:

"ICHI BON GIVES YOU THE POWER OF TEN SUMOS"

INSERT ON TV SCREEN SMALL LETTERS AT BOTTOM:

"CAUTION IN SOME CASES MAY CAUSE ANAL LEAKAGE, SEVERE GAS AND FLATULENCE. PEOPLE WITH HEMORRHOIDS OR IRRITABLE BOWEL SYNDROME SHOULD CONSULT THEIR PHYSICIAN BEFORE USING".

Trent mumbles in disgust, flips off the TV and in his anger spills the hot soup on his crotch. His face contorts into a silent scream -- he runs to the bathroom -- WATER SPLASHING.

He comes out, goes to the kitchen -- removes a large bag of Ichi Bon Packets from his pantry -- shoves them into a backpack -- writes himself a note -- pins it to the backpack.

INSERT - NOTE

Give Ichi Bon to Marla.

Trent painfully positions the backpack multiple times until he gets it upright and perfectly straight against the counter.

He turns off the light -- walks out of the kitchen -- the backpack slowly tilts and falls sideways onto the floor. The note falls off and slides under the refrigerator.

INT. STAADECKER INC. - MORNING

Trent exits the elevator on the top floor carrying the backpack, wearing sun glasses and looking even more sunburnt. He bolts toward his office -- almost makes it inside -- is stopped by his assistant.

MARLA

Trent? Trent! You're suppose to be on your way to the airport!

(he turns slowly)

What the heck happened to you?

TRENT

It's a long story Marla. I need to drop off these keys and get out of here.

MARLA

No problem, here are the papers that you asked for.

TRENT

Papers?

MARLA

The statements from your father's doctor. You know, to close those files for the auditors.

TRENT

Oh yea, let me have 'em.

Trent puts the envelopes into the inner pocket of his jacket.

TRENT

Marla get a hold of James on his cell, tell him I'm running late but I'll be there, not to worry.

MARLA

OK, but take it easy. You look terrible.

Trent goes into his office -- grabs things from his desk -- pulls the envelopes from his pocket. He glances over several of them and puts them aside. He unfolds the last letter and reads.

INSERT - THE LETTER

"To whom it may concern,
It is by my opinion through testing and observations as well as concurring with fellow colleagues that I can reasonably give the following diagnosis of Mr. T.J Staadecker.

Mr. Staadecker has been found to be suffering from a severe form of dementia. I regret to say that this ailment appears to be in its advanced stages. Therefore I recommend the remanding of Mr. Staadecker to an institutionalized facility for 24 hour care.

Sincere Regards, Dr. Marvin Deckter"

He puts the letter back into his jacket pocket -- looks at his watch.

TRENT

Shoot, I gotta get going.

EXT/INT. TOM BRADLEY TERMINAL, LAX - LATER

Trent pays the cab driver -- notices he still has the backpack of Ichi Bon with him.

TRENT

Ah crap!

He hobbles quickly into the terminal with the Backpack slung over his shoulder and a bag under each arm.

INT. ON BOARD AIRPLANE, LAX - LATER

Trent is the last person to board. He stumbles into first class -- plops down exhausted across the aisle from James and George.

JAMES

Man that's cutting it close. Marla said you'd be a little late but you had us scared.

GEORGE

Did you get cavity searched at check in or what?

Trent has had a relapse. His throat is swollen -- he is having trouble talking.

TRENT

Um I oder va da office.

JAMES

Wait, slow down, you're talking gibberish. Here have some juice and relax.

James winks at George and hands Trent a Tequila sunrise. Trent takes out two pills, pops them -- pops two more -- downs the entire drink.

JAMES

There ya go, that'll make ya feel better.

The drugs begin to react with the alcohol. Trent has a silly grin on his face.

TRENT
 (mumbles)
 Feels better.

Trent passes out.

GEORGE
 Let 'em sleep he looks wiped.

JAMES
 Yea.

INT. AIRPLANE BOUND FOR CANCUN - AFTERNOON

Trent is slumped down in his seat -- arms hanging down to the floor. The seat belt sign goes on -- the plane hits some turbulence.

The envelope in Trent's pocket falls out and hits the floor next to James's seat. A flight attendant sees the envelope and hands it to James assuming it's his.

James opens the envelope -- reads the letter. His smile slowly fades -- he looks over at Trent who is drooling on himself.

JAMES
 Oh my God.

GEORGE
 What is it?

James hands George the letter -- he quickly reads.

GEORGE
 Where did you get this?
 (James points to Trent)
 But how? He was fine yesterday. How do we know for sure?

The flight attendant approaches Trent with a list -- taps him on the shoulder. He awakens with a start -- stares like a crazy person up at the attendant.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 Just going over the passenger list for Mexican customs sir, could I have your name please.

Trent tries hard but can not respond -- looks at James and George who are mouthing his name to him. The flight attendant turns quickly. They quickly stop mouthing. She looks at them suspiciously. She looks back at Trent.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir are you OK?

Trent can't speak -- he reaches for his wallet -- fumbles -- his cards spill out onto the floor. James picks up his license -- hands it to the attendant.

JAMES

He's my brother, Trent Staadecker, you'll have to excuse him he's had a hard week.

The flight attendant checks his ID and moves along.

GEORGE

Good God Jimmy.

Trent is slumped down -- his mouth open -- his head wobbling. Trent looks at them with a pathetic smile.

JAMES

I know he looks terrible but let's not jump to conclusions.

GEORGE

Conclusions! He looks like my dog Buck just before the Vet put 'em ta sleep.

Trent drools on himself again -- his eyes slowly close.

EXT. CANCUN - OUTSIDE VIA MAGNUM HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

James and George help Trent out of the taxi. They stand him up on the curb in front of the hotel. They turn to pay the driver -- Trent wanders away.

JAMES

Where the hell is he? I told you to keep an eye on him.

INT. CANCUN - INSIDE VIA MAGNUM HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The lobby doors of the hotel burst open, James and George are standing in the doorway frantically looking in all directions.

JAMES

Oh, oh no look over there!

Trent is slumped into a lobby chair -- his mouth hanging open. Gloria is exiting the elevator with two associates. She sees Trent and approaches.

GLORIA
Hello there.

Trent looks up at her, smiles and says nothing. James and George come running up.

JAMES
Hello.

GEORGE
Hello.

GLORIA
Hi, I see you made it. Is he Ok?

JAMES
Fine, he's just had a long day.

GLORIA
Well maybe I should let you go so you can get him up to his room. See Ricardo at the desk and he'll take care of you. We'll see you later.

TRENT
Hey there beautiful.

GLORIA
Is he drunk?

JAMES
No he's had a bout of the flu and hasn't been feeling himself.

TRENT
You betcha!

JAMES
You betcha we got a great presentation for you and your people tomorrow.

GLORIA
I see, well I'm sure it will be interesting. If you will excuse me, oh, by the way there's a grand opening dinner tonight. All of you are welcome.

She turns and leaves. Trent waves goodbye to her and passes out. James and George grab Trent under his arms. The CONCIERGE, a small skinny man with a receding hair line and a pencil thin mustache, is standing in front of them.

CONCIERGE
Checking in señores?

GEORGE
Yes.

CONCIERGE
Then you are pleased to follow me,
por favor.

They each grab an arm pit, lift Trent out of the seat -- take him with heels dragging to the front desk.

JAMES
Great, just great. So much for
impressions.

CONCIERGE
Under what name señor?

JAMES
Staadecker.

CONCIERGE
Staadecker, Staadecker, oh yes here
it is. We have you in the Chamba
Suite. If you would sign here
please Mr. Staadecker.

James signs and is given a key.

CONCIERGE
Very good señor' and may the Via
Magnum be your home away from home
and let me say with all assuredness
that this will be one of the most
unforgettable experiences you have
ever had, enjoy.

The concierge slaps a bell -- two bell boys come running.

CONCIERGE
(In Spanish)
Take these bags to the Chamba Suite
and be quick about it.

The boys disappear quickly with the luggage. Trent is starting to recover from the pills and alcohol.

TRENT
Where the hell am I?

JAMES

Cancun. Don't you remember getting off the plane?

GEORGE

How about the ride from the airport?

TRENT

Ride from the airport? I can't remember a damn thing. It's as though my memory was wiped cleaned.

George looks at James knowingly.

JAMES

That's ok were checked in, now let's find our room, settle in and we'll all just wipe that out of our memories.

James gives the concierge a tip -- all three men head for the elevator. James and George help Trent into the elevator.

At the next floor a bellhop gets on rolling a cart of assorted desserts. James takes his hands off of Trent for a moment.

JAMES

(pulls out tickets)

Take a look at these. I got em at the airport. They're for the sports bar across the street at the lagoon.

George steps forward to look at the coupons. Trent swoons -- falls out of sight. There is a loud crash -- sound of BREAKING PLATES.

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL - THE CHAMBA SUITE - LATER

Trent's hair is sticking up caked with cherry sauce and whipped cream. The porters enter the suite followed by James, George and Trent.

The suite is luxurious with wide windows and a balcony overlooking the Caribbean. The boys take the bags to the bedrooms, James gives the boys a tip and they leave.

Trent is pulled to the expansive balcony by George and James. He staggers toward the edge -- they pull him back. The view is breathtaking.

The day's final light is blazing over a crystal sea. There are bikini clad women walking up and down on the beach below.

GEORGE

Man would you look at that...beach,
water and flesh as far as the eye
can see.

JAMES

Sand, surf and brown skin.

TRENT

We didn't come down here for that.
We need to go over the
presentation. I don't want any slip
ups tomorrow.

JAMES

I can dream can't I. Besides you're
in no condition to go over
anything.

TRENT

Dream on this.

Wobbling he shoves the story boards into James's hands and staggers off toward the bedroom.

GEORGE

Well, what are we gonna do?

JAMES

What a ya mean what are we gonna
do? We're going to get through
this, sell the concepts to the ice
lady and pretend like nothing
happened.

GEORGE

What about the letter and
everything else?

JAMES

Just what are you getting at?

GEORGE

You know what I'm getting at, we
owe it to Trent to at least confirm
this.

He holds up the letter -- James grabs it.

JAMES

Confirm it?

GEORGE

Look into it. You know and if it's for real, we're ready.

JAMES

Ready for what?

GEORGE

You remember.

JAMES

You can't be serious and this can't be real.

(holds up letter)

It's only been six months since my dad past away. It has to be a mistake. There's something called a second opinion ya know.

GEORGE

That's fine so we check it out and if it's legit?

JAMES

Listen to us.

GEORGE

James, you heard 'em yourself, "I want you guys ta take care of me and I don't want to know how or when".

(points at James)

You were there too. You promised like I did. Look, I'm not saying we go out tomorrow and buy poison or a gun but I think we owe it to Trent...you know...to be prepared just in case he takes a turn for the worse.

James hits his fist on the balcony.

JAMES

OK damn it, but let me check this out. In the mean time, until we confirm this, we'll keep an eye on 'em.

There is a knock on the door. Trent staggers out of the bedroom and opens it. The concierge is standing in the doorway holding a huge fruit basket.

CONCIERGE
Señor, on behalf of the Via Magnum
I would like to thank you.

TRENT
Wha, wha, what?

CONCIERGE
This lovely fruit basket is our way
of saying thank you for choosing
the Via Magnum señor.

TRENT
Oh, thanks.

With effort Trent manages to take the fruit basket.

CONCIERGE
(pulls out a pen and pad)
Señor, excuse me porfavor I need
the name of your travel agency for
our records.

TRENT
Name, I don't know.

James and George enter from the balcony.

CONCIERGE
Señor por favor the name.

TRENT
Name, I can't remember.

James looks at George and rushes to the door to help. He
pulls out money from his pocket shoves it into the
concierge's hand and pushes him out the door.

CONCIERGE
Señores this is highly irregular.

JAMES
Thank you very much.

Trent wanders away to the bedroom still holding the fruit
basket.

GEORGE
Well?

JAMES
I see what you mean.

They hear a thud and go running into the bedroom. Trent is laying face down on the floor in a pile of fruit.

INT. THE RUMBA ROOM - GRAND OPENING PARTY - NIGHT

Trent has made a full recovery. All three men are sitting together at a table on the terrace of the hotel club room.

There is a hot Latin band playing -- many people are dancing. A breeze is blowing off of the Caribbean. James and George are drinking cocktails. James raises his glass to Trent.

JAMES

Here's to getting back on track
with the Jimenez account.

GEORGE

Here's to friends and unforgettable
memories.

James kicks George under the table.

TRENT

Here's to you guys for putting
together a great proposal. Now
let's not over sell it and stick to
the basics.

GEORGE

(sees a pretty woman
alone)
Excuse me guys I see a potential
dance partner.

JAMES

Hey, don't go scaring them off
before we get a chance.

GEORGE

Just watch the master in action.

George glides away across the dance floor and is soon dancing with the woman. Gloria, dressed to the nines, approaches their table.

GLORIA

(looking at Trent)
I'm glad you could make it to the
party.

JAMES

We wouldn't have missed it.

GLORIA
I thought that one of you might.

TRENT
It's good to see you again.

GLORIA
You mean since Los Angeles or this morning.

Trent not remembering looks bewildered.

JAMES
He's fine now. All over that flu business right Trent?

GLORIA
Glad you recovered so quickly. Unfortunately I won't be able to meet with you until Friday. In the mean time enjoy yourselves.

JAMES
Thank you, we will.

GLORIA
By the way there's an auction tomorrow in the King's Hall if you're interested.

JAMES
Auction?

GLORIA
A benefit for the local charities. We always have one at our openings. Great for the local community.

TRENT
Sounds like fun.

GLORIA
Maybe we'll see you there.

She smiles at Trent -- turns and leaves. George passes Gloria -- does a double take. Trent watches as Gloria disappears into the crowd.

GEORGE
(sits down)
Wow, she cleans up nice.

JAMES

(thumbs at Trent)

Yea, and she was she looking at this guy like a cat at a can of tuna. Wow, I think that former tom-boy still has the you know what for you know who. Rrrrrrrrow!

TRENT

I hardly think so. Do you think so?

James looks at George and winks.

GEORGE

Strictly business remember.

TRENT

Shut up.

EXT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL, CANCUN - NEXT DAY

Trent, James and George are sitting in lounge chairs by the pool wearing swim trunks, T-shirts, sunglasses and flip-flops.

Beautiful women in bikinis are getting in and out of the pool. Women are sun bathing in a row of reclining chairs. George pulls off his shirt and sucks in his gut.

GEORGE

(nervously fidgeting)

We need more assignments like this.
It's downright inspirational.

A well oiled beauty walks by -- James gawks -- George twitches -- takes a hit of his inhaler.

JAMES

Yea, I'm startin to feel inspired all over.

James notices George's chest. George has half a dozen patches taped to himself.

JAMES

Mosquito bites?.

GEORGE

No, nicotine patches, I told you guys I was trying to quit.

JAMES

I think your only suppose to wear one at a time.

GEORGE

Yea, well I've got it bad and this is the cold turkey six pack.

TRENT

Are you two going to go over the presentation later or just stalk the pool area?

JAMES

First we thought we'd go into town in a bit and stock us up on a few essentials.

TRENT

Essentials? What about the auction?

Trent spots Gloria walking toward the King's Hall -- lifts up his sun glasses.

TRENT

Stock us up, good idea, you guys go ahead but be back in time so we can go over the pitch. I'd kinda like to see that auction if you don't mind.

GEORGE

Since when have you become interested in movie memora_

James pulls one of George's patches off.

GEORGE

Ouch! Hey.

JAMES

That's fine bro. We'll hold down the fort out here, enjoy.

GEORGE

You can start softening her up for tomorrow.

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL KINGS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Trent enters a small hall and sits down among a group of people waiting for the auction to begin. Someone approaches from behind.

GLORIA

Hello there.

TRENT

Good morning.

GLORIA

Glad you could make it. Where are your side kicks?

TRENT

Going over your new prelims as we speak. I know you're gonna love 'em.

Behind Gloria through the window Trent can see James and George hitting on two ladies by the pool.

James says something to one of the ladies. She slaps him and stomps off. Trent leads Gloria away from the window.

TRENT

Why don't you show me what's up for auction.

GLORIA

Look Trent, I know that our fathers and our families for that matter go back a long ways but I don't want you to think that_

TRENT

All I'm asking is a chance to show you what my people came up with.

GLORIA

Fair enough.

TRENT

At the end of the day if you're not liking what you see we shake hands, part company and go our separate but sad ways.

GLORIA

Fair enough.

TRENT

Now, what's up for auction?

GLORIA

Oh all kinds of interesting stuff, Indiana Jones' whip, James bond's tuxedo and Dirty Harry's gun to name a few.

TRENT

Dirty Harry's gun. Imagine that.

GLORIA

You a Clint Eastwood fan?

TRENT

Sure, who isn't? But my brother James is nuts about Dirty Harry movies. His birthday is coming up. Maybe I'll have a go at it.

GLORIA

Don't feel obligated. Anyway it's pretty pricey stuff.

TRENT

It's only money.

She motions -- a man brings a paper and a numbered paddle.

GLORIA

Just sign the register and you're all set.

Trent reaches for the pad. Their hands touch as Trent begins to write. They have an awkward moment.

TRENT

(pauses in mid signing)
Sit with me...please.

GLORIA

Well, I really should mingle but just for a little while.
(auctioneer hits his gavel)
Here we go.

AUCTIONEER

Good morning and welcome ladies and gentlemen to Caribia Resort's benefit auction for the homeless. Today's first item is that fabulous dress worn by Julia Roberts in Pretty Woman. We'll start the bidding at two thousand. Do I hear two thousand?

One by one the auctioneer brings out each item. Trent bids on Jack Nicholson's Ray Bans from the movie As Good as it Gets and wins them.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 And now ladies and gentlemen the
 actual prop gun used by Clint
 Eastwood in Dirty Harry.

TRENT
 All right here we go.

GLORIA
 You're not gonna?

Trent's paddle is already up

AUCTIONEER
 We'll start the bid at one thousand
 do I hear one thousand. Very well I
 have a bid from the gentlemen right
 there for one thousand. Do I hear
 fifteen hundred, fifteen hundred.

Trent waves his paddle in the air -- battles it out with
 another person for Dirty Harry's gun.

AUCTIONEER
 Sold at three thousand to the
 gentlemen in front.

Everyone applauds Trent as the auction concludes.

GLORIA
 Aren't you a surprise.

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL KING'S ROOM, CANCUN - LATER

Trent and Gloria are standing by the auction check out desk
 area.

AUCTION SECRETARY
 Here you go Mr. Staadecker. The sun
 glasses worn by Jack Nicholson in
 the movie As Good As It Gets and
 the prop gun from Dirty Harry.

Trent smiles and holds up the sun glasses then signs for the
 items that he won.

GLORIA
 Put them on and let me see.

He puts them on -- strikes a Nicholson pose.

GLORIA
 Those look great on you, Jack.

AUCTION SECRETARY

And here's the gun. Would you like it held for you.

TRENT

(he looks at Gloria)

No, as a matter of fact I would like it delivered to this room to James Staadecker with this note.

He writes a note and hands it to the secretary.

AUCTION SECRETARY

Good and here's the certificate of authenticity.

She places the certificate on top and sticks Trent's note inside the box.

TRENT

I've had an awful lot of fun this morning.

GLORIA

I'm glad. Well, I must go a mingling.

TRENT

What are you doing tonight?

GLORIA

Why do you ask?

TRENT

I thought we could talk about old times.

GLORIA

Trent, don't take this the wrong way but this is purely business and I_

TRENT

Wait...I'm sorry, I just wanted to have a drink and maybe some laughs about our childhood.

GLORIA

Childhood? That was a long time ago and we've both grown up. But I__

TRENT

You're right, business is business.
Look, just the one shot tomorrow
and I'm sure you and your board
will be sold.

GLORIA

I hope so cause the truth is Trent
that's pretty much all you'll have.

TRENT

Fair enough. I'll see you tomorrow.

Trent Leaves the auction hall, puts on the sun glasses and
walks by the pool alone.

TRENT

(Jack's voice)

Truth, you can't handle the truth.

INT. INSIDE HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

James and George return from shopping with bags of stuff,
They no sooner put the stuff on the table when there is a
knock on the door. George opens the door.

CONCIERGE

Señores this is for a Señor James
Staadecker.

JAMES

That's me.

CONCIERGE

Sign please.

James takes the box, puts it under his arm. The certificate
slides off and goes under the couch. James signs the release -
- tips the concierge.

JAMES

Thanks.

Closes the door -- looks at George.

JAMES

What the heck could this be?

He opens the box.

GEORGE

What? What is it?

James slowly removes the 44 MAGNUM from the box.

GEORGE

Holy shit!

JAMES

Wait there's a note.

(reads note out loud)

"Dear James, go ahead and make my
day, love Trent."

Son of a bitch.

GEORGE

Now do ya see what I mean? His
words not mine.

JAMES

Yea, but he's my brother.

GEORGE

Look, like I said, I'm not saying
we do it tomorrow I'm only saying
that we look into it, you know
price it out.

JAMES

Price it out, for God's sake what
are you saying?

GEORGE

I'm saying price it out, get an
idea what it will cost and who will
do it cause I'm not pulling the
trigger. Will you?

JAMES

Your right. I couldn't either.
Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt. OK,
when we get back to LA I promise
we'll look into it but right now
we've got the presentation and the
dragon lady to worry about.

GEORGE

When we get back? Look, there's no
better place then here. You know
how much Trent loves to travel. He
would want to spend his last days
in a beautiful place like this. We
just plan ahead that's all and when
the time comes, later on, we bring
em down and that is that.

James holds up the large hand gun.

JAMES

Alright, but don't say a word to Trent. We're just in the planning stage right?

GEORGE

Of course, remember he said he doesn't want to know how or when.

The door opens -- Trent walks in.

TRENT

Hey guys how was the trip into town. Oh, I see you got it.

JAMES

I, I don't know what to say.

TRENT

I know, I know, it was a spur of the moment type of thing and I thought, well I had my chance now and I'd go for it. Well? What do you think?

JAMES

I'm speechless brother I don't know what to say.

TRENT

Well I do, feeling lucky punk?

Trent holds two fingers to his temple -- pretends to fire a gun.

TRENT

Bang!

George and James jump. Trent walks to the bedroom laughing the whole way.

JAMES

(whispers to George)

I'm with ya on this but I want ta call Dr. Deckter first to confirm the letter. Let's go.

(to Trent)

Hey Trent we're going out for a bit. Shouldn't be too long.

They rush out before Trent can answer. Trent comes out of the bedroom with his shirt off.

TRENT

Did you guys say some_
(room is empty)

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL, CANCUN, LOBBY - AFTERNOON

James and George are at a phone booth. James is talking on the phone.

JAMES

Yes operator I'd like ta make a call to Encino California that's right the number is (818) 555-5602.

Yes I'll hold.

(to George)

Their putting me through.

(on the phone)

Yes, thank you, hello, hello, yes my name is James Staadecker is the Doctor available, yes I'll hold.

(to George)

She's getting him.

(on the phone)

Hello Doc. it's James Staadecker, oh fine, fine how about yourself, that's great. Listen, I'm hear in Cancun with my brother Trent and he's tied up at the moment and wanted me to give you a call regarding his recent condition.

Split view of James in Cancun and the Doctor back in Encino. George has his ear up to the phone.

DOCTOR DECKTER

Well James I'm really not suppose to discuss a patient's condition with a third party but your practically like family. What's up with Trent.

JAMES

Well Doctor it's his condition.

DOCTOR DECKTER

Oh yes I saw him a couple of days ago for that as a matter of fact.

JAMES

I see.

DOCTOR DECKTER

Yes I told him that he had the worst kind and that going away was out of the question but it sounds like he's as hard headed as your father was.

JAMES

The worst kind?

DOCTOR DECKTER

Yes, it came on quick and will end the same way. So what was the question that he had anyway?

JAMES

Oh, ah medication, ah he wanted to confirm what you prescribed that's all.

DOCTOR DECKTER

What I prescribed? As far as I know he got everything that he needed from Dr. Naporo at the ER.

JAMES

The ER?

DOCTOR DECKTER

Yes, didn't he tell you? He had a severe attack the other day and he did a follow-up with me later that afternoon. Anything else? Hello James, hello are you there? Is there anything else?

JAMES

Ah, no, ah that's all thanks Doc I appreciate it.

DOCTOR DECKTER

You guys take care and tell that brother of yours that delirium and forgetfulness are not uncommon with his condition. Tell him to take it easy. It might take a long time for the illness to run its course but when it does it should end quite quickly.

James slowly hangs up the phone.

JAMES

My god, it's worse than we thought.

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL, CANCUN, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

James and George corner the concierge and get up close to him.

JAMES

We were wondering if you could help us with something. Something that ah we would like to keep well you know.

GEORGE

A private matter.

CONCIERGE

Say no more señores. Mujeres de la noche, verdad? You want some female company later.

GEORGE

No, no.

CONCIERGE

OK, whatever shakes your moroccos, I'll give you Pedro's number as well. You can make up your mind later.

JAMES

No, you don't understand.

Grabs the concierge by the collar -- pulls him close.

JAMES

My friend and I are,
(whispers)
famous screenplay writers.

GEORGE

Yea, yea that's right.

CONCIERGE

Oh, I see.

JAMES

We're down here doing research for a new movie we're working on.

GEORGE

A new movie?

CONCIERGE

I see, and how may I help you señores?

JAMES

It's a movie about mafia hit men,
you know hired killers. Strictly
for research purposes of course we
would like to talk with one or two.
We were wondering if you know of
anyone?

The concierge pulls away, throws his head back -- straightens
his collar.

CONCIERGE

Señores what type of person do you
take me for?

James takes out a hundred dollar bill -- the concierge
snatches it.

CONCIERGE

Here is the name of a man that my
cousin's brother used after his
mother-in-law decided to move in.
(he writes on a card)
You will find him at the Crooked
Chicken Bar this evening.

GEORGE & JAMES

(reads the note slowly)
El Rapido?

The concierge turns away from them, puts his hands on his
hips. George and James leave.

CONCIERGE

Señores did I mention that Cesar
Romero use to vacation here, right
here in Cancun. He actually
considered me for several parts in_

He turns and sees that they have gone.

EXT./INT. CROOKED CHICKEN BAR SOMEWHERE IN CANCUN - EVENING

The Crooked Chicken is a run down, dilapidated adobe building
in the middle of nowhere. James and George enter trying to
adjust their eyes to the darkness.

They move slowly toward the bar where a large man in a tight
T-shirt is drying a glass. Suddenly there's a SCREAM and the
sound of a BODY HITTING THE FLOOR -- business as usual.

James shows the bartender the name on the paper. The
bartender says nothing and continues drying the glass. James
pulls out some money -- throws it in front of the bartender.

The bartender points toward a table deep in the darkness of the room. They can only see silhouettes at the table. They follow the bartender.

As they get closer to the table they see by candlelight a dark, chiselled faced Mexican man in his late forties sitting behind the table.

He is wearing a white, collarless shirt beneath a well-fitted, dark blazer. He puts a cigar up to his lips and inhales.

Standing to each side of him are two voluptuous but tough looking Mexican women dressed in tight-fitting clothes. In his lap sits a CHIHUAHUA wearing a spiked collar and a tiny eye patch. The Chihuahua glares at the two men with its good eye.

JAMES

Alright let's get this over with.

GEORGE

(whispers to James)

Don't worry, I had two semesters of Spanish.

(to Rapido)

Ahum, Señor Rapido?

The man at the table glares at them -- the Chihuahua growls exposing its teeth.

GEORGE

Señor Rapido, ah, mucho gusto.

George extends his hand -- the little demon dog snaps at his fingers. El Rapido exhales smoke into George and James' face.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

Idiots! You have upset Nacho.

EL RAPIDO picks up the dog -- they rub noses.

GEORGE

Sorry.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

What brings a couple of dumb, fucking gringos like you to a place like this?

GEORGE
 (coughs)
 Oh si, equalmente. (Yes, same to
 you.)

The hit man looks at them with anger and suspicion.

JAMES
 (to George)
 Damn it's a good thing you speak
 Spanish. Now, what did he say?

GEORGE
 He said.

JAMES
 Yea?

GEORGE
 He said it's good to see us in this
 place.

JAMES
 Well Mr. Rapido you came highly
 recommended from our friend Ricardo
 at the hotel.

EL RAPIDO looks at George confused.

GEORGE
 Hablamos con Ricardo de la Via
 Magnum, mother in law, la swegra,
 boom, boom.

EL RAPIDO
 (in Spanish)
 Ricardo Oh yes, the job for the guy
 with the mother-in-law who had the
 big, fat mouth. She was still
 talking when I blew her head off.

EL RAPIDO makes a gun with his finger.

EL RAPIDO
 BANG!

George and James jump in their seats -- laugh nervously with
 El Rapido. The Chihuahua appears to snicker.

GEORGE
 Oh si, si.

JAMES
 Oh, si, si, si.

EL RAPIDO

(in Spanish)

Why don't you assholes sit down and get to the point. I don't have all day.

JAMES

Well, what did he say?

GEORGE

He said.

JAMES

Yes?

GEORGE

He said he has all day to listen and to have a seat.

They sit down slowly -- Rapido shews his girl friends away.

JAMES

It's my brother.

GEORGE

(he points at James)

Hermano de el.

JAMES

My brother has a disease, a disease that's slow and lingering. Rather than suffer he, my brother, would like to...

GEORGE

(translates in Spanish)

He is sick of his brother and he does not want him lingering around.

EL RAPIDO

(in Spanish)

OK, now you're talking, go on.

JAMES

...would like to ah die before it, ah, he, gets too bad.

GEORGE

(in Spanish)

He would like him dead.

JAMES

We would just like to get an idea of how much and your availability just in case we had to fly down at a moments notice.

GEORGE

(in bad Spanish)
How much to kill him and when?

EL RAPIDO

(in Spanish)
You got a photo?

JAMES

What did he say? He wants a picture right?

GEORGE

Ah, yea.

JAMES

What does he need a photo for, does he charge by the foot?

GEORGE

Who knows and who cares, just show him a photo.

James pulls a picture of Trent from his wallet -- pushes it across the table. El Rapido looks at the picture, nods his head -- motions to the bartender.

EL RAPIDO

(in Spanish)
Five thousand American dollars.
Half now and the rest when the job is done. I'll start tomorrow.
(leans forward)
And just how are you idiots gonna pay for this.

James looks at George

GEORGE

Five big ones and he's available any time. I think he wants us to buy him a drink.

JAMES

Absolutely. It's the least we can do for his time and the information.

James whips out his credit card and holds it in the air until it is snatched by the bartender.

EL RAPIDO

(in Spanish)

OK that works. Raul, put it on the card and bring us some Tequila.

Close on the credit card swiper behind the bar. The receipt shows \$2500. The bar tender returns to the table, hands James the credit card receipt to sign.

JAMES

Damn it's so dark in here I can't read this thing.

GEORGE

Just sign for the drinks and let's get out of here.

INT. VIA MAGNUM - MEETING ROOM - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Trent is standing before a plasma screen and multiple concept boards. James is at a keyboard while George closes the curtain and lowers the lights. Before them is a long table -- around it are Gloria and several of her board members.

TRENT

And so, out with the old and in with the new. I give you Caribia in the 21st century. You won't be just on vacation you'll be in a state of mind.

*

James hits a key and the screen comes to life. A couple in their early thirties clicks on a web page. They are immediately whisked away to a tropical beach.

ENGLISHWOMEN (V.O.)

Demanding life, demanding job. Why not demand the best that a vacation can be. You don't have to wait a life-time to get all that life has to offer. Paradise is just a click away. Let us do the rest, let it be Caribia deluxe.

The presentation fades to the young couple laying on a beach, their eyes are closed -- they are smiling. They think of soothing spas, dining on a secluded veranda and snorkeling on a coral reef.

ENGLISHWOMEN (V.O.)
You won't just be on vacation,
you'll be in a state of mind,
You'll be in Caribia.

Trent finishes giving the presentation of a lifetime. The board members appear very impressed and ready to clap -- waiting for Gloria.

JAMES
Well?

GLORIA
I'm sorry but I was looking for something a little more, well, exciting.

The board members look confused.

TRENT
The boards, George show her the boards. They detail out the entire campaign with all the major travel programs, magazines, internet and billboard choices.

GLORIA
Look I'm sorry you had to come down here. You gave it a worthy shot.

TRENT
Worthy, worthy shot? What if we tweak these a little and_

GLORIA
We need some new blood, some new ideas. No offense.

TRENT
At least let us show you the_

GLORIA
Thanks. Enjoy the rest of your stay. The rooms are yours for as long as you need them. Good day gentlemen.

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER

Trent, James and George each throw back a shot of something. The bartender is wiping down the bar. A soccer game is on a TV above them.

JAMES

Sorry guys, I thought it was a slam dunk.

TRENT

It was a slam dunk. There's more to it than just "need some new blood". We were right on the money. Did you see the faces of her board members?

Trent lines up the shot glasses in a neat, straight row and folds cocktail napkins into origami birds. James and George shake their heads and tiredly eye the process.

GEORGE

I knew she would be a tough nut to crack, but man.

TRENT

Crack, she didn't even have a scuff mark.

JAMES

Maybe it's something you did when you were kids.

TRENT

What could I have done 20 years ago that any of us would remember?

JAMES

Women never forget.

GEORGE

(touches his forehead)
Women have a totally different filing system up there.

JAMES

You mean an ammunition storage system.

GEORGE

Trent, face it, it's over. We lost the account.

TRENT

I can't believe it, you guys are just giving up.

JAMES

We're not giving up we just need some time to find the right nut cracker.

TRENT

We had the right nut cracker. The concepts were right on the money. That was the best presentation we've ever done. I'm thinking we need a sledge hammer.

GEORGE

Come on Trent, maybe James is right. A few days to regroup and reenergize.

TRENT

Bullshit! I'm gonna take this bull by the horns and get to the bottom of this. I've gotta a feeling there's more to it.

JAMES

You mean cow.

TRENT

What?

JAMES

Well, a bull is male, so you mean a cow right?

GEORGE

Yea, you're gonna take the cow by its utters and_

TRENT

Shut up.

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL, GLORIA'S ROOM

Trent exits the elevator at the penthouse level. He stands at Gloria's door rehearsing what he will say -- the door suddenly opens.

GLORIA

Did you get lost?

TRENT

No, actually I've come to talk.

GLORIA

Look I told you that we_

TRENT

Please, hear me out.

GLORIA

It's against my better judgement
but I've got a few minutes before
my car arrives. Come on in.

Trent enters and they sit at a table on the balcony of the
penthouse.

TRENT

One thing, ah, two things.

GLORIA

You don't give up do you?

TRENT

It's never been a part of my
nature.

GLORIA

I admire that but it won't change
my mind about the campaign. What's
the second thing?

TRENT

I'll get back to the first thing in
a minute. Tell me something, when
we were kids did I do anything to
you? I mean, did I hurt you in some
way?

GLORIA

Why do you ask?

TRENT

Well you haven't been the most
receptive person and you seem to
forget that we were pretty good
friends as kids.

Gloria searches Trents eyes.

GLORIA

You wouldn't understand.

TRENT

Try me.

GLORIA

Remember how cruel the kids were
because I was different?

TRENT

Not the typical teenage girl, yea I
remember.

GLORIA

I used to cry myself to sleep just about every night.

TRENT

But, you never said anything. You were always tough as nails.

GLORIA

I put up a good front but I was miserable inside. I acted tough so boys would notice me.

TRENT

If they could see you now.

GLORIA

Thank you but I want to forget that part of me.

TRENT

So this is about erasing your past and anything related.

GLORIA

Yes, ah, no of course not, well, kind of.

TRENT

That explains wanting new blood.

GLORIA

Don't flatter yourself. It was purely business, I was being honest when I said the spots didn't do anything for me.

(beat)

Trent, do you have any idea how hard it is as a women, as a business women to be taken seriously. Let alone run herd over a network of yes boys. My reference to our past simply means that I have grown up and I'm trying to put my past behind me.

TRENT

And me too?

GLORIA

No, you were one of the only good things about my past.

TRENT

But...

GLORIA

But...you are a part of my past.

TRENT

Gloria, I've changed too, we all have. Our past is what makes us who we are.

Trent gets up.

TRENT

Believe it or not I really liked the old Gloria. Sure, the new packaging is great, but something I used to admire in you was lost in the upgrade.

Trent turns towards the door.

GLORIA

Wait.

(Trent turns back -- they are close)

Okay, point taken.

(beat)

Would you like to see some of the countryside...with me?

EXT. DIRT ROAD - JUNGLE - NEXT DAY

Trent and Gloria are riding in a jeep along a jungle road. They pull into a parking lot.

INSERT SIGN:

THE RUINS OF TULUM.

They are greeted by a bunch of kids selling bracelets.

EXT. CLIFFS EDGE OVERLOOKING THE SEA - LATER

GLORIA

Beautiful isn't it?

TRENT

It sure is.

GLORIA

It's hard to believe this place was built over 1200 years ago.

TRENT

Those Mayans sure could pick the best real estate. So tell me about the years in between our childhood and now.

GLORIA

Well after school I landed a job in Europe working for a designer.

TRENT

Designing what?

GLORIA

Women's fashions in Italy.

TRENT

That's a stretch from the family business.

GLORIA

Well I knew one day I would get into the family biz. I just didn't want to get in quite so soon.

TRENT

Did you find the grass any greener?

GLORIA

Oh, it was pretty green all right but when my father became sick I didn't have anything else to prove or anyone to prove it to. I just knew I needed to spend as much time with him as I could.

Trent looks out over the cliff. Gloria notices Trent's expression change.

GLORIA

What is it?

TRENT

I'm sure your father was proud to see how well you turned out.

GLORIA

What about you? I'm sure your father was proud to see you running your family's marketing firm.

TRENT

Well, like you, I went out to prove myself but by the time I came back Dad was too sick. I never got to show him how much I_

GLORIA

I'm sure he knows and is proud of what you've done.

Trent moves closer to Gloria, their faces inches apart. Gloria turns her head quickly.

GLORIA

Hungry?

Trent and Gloria walk toward a taco stand. Behind a nearby wall the heads of El Rapido and two other men appear. One of the men raises a gun with a silencer -- El Rapido quickly stops him.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

Not now stupid, too many witnesses.

EXT. TACO STAND BY CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Trent and Gloria arrive at a small taco stand beside a steep cliff overlooking the ocean. Behind the counter is an old man dressed in traditional Mexican clothing for the tourists.

TRENT

What would you like?

GLORIA

Allow me. Ola señor, porfavor, dos tacos de pollo e dos Coronas.

The old man nods his head and makes their order. He hands them their food and drinks. Trent tries to pay the old man fumbles his wallet and drops it.

Behind them an assassin is taking aim with a silenced weapon. Gloria and Trent bend down to get the wallet and bump heads. The assassin fires missing Trent but hitting the old man in the middle of his forehead.

The old man falls backward, with eyes and mouth wide open, over the cliff into the sea with a SPLASH. The assassin backs off quickly. Trent and Gloria straighten up unaware of anything.

TRENT
 (rubbing his head)
 Sorry about that, boy you got a
 hard head.

GLORIA
 (rubbing her head)
 I got that from my dad.

They laugh and look for the old man.

TRENT
 Where'd he go?

GLORIA
 Probably taking a siesta.

TRENT
 That's not a bad idea.

Trent leaves money -- they walk away down a trail by the cliff. Far below the old man is floating face down in the water. Trent points quickly at the floating body.

TRENT
 My God!

GLORIA
 What is it?

TRENT
 That guy in the water, down there.
 (beat)
 The snorkeling must be great here,
 look, he's eating it up.

GLORIA
 Come on I'll show you a special
 place I know.

EXT. ON THE ROAD SOUTH OF CANCUN - AFTERNOON

Gloria takes him to a secluded beach where they spend the day exploring the fresh-water pools in the jungle. Before they go an arm reaches out from the bushes and places an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE on the undercarriage of the car.

As they pull away the assassin realizes too late that his arm is caught. He is dragged away several hundred feet screaming. The car hits a bump and the assassin comes loose rolling into a large palm tree with a THUD.

TRENT
 Did you hear something?

GLORIA
Probably just a wild pig.

EXT. ON THE BEACH SOUTH OF CANCUN - EVENING

Trent and Gloria find a group of locals having a party on the beach. They have a fire in the sand and a small group of musicians with guitars and congas are playing music. Trent and Gloria go for a walk along the beach.

TRENT
I hope you don't think I'm corny if
I say this has been one of the best
days I've had in a long, long time.
(beat)
Thanks.

GLORIA
Don't thank me, I had a great time
too. It's this place.

TRENT
This place?

GLORIA
This place, this Place will do that
to you.

TRENT
Do what?

GLORIA
Make you forget all the rush, rush
stuff that you thought was so
important. Make ya, you know, see
things in a different light. Take
inventory. Take inventory of all
the baggage and toss out what you
don't need.

Trent removes a pad and pen from his shirt and starts writing.

GLORIA
What are you doing?

TRENT
That's great stuff. That's great
advertising. Straight from the
heart. Straight from your heart.

They stop and are silhouettes in the glow from the fire.
Trent draws her near -- they start to kiss.

Suddenly there is a large EXPLOSION -- a huge ball of fire rises behind them in the distance. Their car, engulfed in flames, catapults high into the air -- slams into the ocean -- slowly sinks.

EXT. THE ROAD HEADING BACK TO CANCUN - LATER THAT EVENING

Trent and Gloria have been given a lift back into town by the locals. They are riding in the back of an old pickup truck. The night is warm and the moon is full.

One guitar player is riding in the passengers seat and two others are also in the back along with a goat and several chickens. The guitar players are gently strumming.

TRENT

Hope you paid for the extra insurance.

GLORIA

I'm gonna have a talk with that rental company when we get back. Good thing we weren't in it.

TRENT

You seem to know this area well. Does this kind of thing happen often?

GLORIA

It's usually a pretty quiet place except for spring break, an occasional shoot out at the local bar and of course every now and then we get a hurricane that blows through.

TRENT

Hurricane?

GLORIA

Hurricane.

He slowly leans in -- they kiss, the musicians smile and strum on into the night.

EXT. CANCUN COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

There is a SWOOSH followed by a hollow CRACK. A golf ball rises in the air high above Cancun. Over the sea dark storm clouds are covering the horizon.

GEORGE

Nice. Nice one.

George has a Nicotine patch on both elbows.

JAMES

Good one brother. Even into this wind. Is it suppose ta rain or something?

TRENT

Rain? Not that I'm aware of. At least it went straight for a change.

JAMES

Looks like you've been practicing a bit. Have you been hitting the links without us?

TRENT

No, not hardly. I think it's just this place. I think it agrees with me.

JAMES

Yea, this place or someone perhaps.

GEORGE

Speaking of perhaps, how did it go yesterday and for that matter what time did you get in last night? We were at the club until it closed and you had us beat.

JAMES

Did you find the right approach for miss personality?

GEORGE

Did you and her ah...

TRENT

Give it a break you guys.

Trent does not wipe down his dirty driver, instead throws it hap hazardously and crooked into his bag. James observes.

JAMES

I knew it.

James sticks his hand out to George.

JAMES

Pay up.

TRENT
OK, fine, you two clowns want to
know why I got in so late?

JAMES
No seedy details, please.

GEORGE
Speak for yourself.

TRENT
Her car blew up.

JAMES
How far from town were you two when
it broke down.

GEORGE
The old car trouble bit. I haven't
tried that one since high school.

TRENT
We were far enough but I'm telling
you it didn't break down it blew
up.

GEORGE
The engine?

TRENT
No, I mean the whole car, it just
exploded and flew into the ocean.
Strange, like it had a bomb in it
or something. Come on let's see if
I have an approach shot in my bag
of tricks.

Trent walks toward the golf cart. James and George hesitate --
lag behind -- look at each other for a moment then shake
their heads.

GEORGE & JAMES
Naaaahhhh.

JAMES
Hey wait for us.

The sky looks ominous. The wind picks up blowing palm fronds
and bits of paper across the golf course.

EXT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL, RESTAURANT PATIO - NEXT MORNING

Trent, George and James are having breakfast. Gloria approaches and is dressed in loose fitting white shorts and a blue polo shirt.

GLORIA

Good morning guys, hello Trent.

TRENT

Good morning.

GLORIA

I'm taking a few of our investors out to Chichen-itza for a tour. Would you care to join us?

JAMES

We wouldn't want to impose.

GLORIA

Come on, there's plenty of room left on the bus. Besides you would be doing me a favor.

TRENT

Sure, it sounds like fun.

EXT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL DRIVEWAY - LATER

Exhaust spews out the rear of the bus as they pull away bound for Chichen-itza.

EXT. THE GREAT BALL COURT, CHICHEN-ITZA - LATER

Gloria is walking ahead of the group. Trent, James and George are following with the rest of the group from the hotel.

GLORIA

This is the ancient ball court of Kulkulcan. You probably noticed the large, stone rings mounted on the wall on both sides. On this field two teams would play using a large heavy ball made from raw rubber. The object of the game of course was to get the ball through the defender's ring. To the winners would go the accolades from the King.

JAMES

And the losers?

GLORIA

They would have their hearts cut out and shown to them still beating before they died.

JAMES

(grabs his chest)
Ouch, man, now that's a rough sport.

GEORGE

No kidding.

A heavy set MIDDLE AGED WOMAN wearing large rimmed glasses turns to her HUSBAND and begins to complain.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

(fanning her plump face with her hand)

I don't know why you had to drag us the whole way out here in this, in this bug infested hole just to see a bunch of crumbling stones. The accommodations are bad enough.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN'S HUSBAND

But it's the Mayans dear think of all the history and all the mystery.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Ralph, there's no mystery here. The locals probably built all this just to make a buck.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN'S HUSBAND

The locals did build this stuff over a thousand years ago.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

You listen to me, I knew we should have gone to visit my Aunt Jeanne in Coco Beach but no you had to drag us down here to this sweat box of a country.

(to Gloria)

Excuse me Ms. Jimenez, could we hurry this up please.

GLORIA

Be patient Mrs. Helfer.

(to the others)

Now I would like to turn you over to our Mayan historian.

(to the Mexican standing
behind her)

Jose.

JOSE

The Mayan classical period lasted
from 200 A.D. until 900 A.D.

The man continues his dissertation on the Mayans -- they walk across the great ball court. From the thick, dense jungle at the end of the ball court the tube of a long blow gun slowly appears.

A mosquito lands on the back of Trent's leg -- he bends to smack it off. There is a RUSH OF AIR -- a dart appears on the bridge of the complaining woman's glasses.

She looks cross eyed at the dart -- lets out a horrible SCREAM. A startled spider monkey falls from a tree and latches onto her face.

The now hysterical woman runs around the ball court screaming with her arms flailing about. Still attached to her face the monkey holds on for dear life like some hairy alien face hugger.

The woman finally trips and falls over a fruit cart attached to a donkey. The monkey flies off -- lands on the donkey's back.

The donkey takes off at a gallop dragging the woman face down in the dirt -- her husband chases her bouncing body into the jungle.

James and George pick up the woman's glasses -- see the dart. They duck down -- look toward the jungle cautiously. There is another RUSH OF AIR -- a dart flies over the head of Trent.

JAMES & GEORGE

El Rapido! Run for your lives!

The investors, driven in a panic, run in all directions. Another dart flies -- there is a SQUEALING SCREAM -- a monkey falls from the tree above Trent's head.

TRENT

I think someone's trying to kill
us!

GLORIA

Kill us?

They run together up a trail. Trent takes a quick look over his shoulder -- another RUSH OF AIR -- a toucan SQUAWKS and falls beside Trent and Gloria.

INT. HEADING BACK TO CANCUN - LATER THAT MORNING

Everyone on the bus is shaken. James and George are in the back of the bus crouched down in their seats cautiously surveying the passing countryside.

Trent gets up -- walks to the back. George and James are motioning at Trent to get down

JAMES

Get down.

Trent ducks a bit but defiantly stomps back to where they are sitting.

TRENT

Alright you two, tell me what the hell is going on.

George immediately breaks down. James keeps an eye on the road outside.

GEORGE

We were only checking into it, I swear.

TRENT

Checking into what?

GEORGE

You know, what you wanted. We found, ah, saw the letter and well with your deteriorating condition and all we thought, thought we would at least get a price and prepare to fulfill your request.

TRENT

My request? What the hell are you talking about?

JAMES

Your request that we kill you rather than have you suffer like Dad did.

TRENT

You guys have lost it.

JAMES

Come on Trent the letter from your doctor, it fell out of your pocket on the plane ride over. The letter recommending that you be put into a care facility because you have what Dad had.

TRENT

You idiots! That letter wasn't mine. It was from Dad's medical file. I had it for the auditors at the office and forgot to take it out of my pocket. We have the same initials. Did that ever occur to either of you clowns?

James jumps up -- hugs Trent.

JAMES

Thank god for that.

GEORGE

Oh man that's good news but the doctor? James talked to your doctor and he said_

TRENT

My doctor? My doctor?

JAMES

Look Trent we were worried. He told us everything.

TRENT

Did he tell you that I had an allergic reaction to that Ichi Bon crap? Did he tell you that I was on medication for it?

GEORGE & JAMES

Oh.

TRENT

Now you two listen and listen good. You got us into this and you're gonna get us out.

(points at them)

You have the bus ride back to figure it out. Do you understand me? I said do you understand?

JAMES

Look Trent we're sorry. We know you've been working extra hard and using every trick to make the sale on the iron Lady.

GEORGE

We just hope this hasn't ruined the account.

Unbeknownst to them Gloria has been standing behind Trent the entire time.

GLORIA

It's ruined all accounts for good.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE CANCUN - DAY

Dark and thunderous clouds move towards the coast.

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL, FRONT DESK, CANCUN

People are checking out in droves as guests load luggage into taxis.

HOTEL MANAGER

Have you called every room to give the evacuation notice?

CONCIERGE

(looks at a list)

Let me see...yes sir everyone except the chamba suite. Those guys were out with señora Jimenez to the ruins. I will call them now.

Picks up the phone and dials.

INT. INSIDE HOTEL ROOM - LATE MORNING

The room is dark -- curtains are drawn. George is standing by the balcony looking through a crack in the curtains.

He takes a hit from his inhaler and slaps another nicotine patch to the back of his leg. The phone rings and startles everyone. George nervously reaches for the receiver.

TRENT

Don't answer that! They could be trying to see if were up here.

JAMES

Trent, I can't say enough how sorry_

TRENT

Shut your margarita hole! Thanks to you two she's never gonna speak to me again, at least not without using four letter expletives.

GEORGE

We didn't know. We just thought you were, like you said, taking the bull by the horns to make the sell.

TRENT

The only thing I want to hear from you meddling idiots is a plan to get us out of this.

JAMES

OK, we check out, then each take separate taxis to the airport.

GEORGE

You know, to confuse 'em.

TRENT

To confuse 'em?

JAMES

Once at the airport we hire a private plane and that's that.

GEORGE

Pretty simple, huh?

TRENT

No it's not pretty simple. For one thing they might target Gloria and another thing I don't want to be looking over my shoulder the rest of my life. Nope, you gotta come up with something better. I want resolution here.

GEORGE

We could let him finish the job.

TRENT

(holds up two fingers)

You're that close to going over the balcony, that close.

JAMES

OK, OK calm down. We'll take care of it, but there's one more little problem.

TRENT

Great, Now what?

JAMES

I'm pretty sure that I saw one of El Rapido's men in the lobby. How are we gonna get you out of here?

TRENT

El Rapido! Who in the hell is El Rapido?

JAMES

Well, ah, he's the guy that, ah

GEORGE

The hit man.

TRENT

That does it, you're gonna go to the police and tell them your whole stupid story and have them arrest this El Rapido character.

JAMES

Now wait just a minute there Trent. First of all that's crazy and second I'm not ready to be served up as the other white meat in some filthy prison. After all it was your idea originally, you're the one who wanted this.

TRENT

I'm the one! I'm the one! Only you two jokers could take a simple blurt made in a moment of grief and duress and twist it into, into a hitman contract complete with blowdarts, bombs and guns. You guys have got to go to the authorities and go now before anyone else gets hurt. I'm going to try and find Gloria and straighten things out.

GEORGE

Listen I_

James holds up a hand and stops George.

JAMES

Don't worry brother we'll go to the police right now and get the whole thing straightened out. You wait here until we get back.

GEORGE

(confused)
What?

JAMES

Shut up and come on.

George looks out of the window to the pool area below -- sees El Rapido's man looking up at him.

GEORGE

We've got a problem. He's down there at the pool, the hit man, Rapido's helper.

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL, LOBBY - NOON

James and George pop their heads out of the kitchen -- through the patio windows they can see the back of El Rapido's assassin. They hurry through the lobby.

GEORGE

There's no way you're gonna make me go to the police.

JAMES

Relax were not going to the police. We're going back to the Crooked Chicken and see if we can get this straightened out ourselves.

George does an about face and starts to head back into the kitchen. James grabs George by the collar.

JAMES

No ya don't. This was all your idea and you're going with me, now come on.

They get into a taxi outside of the hotel.

JAMES

The Crooked Chicken and step on it.

They zoom away. In the background hotel workers post a sign above the entrance.

INSERT - THE SIGN

"Closed for
Hurricane Evacuation
No vacancies".

INT. THE CROOKED CHICKEN SOMEWHERE IN CANCUN - CONTINUOUS

James and George are once again trying to find their way through the darkness of the bar. Across the room just barely visible is the silhouette of someone at a table.

JAMES

Is that him? Christ, this place is darker then the last time we were here.

They start to approach -- hear a gun shot -- somewhere in the darkness a body falls with a loud THUD.

GEORGE

Let's do this another time.

JAMES

Suck it up. It's now or never.

George quickly reaches in his pocket, peels and slaps on another nicotine patch followed by a hit of his inhaler. They walk toward the table. Before they can reach the table they are hit on the back of their heads and knocked out.

EXT. THE JUNGLE, YUCATAN, MEXICO - BACK TO THE BEGINNING

El Rapido, holding Nacho the Chihuahua, is standing in between two other assassins. All three assassins have their arms folded listening to James and George. James is rubbing the knot on the back of his head.

JAMES

And that's the way it happened
swear to God.

El Rapido nods his head -- spits on George's shoe.

GEORGE

I'll translate.

JAMES

Shut up you idiot! It was your
Lucille Ball Spanish that got us
into this mess in the first place.

One of the assassins whispers something to El Rapido. El Rapido whispers something back to the assassins.

ASSASSIN #2

(SLIGHTLY FEMININE VOICE)

My primo, señor Rapido says a dis:
first you pendejos ask for a murder
now you don't want a murder. 'Dis
is not like maken chili reñeno you
a can-ta sim-po-ly turn it off and
on when you want.

(makes stirring motion
with his hips)

JAMES

OK, OK I get it. How much?
(Rubs fingers together.)
I said how much?

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

\$10,000 American dollars

ASSASSIN #2

\$20,000 American dollars.

JAMES

What? That's highway robbery!

ASSASSIN #2

Take it or you get 'da especial.

GEORGE

Especial? What's the especial?

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish - holds up three
fingers)

Three gringos for the price of one.

ASSASSIN #2

Three gringos for the price of one.

GEORGE

Three gringos?

JAMES

That would be you, me and Trent.

(to EL RAPIDO)

Look, let's do a deal.

ASSASSIN #2

No deals muchachos!

JAMES

We need some insurance too, I'm
sure you understand.

ASSASSIN #2

Go on muchacho.

JAMES

You let us go, we go to the bank and get the money, we leave it at the front desk of the Via Magnum, you pick it up and that's that. We leave, we never come back and everyone is happy.

Assassin #2 explains to Rapido the deal. Rapido says something back to the assassin.

ASSASSIN #2

Bueno. Have the money waiting by this afternoon.

GEORGE

Thank you, thank you.

On his knees George, fumblingly grabs and kisses the hand of assassin #2. The assassin appears interested. James slaps Georges hand down.

JAMES

Come on Mother Teresa knock it off and let's get out of here.

ASSASSIN #2

Remember, if the money is not there, you get the three gringos special.

Nacho the Chihuahua jumps from El Rapido's arms sticks his face next to George's and growls.

INT. GLORIA'S PENTHOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Trent arrives at the door of Gloria's penthouse suite -- knocks -- the door swings open.

TRENT

Hello. Hello? Anyone home. Gloria are you here?

He goes inside -- checks the rooms -- finds no one. A note is pinned on the bathroom mirror.

INSERT - THE LETTER

"We have la señorita so no police and no funny business.

Bring the money to Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in the plaza downtown by 4:00 PM. Leave the money inside the second confessional booth. Remember no funny business or she dies and then all three of you stupid gringos will die.

Signed El Rapido."

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL - CHAMBA SUITE - LATER

James and George burst into the room out of breath with clothes torn and dirty. Trent shoves the letter in James' hand.

JAMES

What's this?

(reads)

Oh no, Trent, I'm really sorry I'm_

TRENT

Sorry my ass, you didn't go to the police like we agreed, did you?

JAMES

We kinda got sidetracked but we can go now.

TRENT

Go now! Go now! There's no time.

(points at his watch)

It's 2:00, with any luck we might have enough time to get to the bank and get over there before three.

If anything happens to her you'll be begging to lose your memory.

I'm gonna get my jacket then we're gonna go.

Trent goes into the bedroom. James pulls the PROP 44 MAGNUM from it's case -- checks the cylinder -- shoves it down behind his belt -- pulls his wind breaker down to hide the gun.

GEORGE

What's that for?

JAMES

Look, if Rapido is packing, then I'm packing. If you think that I'm gonna rely on my brother's charm and a bag of money your nuts.

GEORGE

OK, OK just don't pull that cannon out unless it's absolutely necessary.

Trent pops out from the bedroom carrying his backpack.

TRENT

Come on let's go before it's too late.

Trent throws the backpack at James forgetting that the Ichi Bon is still inside.

TRENT

Here, use this to hold the money.

They exit the room leaving the television turned on to the tourist channel news. A lady is reporting the weather.

NEWS LADY

This just in, Hurricane Maribell has changed course and could reach the Yucatan coast as early as this evening. Tourists as well as residents have been advised to evacuate the area.

EXT. THE PLAZA CANCUN - LATER

Trent, James and George are walking quickly from the bank down a side street across a plaza toward a large church. People are running, nervously moving about -- shop owners are boarding up windows with plywood.

There are a few people dressed from a parade for the day of the dead celebration -- several children are wearing skeleton masks. Their mother hurriedly grabs them by their collars -- pulls them away. They drop their masks on the street.

MOTHER

(Spanish)

The storm is coming. Quickly you two, we must get to the shelter.

Dark clouds are gathering -- the wind is growing stronger whipping up leaves and trash from the streets.

JAMES

Are we gonna make it?

TRENT

(checks his watch)
Just barely.

GEORGE

What's up with this weather? It looks like it could rain any minute.

TRENT

Come on we'll worry about the weather later.

They cross the plaza, walk up the wide steps of the church and enter. Just inside the great wooden doors of the church is an old man wearing sun glasses sitting in a chair. He feebly extends a silver cup.

BLIND MAN

Welcome to the house of God. Could you make a donation?

James pulls a bill from his pocket and stuffs it into the cup. The church is dark inside.

JAMES

Where are the confessionals?

The old man lifts his glasses and points. They feel their way down the aisle to a side area where there are four dark wooden confessional booths. They crowd into the second one.

JAMES

Ouch, that's my foot.

TRENT

Too bad! Now spread out.

GEORGE

Man, I thought it was muggy outside.

They see a shadow of a figure through the grate.

ASSASSIN #2

Be quiet and listen.

TRENT

I'll be quiet when I have some assurances.

ASSASSIN #2

You'll be quiet or that girlfriend of yours won't live to see another day. Now leave the money and go back to your hotel.

TRENT

Hey, we need to know that Gloria is OK.

ASSASSIN #2

Leave the money and go or else. The storm is coming, now go.

GEORGE

Storm. What storm? What the heck is he talking about?

TRENT

OK we're going, but you give El Rapido a message from me; If one hair on her head is harmed I'm coming for him.

ASSASSIN #2

Go before it's too late.

Trent reluctantly leaves the backpack.

TRENT

Let's get out of here. I've got an idea.

EXT. THE PLAZA CANCUN - CONTINUOUS

James, Trent and George's heads pop up from behind an old fruit cart sitting across the street from the church.

The wind continues to build -- a few scattered people are running here and there.

One of the big wooden church doors slowly opens -- the assassin exits with Trent's backpack -- he walks down the street toward an alley.

TRENT

George, stop that cab and meet us at that alley.

(points at James)

You come with me.

JAMES

What are you gonna do?

TRENT

You mean what are we going to do. We're gonna follow him and make sure that Gloria is OK and that they keep their part of the bargain.

JAMES

What happened to let the police
take care of it?

TRENT

You guys blew your chance with that
one. Besides, you saw what the note
said, if we involve the police
they'll kill her. Now shut up and
come on.

They don the discarded paper skeleton masks and pigeon-toe
their way down the street following the assassin. The
assassin turns -- looks back -- Trent and James duck into a
doorway.

The assassin pauses at the entrance to the alleyway -- looks
up and down the street -- enters.

JAMES

That was close.

TRENT

All clear. Come on.

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY ENTRANCE CANCUN - MOMENTS LATER

Trent and James wearing the skeleton masks peek from around
the corner into the alleyway. Down the alley the assassin
gets into a car and speeds away. A taxi squeals to a stop
behind them. George's head pops out of the passenger window.
He takes a hit off his inhaler.

GEORGE

Come on! let's go!

Trent and James get into the back of the cab.

GEORGE

This guy's been going on about that
big storm business.

TRENT

I don't care, follow that car and
step on it.

CAB DRIVER

Señor, por favor, there is a big
storm coming. We need to leave the
coast with everyone else.

JAMES

Big Storm?

CAB DRIVER
Si señor a hurricane.

GEORGE
A what?

CAB DRIVER
A hurricane señor, a big storm
coming in from the sea.

JAMES
Great, just great that's all we
need.

Trent pulls out his wallet -- hands the driver two hundred-dollar bills. George slaps on another nicotine patch.

TRENT
Drive.

All three are thrown back into their seats -- the driver speeds away after the assassin's car.

EXT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL ROOM, CANCUN - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The curtains over the balcony doors are blowing up from the wind of the oncoming storm. On the sea the waves are growing larger -- there are many white caps. The television is still on.

NEWS LADY
Yes Miquel it's confirmed. It looks
like hurricane Maribell will make
landfall somewhere between Cancun
south to the Belize border.

NEWS MAN
Well Maria once again all residents
are warned to be in for a category
5 hurricane packing winds up to 150
miles per hours as it makes
landfall sometime this afternoon or
this evening.

EXT. THE ROAD HEADING SOUTH FROM CANCUN - LATE AFTERNOON

Under a dark, angry sky the cab carrying Trent, James and George follows the assassin down the coastal highway.

Large rain drops begin to fall -- windshield wipers on the old taxi slap back and forth. Palm fronds, grass and coconuts fly across the road in front of them. The assassins car is barely visible in the distance.

TRENT

Keep up! Don't lose 'em.

Suddenly a parrot is slammed up against the window of the cab. The bird sticks for a moment, squawks and blows away.

JAMES

Trent, maybe we should turn back.
This hurricane might get a hell of
a lot worse before it gets any
better.

GEORGE

I hate to say it Trent but James is
right.

TRENT

Can't stop now we might lose 'em.
If you want out you can jump.

GEORGE

OK so much for prudent thinking now
let's try appealing to his sense of
life or death.

TRENT

The answer is no! Now shut up and
help me keep an eye on that car.

JAMES

Look! He's turning down that road
into the jungle.

CAB DRIVER

Señor we must not follow further it
is time to go to a shelter where we
will be safe.

Trent hands the driver another two hundred dollars without taking his eye off of the road -- the driver hits the gas. James and George fly back into their seats.

INT. VIA MAGNUM HOTEL - THE CHAMBA SUITE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The curtains are blowing horizontal -- palm fronds, coconuts, rain and ocean spray are blowing into the room. The television is still -- the newscaster's desk is abandoned. Suddenly a strong gust enters the room picks up the TV, slams it against the wall and smashes it to pieces.

EXT. ANCIENT RUINS SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE - LATER

James and George jump as a large coconut CRASHES against the roof of the cab.

Up ahead the car of the assassin comes to a halt at the end of the jungle road. In the surrounding jungle are Mayan ruins.

The assassin struggles out of his car with the backpack -- he makes his way to an entrance inside of a towering, ancient pyramid. Palm trees in the surrounding jungle are bending over in the strong wind.

TRENT

You wait here. You two come on.

JAMES

You can't be serious.

CAB DRIVER

But señor my cab, it will blow away.

JAMES

Come on, it might be safer inside.

All three men get out -- crouch down along the side of the cab. George and James take the skeleton masks with them holding them above their heads in a vain attempt to block the rain.

Slowly they make their way through the jungle over to the base of the pyramid. Trent yells over the din of the storm.

TRENT

HERE! I SAW HIM GO IN SOMEWHERE
RIGHT HERE!

Trent shoves a stone slab -- it opens -- they fall through into the interior of the great, stone structure.

INT. INSIDE THE PYRAMID - MOMENTS LATER

It is calm inside -- they are dripping wet. In front of them are several passageways. Lightning flashes -- THUNDER cracks -- Mayan murals on the walls are illuminated. Roots are hanging from the ceiling -- bats are flying about.

GEORGE

Good God would you look at this place.

JAMES

Something tells me this place isn't on any tourist schedule.

(to Trent)

Which way do ya think he went?

TRENT

Look over there.

Trent points to watery footprints on the floor of one of the passageways.

INT. INSIDE THE PYRAMID - LATER

The three men creep through the passage. James is in the lead holding a lighter. On the walls of the passageway are Mayan paintings of people being sacrificed.

James stops -- holds the lighter up to the murals on the wall.

JAMES

Would ya get a load of this?

GEORGE

Oh man, what a way ta go. Yuck, it looks like they're pulling his heart out while he's still alive. How do you suppose they got this paint color so vivid.

George touches the painting with his finger.

JAMES

Blood and probably from that same heart.

George pulls his hand away quickly.

GEORGE

Talk about suffering for your art.

TRENT

Come on, let's keep moving. We gotta find out where they have Gloria.

James turns -- suddenly the lighter illuminates a stone dragon-like face protruding from the wall. James and George jump back and SCREAM.

JAMES

Holy shit!

TRENT

It's just a statue. Look there, at the end of this passage, a stair well.

GEORGE

Looks like it's leading up higher
into the pyramid.

JAMES

He definitely went this way.
Listen.

(they hear voices)

TRENT

We must be getting close.

Trent takes the lighter from James and leads the way up the stairwell. Cobwebs hang above them. George sees a large spider -- cowers down while following Trent.

James falls back to the back -- slowly pulls the movie revolver from his belt. George takes a hit from his inhaler and slaps on another nicotine patch.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PYRAMID - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Outside of the pyramid the hurricane is making landfall. Large waves crash ashore -- trees are uprooted and washed out to sea. The taxi cab is buffeted by the wind. Sea water begins to wash over the vehicle.

INT. INSIDE THE CAB - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The cab driver's eyes grow wide as a palm tree is uprooted and blown over the cab. He ducks quickly then slowly peeks over the dash of the cab and crosses himself.

CAB DRIVER

Madre de Dios

Suddenly, a large fish that is blown out of the sea -- slams into the wind shield -- it shatters. The driver grabs a flash light from the glove box, springs from the vehicle, wades through the sea water fighting his way through the winds toward the pyramid.

INT. INSIDE THE PYRAMID - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The heads of Trent, James and George slowly pop up from the hole of a stairwell. George has a nicotine patch on his forehead and several more on his neck.

Their heads are at floor level looking across a great stone room somewhere near the top of the pyramid. Torches are burning on the walls on both sides.

There are openings to the outside through which some wind and lightening flashes are entering.

The wind blows the torch flames about. At the far end of the room flooded in torch light is El Rapido, his men, Nacho the chihuahua and Gloria who is tied up and gagged.

She is sitting beside an alter-like monolithic slab of stone. Behind the alter are more stone carvings and murals. The assassin hands the backpack to El Rapido.

EL RAPIDO
(Spanish)
Well is it all here?

ASSASSIN
(Spanish)
The money, yes it is.

Nacho growls, barks and runs off into the darkness toward Trent and the others. The dog stands by the hole in the floor growling at them.

JAMES
(whispers)
Go back, get away, go back.

GEORGE
Nice doggy, nice little doggy.

Nacho lifts his leg, pees on George and runs back barking to El Rapido. The assassins look around into the darkness of the chamber.

ASSASSIN #2
(Spanish)
What was that?

EL RAPIDO
(Spanish)
It's just the dog. What's wrong with you?

ASSASSIN #2
(Spanish)
This place. The sooner we are gone the better. I've heard stories about it, bad stories. They say this place is haunted by the spirits of those who were sacrificed here.

EL RAPIDO
(Spanish)
Nonsense!
(beat)
What are these?

Holds up packets of Ichi Bon -- the assassin shrugs his shoulders. El Rapido examines the pack then opens it with his teeth.

White powder falls out into El Rapido's hand. He carefully tastes the powder looks at the others knowingly and shakes his head.

EL RAPIDO (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

I guess they wanted to sweeten the pot. This looks like some good shit.

ASSASSIN #2

Cocaine?

El Rapido pinches some of the powder -- snorts it up both nostrils. He shakes his head -- throws some of the other packets to his men who do the same.

A packet falls to the floor, Nacho the chihuahua quickly tears into it. They are all smiling with white powder on their nostrils (the dog too). Nacho SNEEZES.

ASSASSIN #2

(Spanish)

What about her?

El Rapido grabs Gloria by the hair, pulls her up.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

Ravish her body for all I care.
(holds up the money)
I have what I want.

El Rapido pushes her into arms of assassin #2 -- he looks confused.

ASSASSIN #2

(Spanish)

Me? You ravish her.

He pushes her back. Trent, furious, starts to jump out of the stairwell. He is stopped by James and George.

JAMES

(whispers)

Hold on King-a-sabi! We gotta have a plan, we can't just go running out there like the cavalry.

TRENT

I can't let them treat her like that.

JAMES

Listen, I got an idea.

INT. INSIDE THE PYRAMID - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The cab driver with the aid of his flashlight is slowly making his way along the same route taken by James, Trent and George through the tunnels.

He comes to the same mural where the person is having their heart ripped out. He grimaces -- sees the stone dragon -- YELLS -- jumps -- drops his flash light -- it goes out.

INT. INSIDE THE PYRAMID - LATER

An arm reaches out slowly -- grabs one of the torches from the wall. El Rapido hears a noise -- Nacho GROWLS again.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

What was that?

ASSASSIN #2

(Spanish mocking)

It's just the dog or a rat perhaps.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

Rat my ass, go and check.

Assassin #2 takes several steps -- stops in horror. At the far side of the great room he sees two skeleton heads lit up by a torch and floating in the darkness.

Strange MOANING sounds can be heard. The masks are being held up by James and George.

ASSASSIN #2

(Spanish)

My God...the spirit of the dead come back from the grave. I told you this place was no good.

El Rapido and the others are frozen with fear. Gloria looks with disbelief at the weird apparition. Bravely Nacho runs towards the ghostly apparitions barking but suddenly is gripped with stomach pain.

The dog's face contorts -- his good eye bulges -- the dog lets out a FART worthy of a St. Bernard.

Nacho darts down a passageway yelping with his tail between his legs. James elbows George.

GEORGE
(bad Spanish)
Bien benidos.

JAMES
(whispers)
That's welcome, even I know that
much. Tell 'em ta go and not come
back.

GEORGE
(bad Spanish)
Go now

El Rapido squints his eyes to see beyond the light of the torch. He reaches down and grabs the backpack.

GEORGE
(Bad Spanish)
I said go now and leave the money!

Suddenly the cab driver's head pops up from the stair well. He sees the skeleton masks and SCREAMS. George and James yell and run toward El Rapido.

El Rapido drops the backpack -- runs away through a side passage -- his men follow. Gloria's eye's grow wide as the skeletons approach.

TRENT
It's us, it's us.

He removes her gag and unties her.

GLORIA
Get your hands off of me.

JAMES
That's gratitude for you.

She kicks James in the shins.

TRENT
You deserved that.
(she kicks Trent)
Hey, just give me a chance to
explain.

She stands -- takes a swing at Trent -- he ducks.

JAMES

Don't waste your time. Let's get out of here.

CAB DRIVER

Señores we are not going anywhere. The storm is too strong and you two...

(points a finger at James and George)

you two owe me a new taxi.

Trent picks up the backpack -- gives it to the taxi driver.

TRENT

That should cover it. Let's get out of here before they come back.

INT. ANCIENT RUINS INSIDE THE PYRAMID - SIMULTANEOUSLY

El Rapido and his men run down the passageway yelling -- suddenly he stops holding back the others.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

Go now but leave the money? You morons

ASSASSIN #2

(Spanish)

But primo, there were two ghosts.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

No, there were only gringos and don't call me primo anymore. Come on, back there and quick.

They pull out their guns -- do an about face.

INT. INSIDE THE PYRAMID - CONTINUOUS

Trent, James, George, Gloria and the cab driver are lost.

TRENT

We should have gotten back to the entrance by now I don't understand.

JAMES

We must have taken a wrong turn somewhere.

CAB DRIVER

These ruins are filled with many passageways. Ancient legend has it that they were made to confuse the unfaithful.

JAMES

I'm screwed.

TRENT

Wait here, I'm gonna take a look inside that corner passage.

Trent leaves.

GLORIA

That figures. Not only do you three put all our lives in danger but you don't even have a plan to get us out of here.

JAMES

Fine, go ahead, kick us while we're down but leave my brother out of it. We're the ones responsible for this mess. The only thing Trent wanted was to get you back safe and sound and he was willing to do anything, including risking his own life.

GEORGE

And ours.

George now has nicotine patches up both arms. He tries to take another hit from the inhaler -- it's empty -- he tosses it.

GLORIA

Oh yea! What about making the sale on the iron lady? What about that!

GEORGE

Yea, James what about that?

JAMES

That was me talking, not Trent and I was wrong. I'm sure now the only reason he had us come down on this trip was to be near you again.

GEORGE

It's true, what he's saying is true.

We screwed up big time but Trent knew nothing about it. He dragged us out in a category 5 hurricane, had us commandeer a cab and pay a twenty thousand dollar ransom on top of it. I can tell you the only sale that Trent wanted was to exchange you for the ransom and get you back safe.

Trent suddenly returns out of the darkness.

TRENT

There's another passage up there. I think it leads to the outside.

(beat)

What? What's going on?

JAMES

Just enlightening someone on a few of the facts.

TRENT

Don't do me any favors. The last time you did I got shot at, blown up, blow darted and condemned.

(looks at Gloria)

You're not gonna kick me again are you?

GLORIA

Far from it.

She gently touches Trent's face -- he flinches.

GEORGE

Let's take the passage. Anywhere's better than this. I feel like we've been going around in circles for an hour.

GLORIA

Maybe we should go back and try to find a way down.

There are noises behind them of running FOOTSTEPS and VOICES. Far behind them in the long passage they can see the flickering light from a torch.

JAMES

So much for going back, come on.

They move into the passage and are immediately hit in the face by spider webs. They push on -- winding upward.

TRENT

They're getting closer! Come on
let's pick it up.

GLORIA

I can feel the wind. I Think this
opens to the outside.

Suddenly there is a flash of lightening up ahead.

GEORGE

Look, it's an opening.

George runs ahead -- the wind gets stronger -- the flashes
come quicker.

GEORGE

Come on it's right up a_

Suddenly George disappears. The others, following close
behind, almost fall -- the passage dead ends in mid air. They
are high up on the side of the pyramid over looking a wild
sea.

It is dark and stormy -- waves are breaking against jagged
rocks below. They frantically scan the rocks below for
George.

JAMES

Oh my god! George is dead!

TRENT

Calm down, he's not dead he's right
there.

George is dangling below them from the head of a stone statue
by one hand. Wind and rain are whipping him around.

GEORGE

Hey, guys, I could use a hand here!

JAMES

Don't worry we'll get ya.

GLORIA

Now what?

There is a bright flash of lightening and suddenly looming
over them are El Rapido and his men -- their pistols pointing
down at them.

The cab driver slinks away down a side passage with backpack
in hand.

EL RAPIDO
 (Spanish)
 Now you die.
 (Looking down at George)
 Leave him to fall.

INT. ANCIENT RUINS INSIDE THE PYRAMID - LATER

In a burial chamber deep inside the pyramid Trent, Gloria, and James are gagged and tied up in a circle with their backs to one another.

El Rapido and his men are looming over them with pistols drawn. Illuminated by torches in the room around them are many mummified human remains.

El Rapido is holding one of the skeleton masks in his hand shaking it in James' face. El Rapido feels a slight rumble in his stomach, touches his side -- belches.

Gloria and the others grimace at the smell of his breath. The assassin #2 takes the gag off of James' mouth.

ASSASSIN #2
 So, you guys thought you could
 scare us with these cheap, stupid
 masks. Well fat chance of dat.

JAMES
 As I recall you were the ones
 screaming like señoritas.

The assassin hits James across the face with the Dirty Harry gun.

EL RAPIDO
 (Spanish)
 Where's my money?

The assassin points the gun at James' head. Gloria and Trent recognize the gun.

JAMES
 Go fuck yourself.

ASSASSIN #2
 This is a nice gun, too bad you
 were afraid to use it.
 (beat)
 Que bueno, well, now we are gonna
 use it to play a little game.

The assassin suddenly feels a rumble in his stomach straightens up, grabs his side -- FARTS loudly.

El Rapido and the other assassins start to have stomach cramps. El Rapido doubles over in pain then recovers.

EL RAPIDO
 (Spanish to one of the
 assassins)
 Get on with it.

ASSASSIN #2
 Nice gun. Now let's see how lucky
 you are.

The assassin spins the cylinder of the revolver -- places it against James' head.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PYRAMID - SIMULTANEOUSLY

George manages to climb back up the side of the Pyramid and struggles back into the passage way.

The hurricane is driving huge waves against the side of the pyramid. Suddenly a massive wave hits the opening catapulting George ahead of it through the passageway.

GEORGE
 Oh shit!

INT. INSIDE THE PYRAMID - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Down a long passageway lit with torches, George is riding the crest of a huge wall of water that is snuffing out the torches as it thunders its way toward the burial chamber where the others are being held.

INT. BURIAL CHAMBER, INSIDE THE PYRAMID - SIMULTANEOUSLY

There is a loud click. James, who is covered with sweat shakes nervously -- slowly opens his eyes. El Rapido and his men laugh.

ASSASSIN #2
 Now who's scared?

Gloria and Trent are mumbling under the gags. El Rapido and his men start to double over and grimace with pain. There are FLATULENT noises.

One of the assassin's holds his stomach -- runs from the chamber. El Rapido and the other assassin are in the throws of Ichi Bon revenge. Trent manages to get his gag off.

TRENT
 The gun, it's a fake, it's a movie
 prop.

JAMES

Thanks! You could've let me know before I soiled myself.

TRENT

Look, señor Rapido or whatever your name is. We can give you a lot more money, just let her go.

GLORIA

I can fend for myself thank you very much.

TRENT

(to Gloria)

Look, I never meant to deceive you and as far as your account is concerned you can let someone else have it if that's what you want. I just wanted you to know_

GLORIA

Know what?

JAMES

Yea, know what?

El Rapido staggers forward in pain, looks at the prop gun -- throws it away -- points a real gun at them.

EL RAPIDO

(Spanish)

No more games!

El Rapido raises the gun, pulls back the hammer and points it at James. Suddenly a wall of sea water bursts into the chamber. El Rapido and his men are swept away.

Trent and Gloria, still tied together begin to float as the water in the chamber gets higher and higher. They are desperately trying to free their hands.

Around them MUMMIFIED REMAINS are bobbing about. James SCREAMS as a mummy pops up in front of him -- presses against his face as if giving him a kiss. The water is filling the chamber quickly.

JAMES

It looks like this is it!

Trent is trying to feel his way under the water to untie Gloria. Trent, Gloria and James float to the top of the chamber. They fight to keep their heads above the water. Suddenly George's head pops up.

GEORGE
Hey, you guys miss me?

One by one George unties them as the water continues to rise and swirl about them. Only a small space of air remains at the very top of the chamber.

TRENT
George do you remember which way
you came? Maybe we can swim out.

GEORGE
Sorry Trent I was too busy praying
during the water ride from hell.

INT. CHAMBER UNDER WATER - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Below the kicking legs of James, George, Trent and Gloria a large stone block begins to shake -- bubbles emanate from below it.

Suddenly a stone block on the side of the chamber gives way. The water diverts -- a whirlpool starts to form in the center of the chamber.

GEORGE
Oh shit! Not again!

George is sucked under first, then James. Trent grabs Gloria as they spin around. He yells above the noise of the water.

TRENT
What ever happens I_

GLORIA
What?

TRENT
I said, what ever happens I_

They are sucked under together.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PYRAMID - MOMENTS LATER

The storm has subsided -- there is a ray of sunlight coming through a break in the clouds. On the exterior wall of the pyramid is a large vent hole.

There is a RUMBLE then the sound of RUSHING WATER. Suddenly a large river of water blasts out of the opening. George pops out first traveling high in the air then landing in a big mud hole in the jungle.

Next is James and finally Trent and Gloria together. George sits up -- except for his eyes is completely covered in mud. James, Trent and Gloria sit up equally covered in mud.

GEORGE

Holy cow what a ride!

JAMES

Ride, I feel like I've gone down the birth canal for a second time. What do you think happened to El Rapido and his thugs?

GEORGE

Hopefully they were washed out to sea.

JAMES

Let's hope so.

GLORIA

We're lucky we all made it out alive.

TRENT

You can say that again. That's no way to go.

Trent grabs Gloria -- they embrace in a muddy kiss -- James and George look on. A pig runs out of the jungle -- licks George's face.

Suddenly a small, muddy, rat-like creature emerges from the mud and walks towards them. The creature shakes off the mud -- it is NACHO. Nacho jumps in Georges lap and licks his face.

JAMES

Now that's just nasty!

Suddenly they hear BRANCHES BREAKING -- look up just in time to see the cab driver falling. The cab driver lands in the mud hole beside them -- scares the pig away.

CAB DRIVER

(covered in mud)

Ejole!

FADE OUT.

EXT. MT. SINAI CEMETERY - SOMETIME LATER

It is a warm sunny day. Trent is standing alone at the grave of his father wearing a sport coat and slacks.

On his head is a yarmulke. His hands are crossed and he stares at the head stone. He clears his throat and begins to speak.

TRENT

Hello Dad. It's Trent. First of all everybody is doing fine, not to worry. Mom is bearing up, James is still a pain in my ass but is working hard and of course you would be glad to know that we're busier than ever at the firm. We've landed big accounts with Centron and the quarterly promotions for New-Com have been going through the roof.

Trent's dad appears out of nowhere from behind him looking healthy and glowing dressed in a white suit and white yarmulke. He places his hand on Trent's shoulder. Trent, unaware of his presence, continues to face the head stone.

FATHER

Everything's OK? Everything's OK? Your Mom brings that shmuck Feldman here, here mind you, here of all places to tell me that they're dating. Don't get me wrong I want her to be happy and get on with her life but with that shlub? And then there's that idiot brother of yours along with that screwball, gentile George who damn near gets all of you killed and you say everything is OK.

(looks upward)

Oh yes, patience and restraint easy for you to say. Well then fine I raised an optimist, so what.

(to Trent)

OK son, cut the crap and get to the point.

Trent pauses for a moment as if he heard something, cocks his head slightly to one side and continues.

TRENT

Anyway, I wish, I wish we would have had time to talk. We fought, you got sick and we were all so busy tying up the loose ends with you and with the business. Before we knew it time had gotten away.

FATHER

Talk, smalk, you never listened to me anyway when my mind was intact. At least you had enough sense to come back to the family business, very smart of you son, very smart.

TRENT

Dad I've been thinking, thinking that I need a change. I need to get out of the family business. You know explore my own possibilities.

FATHER

Mother of pearl! That's it send me back for reincarnation! I want to go back as a seven iron and knock some sense into my son.

Trent's father turns in disgust -- starts to walk away.

TRENT

You see Dad I've met this woman, she's smart, pretty and a lot of fun to be with. She kinda reminds me a little of mom and she can be kind of stubborn like you. The point is I want to be with her and to tell ya the truth the family business just plain bores the hell out of me. I need a change. I just would like to know I have your blessing.

Trent's father turns back around -- slowly puts his hand back onto Trent's shoulder. Trent still looks down at the grave.

FATHER

Son, my son, at the end of the day when it's all said and done the only thing that I want for you is your happiness. I was blessed with a good family and a great life and why? Because I followed my heart and never took no for an answer especially for something that I truly believed in. I'm gonna tell you the secret, the secret of a good life.

(looks up)

Don't worry I'm not telling him everything and I'll make sure I leave out that part.

(to Trent)

Son don't let another minute, no, another second go by that you're not living or pursuing your idea of happiness. Life is just too damn short. Cause if you're not, well, you're just living someone else's dream. Follow your dreams son and be happy.

Trent's father turns and disappears. Trent closes his eyes as a strong breeze sweeps across the cemetery and around him.

TRENT

Good bye Dad until next time.

A leaf falls -- lands in his hand. He places the leaf on the grave -- smiles -- walks away.

INT/EXT. THE VIA MAGNUM HOTEL IN CANCUN - SOMETIME LATER

The concierge is greeting a couple of guests. He hands them their key and calls for bus boys to take their luggage.

CONCIERGE

Very good and may the Via Magnum be your home away from home and may I say with all assuredness that this will be one of the most unforgettable experiences you have ever had. Enjoy.

Two delivery men enter from the street. One of the men hands the concierge an invoice.

CONCIERGE

I will of course have to approve this with the owners. If you will excuse me for just one moment.

He throws his shoulders back -- walks through the lobby, down a hall, across a terrace and across the pool area.

He finally stops by two lounge chairs where Trent and Gloria are sunning themselves. Gloria looks at the paper and signs it.

CONCIERGE

Thank you Señora Staadecker.

He bows and walks away. Trent holds Gloria's hand.

TRENT

Someone once told me that this is the place to go to get away from it all. Make you forget all the rush, rush stuff that you thought was so important, a place to unwind and slow down.

GLORIA

This is true, at least when you're not running from assassins.

TRENT

Or well meaning friends and family.

Trent and Gloria, holding hands, raise margaritas in a toast. On the ground beside them Nacho the Chihuahua sips from a small margarita and barks loudly.

THE END.