

MIDNIGHT GLOW

by

Curt Butler & Doyle Moses

Original Story

by

Curt Butler & Doyle Moses

WGAW #1491000

Curt Butler | Doyle Moses
9200 Carmel Valley Road
Carmel, California 93923
(213) 260-3301
ballyzaca@msn.com

MIDNIGHT GLOW

FADE IN:

INT. BACKSEAT TAXI - NEAR HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

JILL HOLMES, an American (mid-30's), a strikingly beautiful redhead with emerald green eyes, a clinical physiologist by profession. Married to CLIVE HOLMES (mid-50's), Member of Parliament, representing constituents of County Surry, UK.

Frustration showing, as Clive fumbles with a passport wallet mumbling aloud while Jill rags on him...

JILL

(smoking cigarette)

You let people waste your time. You idly listen them out, when in fact, they've absolutely nothing to say.

CLIVE

You're too hard on me, Jill. My job is to listen to my constituents and act in their best interests and the interests of the party.

JILL

(mimicking woman)

"Oh, Clive, you're so wonderful... showing interest in our cause for fighting internet pornography. This scourge on our society must end."

CLIVE

That's a bit unfair of you Jill.

JILL

Unfair, really? She'd be beside herself if she knew the truth...

A questioning look crosses Clive's face...

JILL (CONT'D)

(pauses, returns look)

... when you're the internet king of midnight porn.

EXT. TAXI - CURBSIDE AT HEATHROW'S TERMINAL FIVE -

Clive pays driver; arranges luggage delivery, as Jill lights another cigarette; feels her cell phone vibrating.

INSERT: Reads message: "*Shaman Bob alerted of your arrival tomorrow at Tambor, visit temple to make contact - Joshua.*"

CLIVE

We British take pride in protecting our rights to complain.

JILL

If complaining didn't exist... the British would be left speechless. That creates a problem, doesn't it?

CLIVE

Problem, what problem?

JILL

Being unable to complain about the weather?

They continue bickering arriving at British Airways counter.

INT. AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT - FIRST CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

Separately doing their own thing, Clive watches an in-flight comedy movie, while Jill reads a book sipping champagne.

CLIVE

(headset on, laughs aloud)
OOOoooooohh... this is killing me.

JILL

Poor Ducky his people never outgrew slapstick.

CLIVE

(lifting earpiece)
What did you say, luv?

JILL

I said, "The Saxon's must have been in love with their Court Jesters."

Clive's movie has ended and the champagne consumed, mostly by Jill. As the cabin lights dim Jill continues reading by overhead; while Clive lies back closing his eyes.

CLIVE
 (suddenly jerks upright)
 Oh damn, Jill, I forgot my Viagra!

JILL
 Well that's about the most romantic
 proposition I've heard in awhile.
 Sorry luv, at 40,000 feet, believe
 a screamer wouldn't be appreciated.

A couple across the aisle smiles entertained by her remark.

JILL
 (pats her purse)
 Not to worry, Ducky. Go to sleep.

EXT. RESTAURANT - BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Two couples exit a chic Beverly Hills restaurant. JACK and BRIGITTE BENISH (mid-30's) followed by their friend PETER O'NEIL and girlfriend JACKIE.

A valet drives a gold Rolls-Royce Phantom Drophead Coupe to the curb, hops-out opens passenger door. Peter and Jackie seated, as Jack palm-off a bill of unknown value to valet.

VALET
 Thanks Mr. Benesh, beautiful night
 for a drive through Beverly Hills.

JACK
 Wish it were so, Danny. Headed for
 LAX taking a redeye to Costa Rica.

VALET
 In that case have a good flight, a
 safe landing and enjoyable holiday.

The Rolls departs the restaurant entering street traffic.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Rolls stops curbside at LAX, Jack and Brigitte exit hug and exchange niceties, as Peter and Jackie drive away.

BRIGITTE
 Hope Peter takes care of watching
 after things while we're gone.

JACK

Well, I trust him more with my car than with my wife... what was with you two tonight?

BRIGITTE

Oh, Jack, please...

JACK

Peter hardly paid any attention to his date over diner, laying his Mr. Charming Guy routine on you.

They stride up to the Lasca Airlines ticket counter placing bags on scales receiving their boarding passes.

JACK

Where we're we now? Oh yeah, Peter, Mr. Wonderful. Using my Rolls as a prop, suppose he is wonderful?

BRIGITTE

Mr. Charming Guy not Mr. Wonderful.

JACK

Right! Wonderful or charming, is there a difference?

The couple strides across the lobby passing through customs into a lounge, as they continue fencing with each other.

BRIGITTE

Peter is a charming guy. Why Jack, don't tell me you're jealous?

JACK

Jealous, me jealous?
(with Mexican dialect)
Nada, I don't tink' so, Brig-itté!

Peter's game is to pass himself off as a silver-tongued fox. And likely reads romance novels as part of his research curriculum; and, knows at least one poem by heart... Please!

BRIGITTE

Now, now, Jack. Anyone can learn to be charming with a little practice.

JACK

You mean... it takes less practice than playing Guitar Hero?

Hearing the boarding call they proceed to awaiting aircraft.

BRIGITTE

Well, I don't know about that. How much practice is required to become a video game rock star?

JACK

Guitar Hero? It's more entertaining than Peter's diatribe.

A stewardess greets them, checks seat assignments directing them towards the first class section.

BRIGITTE

Time-out Jack! We're supposed to be on holiday.

JACK

Now counselor, you're throwing in the towel, you're letting me win this argument with no rebuttal?

BRIGITTE

My position isn't a lot different from yours. I was trying to judge the level of disdain you may hold towards your friend?

Peter is your friend! But he's the kind of guy who believes he must impress a woman, so as, to gain her attention, or even her affection.

JACK

Un-huh, and...

BRIGITTE

Women most drawn to the "Charming Guy" type, fall at opposite ends of the "Promiscuity Gauntlet!" Being the romantic VIRGINS who won't give up pussy to just anybody, or broken hearted SLUTS in dire need of some sexual healing.

INT. AIRCRAFT - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Jack with his laptop open works on his latest screenplay, as Brigitte passes time thumbing through a magazine. They share a bottle of champagne mostly consumed by Brigitte.

BRIGITTE
Am I interrupting?

JACK
Ah no, just finished that scene.
What's on your mind, Brig?

BRIGITTE
What's your feeling about your
sister's relationship with Clive?

What I am saying, is their marriage
going to make it? You know, Clive
being twenty years older than Jill?

JACK
Haven't given it any thought Brig.

Closing his laptop...

JACK (CONT'D)
In defense of their union, they've
only been married a year, or so.
Why? Something your not telling?

BRIGITTE
Not exactly. But, when Jill and I
spoke last week... I got a strange
feeling she was hiding something.

The cabin lights are dimmed.

JACK
Like what? Jill always say's what
is on her mind, regardless, of the
situation and who may be offended
by her honesty.

BRIGITTE
Likely its nothing, or maybe it's a
woman's intuition?

INT. LOBBY - JUAN SANTAMARIA AIRPORT - COSTA RICA - NEXT DAY

Jill and Clive await arrival of Jack and Brigitte. They spot
them entering the lobby, as they exchange hugs and kisses.

EXT. AIRPORT - AUTO RENTAL COMPANY - DAY

Their luggage loaded into separate foreign made 4x4 compact vehicles, as the twins slip into the driver seats.

JACK

The last ferry to Nicoya Peninsula
leaves at 5:00pm.

Jill, laughs aloud with a parting remark...

JILL

Hey Jack... you snooze, you lose!

The engine roars and the tires squeal as Jill races away.

JACK

Oh damn it, she's always doing that
shit, catching me off guard... hold
on, Brig...

BRIGITTE

You are so competitive, like you've
never grown-up.

Oh, what the hell! What's holding
you up? Let's get em', Jack.

Jack and Brigitte in full pursuit pedal-to-the-metal playing
catch-up, headed for San Ramon and Puntarenas beyond.

JACK

What does the map say Brig, is Jill
headed in the right direction?

BRIGITTE

We're going the right direction.
The maps caption say's: *Tourist
shouldn't drive at night because
you'll miss the great scenery.*

JACK

How does that apply? If scenery was
a top priority we should have taken
the shuttle, we'd be there by now.

Instead we're playing tag-ass over
narrow-ass roads dodging pot holes.
Great scenery, my ass! No painted
lines, no shoulders, no road signs.

Slowed by two trucks trying to pass at 30mph, Jack gives up
the jungle chase. Rounding a bend ahead, Jill and Clive are
seen bent over their bare-asses exposed... MOONING!

JACK

Brig, you gotta' excuse my sister
she's capable of doing crazy.

JILL

Clive finally loosened up a bit.

The two couples still playing tag-ass and laughing, as they drive the jungle road to catch the Puntarenas-Tambor ferry.

INT. BARCELO PLAYA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The dinner has ended and cocktails ordered, Poco Loco's for everyone. The rule given their waiters is any empty glasses are automatic refills, as conversation continues...

CLIVE

(aristocrats demeanor)

Women today dominate the workforce providing them financial freedoms' never experienced before, no doubt its changed the face of marriage.

JACK

Sorry Clive, still doesn't answer my question? I'll rephrase it...

"If society excuses one's cheating by gender; why is it, the males are excused for "sex addiction", then why shouldn't philandering females also get a pass?"

BRIGITTE

Women are just as susceptible to cheat on their husbands, as their husbands are to cheating on them.

Let's face it, we live in a society where everyone places the highest values on beauty... Why?

(no response)

Not so long ago, an accepted notion was women dressed to impress other women. A fallacy! They're trolling for men, but will never admit it.

JACK

Trolling? That's wicked counselor! Okay, get your head around this...

... researchers of a recent study report... *"Women who are considered*

beautiful, either by themselves, or others, produce more of the hormone estradiol, different from estrogen; the scientists say it's the trigger to desire and racy behavior."

CLIVE

There is always a new scientific study being brought forth, dating back to the early 1950's "Kinsey Reports", which by the way are now enjoying a resurgence.

My belief is far simpler than the scientists attempt to make it. Are they not, firstly, more interested in the sales of their books? It's common knowledge sex sells!

The institution of marriage evolved out of necessity; many women today will choose their mates by judging their ability at living up to ideal standards of what constitutes true love... *"He's my lover and also my best friend; aggressive in business and a pussycat at home; he writes poetry, and constructs skyscrapers from the ground up."* ... In other words he's her ideal fantasy hero.

JILL

Bullshit!

You pompous bastard! Apparently, it is a leap too far, to consider that maybe, just maybe, a woman wants to get fucked by a stranger, just for the excitement of it?

What you've described as motivation for a woman to marry, makes me want to puke in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, with or without the fuck'in elephants and clowns.

Jack sensing a potential disaster at hand decides it best to defuse the situation with a time-out.

JACK

(with a British accent)

Clive, old boy! Suggest we men step outside and enjoy a cigar... in the

company of our primal cousins, the howler monkeys.

JILL

Jack, your timing is impeccable. As for you... Mr. MP, you've just been saved by the bell.

CLIVE

What I was trying to say, luv...

JILL

Please, don't!

Jack and Clive exit the restaurant. Jack offers to Clive a Cohiba cigar, as the ladies regress to girl talk.

JILL

Brig, I swear, that man's breeding has reduced the size of his brain to that of his penis.

BRIGITTE

Appears you guys are going through a rough patch adjusting? The first couple of years are the worst.

JILL

Sorry, enough about me. Appears my tantrum ruined everybody's evening?

How are you and Jack getting along?

BRIGITTE

Well, we're having our problem too. Jack is pretty much a free spirit, as are you... it must be a genetic thing?

He's dedicated to screenwriting, as a profession, and he loves the fast lane. He may have a squeeze on the side? Don't know, but if he does he keeps it... her... well hidden.

Sexually, we're good, just not like we were before, but good. Less sex, with less foreplay.

We both work at opposite extremes. Jack's writing is built on fantasy, and mine deals with the reality of law, and that translates to money.

JILL

On the surface everything appears
to be alright with you guys.

BRIGITTE

And a volcano is just a mountain
until it explodes.

JILL

Looks like they're trying to close,
Let's went Amigo, or is it Amiga?

Jack and Clive take the last puffs on their cigars greeting
the girls... all smiles!

INT. JILL & CLIVE'S TREE HOUSE BUNGALOW - DAY

Jill still in bed, as Clive circles the bed concerned.

JILL

(acting, as if sick)

Yes, yes, Clive, please go. Enjoy
your day's adventures I'll try and
catch-up later this afternoon. My
apologies to Jack and Brigitte.

CLIVE

Should I cancel our reservation for
the Arabian Tent this evening?

JILL

No please, I should feel better by
this afternoon.

CLIVE

Alright, luv. I'm off to Montezuma
for the Jungle Zip-Lines Adventure.
Will make excuses, get well luv.

Clive exits bungalow joining Jack & Brigitte.

JACK

Where's Jill?

CLIVE

She's not feeling well, and asks we
go without her. Said she'd catch-up
later if her sickness abates.

JACK

Sounds like a case of the "Morning
Sickness" to me, what do you think

Brig? Is there something you'd like to share with us, Clive? Like maybe there's a bun in the oven?

CLIVE

The thought never crossed my mind until you mentioned it. Would she withhold that from me if she knew?

BRIGITTE

Probably not, Clive. But it's too early for her know... unless?

JACK

For arguments sake, we'd assume it would be welcome news?

CLIVE

Yes, of course. Just wonder if it could be true? Unless what Brig?

BRIGITTE

Unless, of course, she's already tested herself for pregnancy.

CLIVE

Wouldn't she have shared that with you last night, during that private girl's session you two had?

BRIGITTE

She's your wife, Clive. What makes you think she'd share that with me? I'm not her gynecologist!

CLIVE

Oh well, let's get on with it.

With Jack behind the wheel they head off to Montezuma.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - TAMBOR JUNGLE - DAY

Tambor sits at the southern end of a lush tropical valley of forested hills forming part of a biological corridor on the Nicoya Peninsula. The valley funnels down ending at the calm horseshoe bay of Bahia Ballena (Whale Bay).

Behind the wheel Jill searches for a mountain village called Concepción, and a mountaintop temple nearby. See's the sign: ENLIGHTENMENT TEMPLE, turns into a parking area.

The sound of MUSIC is faintly heard from above, spotting the trail she begins to climb.

The trail leads upward through tropical trees and fauna. She reaches a level where several people are practicing Tai-Chi. Further on a swimming pool set among the tropical ferns and fauna. Several women sit naked in lotus positions facing the radiance of the mid-morning sun. In the distance the beaches and aqua waters, darkening to cobalt blue beyond.

She views a building Joshua described, assuming it to be the Enlightenment Temple? A couple comes towards her...

JILL

Is that the Enlightenment Temple?

WOMAN ON TRAIL

Yes, it is. Do you need help?

JILL

I'm looking for Bob... Shaman Bob.

WOMAN ON TRAIL

He was at the front of the temple a few minutes ago.

JILL

Oh, thank you.

EXT. MONTEZUMA JUNGLE CANOPY - PLATFORM IN THE TREES - DAY

Jack hooks a pulley and breaking device onto a zip-line that will cross a waterfall ahead; and, launches off the platform gliding 150 yards to the next platform propelled by gravity.

Brigitte and Clive prepare to follow.

Brigitte launches gliding through the forest canopy 50 yards behind Jack. Clive attaches his pulley onto the zip-line and launches, but has lost hand-hold on the pulley and brake, as he perilously hangs upside-down by his safety belt SCREAMING bloody murder. He glides out-of-control behind Brigitte, as Jack approaches the platform ahead.

CAMERA: ZOOMS-IN ON CLIVE - ZOOMS CLOSER - FREEZE-FRAME: CU OF CLIVE GLIDING THROUGH THE FOREST, HELPLESSLY SCREAMING -

Perched in a tree, a family of howler-monkeys watch as Clive glides by upside-down SCREAMING. The monkey's become excited by Clive's vocal intensity, and begin SCREAMING back.

CAMERA: ZOOMS-IN ON TROOP OF HOWLER-MONKEYS - ZOOMS CLOSER - CLOSER ON ALFAMALE - FREEZE-FRAME: CU ALFAMALE SCREAMING -

RESUME: JILL

Cresting the hilltop she stands on a wide plateau looking at a magnificent structure reminding her of a Buddhist temple.

Affront of the temple SHAMAN BOB (late 50's), a handsome man casually dressed with red bandanna tied around his forehead, chatting with others scantily dressed.

Turning he spots Jill, and walks toward her smiling, as if, mentally tuned to the same frequency.

SHAMAN BOB

You must be Dr. Holmes, or may I call you Jill?

JILL

Yes, I am... but...

SHAMAN BOB

Joshua called alerting me to expect your visit sometime this week.

JILL

Please do, Jill's fine. It was kind of him, hope I'm not interrupting?

SHAMAN BOB

(*muses*, she's beautiful)
No! Nothing interrupts the flow of life here.

JILL

(sexually aroused)
Suppose Josh mentioned the reasons for my seeking you out?

SHAMAN BOB

Yes, he did! Jill, why don't we get comfortable, visit and talk awhile.

He motions toward a grassy knoll surrounded by palms, as they're seated at the shaded table.

RESUME: JUNGLE CANOPY

Jack and Brigitte stand on the platform, as Clive approaches OUT-OF-CONTROL moving rapidly toward them.

CAMERA: OPENS ON PREVIOUS FREEZE-FRAME, CU ALFAMALE, MOUTH OPEN MID-SCREAM - ZOOMS-OUT - LIVE ACTION HOWLER-MONKEYS -

SMASH CUT:

CAMERA: OPENS ON THE PREVIOUS FREEZE-FRAME, CU CLIVE HANGING ON ZIP-LINE MID-SCREAM - ZOOMS OUT - RETURN TO LIVE ACTION -

Jack senses a disaster, pulling Brigitte aside, as Clive is about to collide with the tree. As Clive passes by Jack and plows into the tree, Jack's arm thrusts skyward mimicking a "muleta" of the matador performing the "tanda", as he yells aloud...

JACK

¡Olé! Should be awarded an ear for that performance!

Clive upside-down SLAMS into tree, taking the brunt of the force face-first hitting the protective matt.

CLIVE

Aaggghhhhhhhhhhh!

BRIGITTE

Oh, my God! Clive, Clive... talk to me! Jack do something! Jack, quick!

RESUME: JILL & BOB

Seated quietly anonymously studying each other concealing their interest.

A native woman sets down a water pitcher, cups and glasses, bowl of fruit, and what appears to be a beaker of tea.

JILL

How is it you found you're way here to begin with may I ask? And how'd you acquire the handle Shaman Bob?

SHAMAN BOB

Well, it's a long story, but I'll give you the condensed version.

JILL

I'm all ears.

SHAMAN BOB

When I first came to Tambor, whales used to take-up residence in Bahia Ballena. But when coastal activity began increasing due to the Contra-Sandinista Wars in El Salvador and Nicaragua, they quit coming.

JILL

Awh, that's too bad.

SHAMAN BOB

Yes, it was, and is! Man has sure mucked things up destroying all he was given to pursue getting more.

(ladles tea, passes cup)

Bahia Ballena later became known as "Pirates Bay." Used to channel arms and explosives ashore then overland to the Contras in Nicaragua.

JILL

And suppose you were the "Captain Morgan" of this band of scallywags?

SHAMAN BOB

(speaking pirate brogue)

Arrgh, me buck-o... that I was, me and me hearties...

(toasts her cup)

... "clap of thunder" for ye, lass. Drink the grog slowly, you'll not be marooned alone, nor will I allow ye' loaded to the gunwale. Arrgh, we'll walk the plank together. Aye, run no rig on ye'!

JILL

(laughing)

Appears you've mastered the art of speaking pirate's brogue.

SHAMAN BOB

Aye, me ship was the biggest Brig in any port-o-call.

JILL

(laughs, light headed)

Sorry, please continue your story.

SHAMAN BOB

Aye, stumbled over me mizzenmast.

(speaking-straight)

Well, to continue we will now be drifting politically to the right. Hold on...

(painful look)

... the newly elected US President began to accuse the Sandinista's of importing a Cuban-style socialism to aid the leftist guerrillas in El Salvador.

(weary expression)
 Then in January 1982, a Top-Secret National Directive was issued that gave the CIA authority to recruit and to support the Contras.

JILL

I see?

SHAMAN BOB

Not yet! (beat) *"But you will, said the blind man."*

JILL

(giggles)

Blind as a bat, but game as a fox.

SHAMAN BOB

(pirate's brogue)

A fox ye surely be, a wench ye not!

SHAMAN BOB

The CIA sent me down here to setup a receiving and training facility. It was cloaked within an auspicious ecological institute, which led to other activities.

(acknowledges her flash)

The CIA activities ended with the Iran-Contra Affair. I thought I'd slipped through the cracks in the floor and decided to stick-around.

JILL

That's it?

SHAMAN BOB

Pretty much.

Oh, almost forgot! The Ayahuasca, if one overindulges, it certainly can cloud one's memory.

But you want to know what I'm still doing here, and the tea... Right?

JILL

Yes, only if you care to explain?

(feeling effects)

I feel so wonderful, wonderful; and you're so beau-"tea"-full... Bobby.

(stares in wonderment)

Ops, please continue.

SHAMAN BOB
 (removing her cup)
 Are you sure?

JILL
 Please, your story is intriguing.

SHAMAN BOB
 I'd been introduced to the benefits of Ayahuasca, when the Company sent me to the Amazonas region of South America.

(sips Jill's tea)
 Most of the ingredients for brewing Ayahuasca were readily available.

Funds continued to flow through our original black-ops, and decided to do some good instead of making war. So, I stayed behind brewing my tea, offering it to the locals for their ailments. That is when they started calling me Shaman Bob.

(observes Jill's high)
 The local natives helped me convert clandestine facilities into what is today the Enlightenment Temple.

We offered enlightenment courses on using Ayahuasca, to resolve family and marital problems, ailments, and grief due to lost of loved ones.

We created ecological wildlife and nature reserves to protect habitats on Nicoya, and nearby islands.

(pirate's brogue)
 Aye, that's the whole Jolly Roger, Matey. Shiver me timbers, you done spliced me mainbrace. Yo-ho-ho!

JILL
 (grabs sunglasses)
 The hallucinogenic properties are intriguing. My eyes are dilated and sensitive to light. A mellow non-threatening high... most unusual.

SHAMAN BOB
 Sounds like Dr. Jill Holmes, Ph.D, has decided to report for duty.
 (pours water)
 Drink this! The hallucinogenic, or flash of your trip is pretty much

over based on the amount you drank.
The rest is pretty mellow and can
even be spiritual.

Why don't we discuss it further in
my home behind the temple.

Jill moved closer her body's unspoken sexual language sends
an invitation for him to embrace and kiss her.

He moves close observing her emotions, lifts her sunglasses
from her eyes, as they embrace and passionately kiss.

INT. ROBERT'S HOME (BALCONY) - TEMPLE MOUNT - DAY

Overlooking the plateau descending deep into jungle below.

JILL

The view from here is spectacular.

Bob intently watches Jill intrigued by her natural beauty,
her mane of red hair blowing gently in the mountain breeze.

In the corner of the balcony sits a Golden Buddha. Inside a
large glass vase grows a natural tropical jungle over black
polished stones, in the midst a single "Black Orchid."

JILL

That's a very unusual orchid.

ROBERT

Yes, it is, more so, than your eyes
can see. The only place it grows is
here in the Nicoya jungles.

JILL

Has it been recorded and identified
by any botany societies?

ROBERT

No!

JILL

Certainly its identified somewhere?

ROBERT

(shakes his head)

ORCHIDACEAE, are commonly referred
to as the Orchid Family being its a
morphologically widespread diverse
family called MONOCOTS. The second
largest family of flowering plants,
more than 26,000 accepted species.

The number of species is more than twice that of birds and nearly four times that of mammals.

JILL

My God, you know all this?

ROBERT

What's there to know? If one seeks knowledge, knowledge finds you!

JILL

Have you ever attempted to register it, or give it a name.

ROBERT

No, not YET!

JILL

And...?

ROBERT

... and, its name...?

... **"Midnight Glow"!**

JILL

That's beautiful... very poetic.

ROBERT

Thank you... your interest in my botany is appreciated.

JILL

(looks at her watch)

Would like to spend more time with you, unfortunately, I must go.

ROBERT

... It's been a pleasant afternoon spent in your presence, Doctor. We must get together soon, as my door is always open whenever you wish to enter.

For if wishes were horses, beggars would ride.

They move closer and embrace. Jill maintains her wide stance thrusting her pelvis against Bob's throbbing loins, as they kiss passionately their spirits feasting on desire.

JILL

I'll be in touch soonest, Robert;
and, will show myself out.

(moves closer considers - No!)

Thank you, so much for a beautiful
afternoon. Bye, for now!

Jill turns and walks away, as Bob watches her stride across the room he's reminded of a Bob Seger song "Her Strut".

Behind the wheel again she notices a basket resting upon the passenger's seat that contains two liters of Bob's Ayahuasca tea, various fruits, couple of small folded packets of white power; and a handwritten note...

INSERT: Please accept these gifts. Be warned the packets are an aphrodisiac formula, it goes very well with the Anyhuasca tea. Add one-quarter teaspoon with 8 oz. of tea. Enjoy, Bob.

EXT BARCELO PLAYA BEACHFRONT HOTEL - DAY

Jill parks next to the Arabian Tent, carrying her gifts she enters, opens one packet splits the contents between the two beakers, placing one in the frig and leaves with the other.

INT. BARCELO PLAYA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jack pours wine, while the couples barely talk. Clive's nose in a splint and taped, as he skirmishes with his food.

JILL

Clive's encounter with the tree has caused a termination of what was to have been a romantic evening in the "1001 Arabian Nights Caravan Tent".

CLIVE

Accidents happen, its the zip-lines that I should have avoided. Please forgive me for ruining the evening.

JILL

You're missing-out on the gift that I had prepared for you.

CLIVE

And what would that have been?

JILL

That my husband, you'll never know.

CLIVE

My appetite is gone, and can't even get drunk, but mixing alcohol with the medication is suicide.

Apologize for my bad company, so if everyone will excuse me, believe it best I retire for the evening.

Clive rises holding his nose in hand and leaves the table.

BRIGITTE

Like Clive, believe I'll also call it a night... I'm just exhausted.

Brigitte leaves the table to retire.

Jack and Jill, are now alone at the dining table.

JACK

I know you're disappointed Jill, is there anything I can do?

JILL

No, but thank you for the company.

JACK

Why don't we take a barefoot stroll on the beach and talk?

JILL

Yes, why not? We haven't had a good talk in awhile.

On the beach they stroll by the two large theme tents, the "1001 Arabian Night's Caravan Tent", where Jill and Clive planned to spend the night. Set apart a large circular tent, the "Medieval Pavilion", of the English longbow days.

Jill, points at the Arabian tent with its burning torches at the entrance alerting others its occupied.

JILL

That is where Clive and I, were to have spent the night.

JACK

Hope he's able to enjoy the rest of our stay?

JILL

He's a big baby! Like most British males they want to be mothered.

JACK
 Maybe you should cut him some slack
 because that tree punished him bad.

JILL
 Wonder if its a worldwide epidemic
 gender problem? ... the fool!

JACK
 If every fool wore a crown, Jill,
 we'd all be kings!

Jack jogs up to the entrance of the Arabian Caravan tent.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Would you look at this, what's it
 like inside?

JILL
 Go ahead...

JACK
 Wow! Whoa mama, would you look at
 these digs...

... appears you were going to bed
 down the Sultan of Surry tonight.

JILL
 Something like that...

JACK
 Sounds like you had a scheme all
 worked out in advance?

Oh, don't tell me... you'd arranged
 for a belly dancer? That's not it!
 YOU were the belly dancer?

Opening the refrig Jill sees the spiked Ayahuasca beaker.

[FLASHBACK: DINNER THE PREVIOUS NIGHT (GIRLTALK) - NIGHT]

BRIGITTE

"Sexually we're good, just not like
 we were before, but good. Less sex,
 with less foreplay."

RETURN: JILL

Removes the spiked-tea from the refrig contemplating...

JILL

They may even have a rodeo before
the sun comes up.

JACK

Sorry, Jill, did you say something?

JILL

Ah it was nothing. Here's something
to consider. This has all been paid
for... why don't you and Brigitte
enjoy a romantic evening here?

JACK

That's a very thoughtful offer, but
we're a couple sand dunes short of
an oasis of that happening tonight.
(spots a comfortable nook)
Am gonna make myself comfortable in
that pillow bed over there and kick
back. Why don't put on some music?

He flops down into a pile of pillows kicking off his shoes.

JACK (CONT'D)

What offerings would the Sultan be
enjoying tonight?

JILL

Well, there is plenty of alcohol,
but I want YOU to try this tea.

Jill pours two large tumblers of Ayahuasca tea she'd spiked
handing him a glass, as they both drink.

JACK

That's good... thanks.

Jack reaches in his pocket and removing a tear-open packet,
tossing two blue pills into his mouth.

JACK (CONT'D)

Brigitte tomorrow is Mother's Day,
there won't be a leaf left on our
bungalow's tree come morning.

JILL

Jack, what did you just take?

JACK hands her the torn packet. It reads: VIAGRA.

JILL (CONT'D)
Oh Jack, you didn't?

JACK
Oh yes, I did! And washed it down
with a tumbler of tea. The clock is
running, got to be gone in thirty.

Jill finishes her tumbler while Jack goes for a refill.

JILL
Think I'll spend the night here by
myself and measure my experiment.

JACK
What experiment?

JILL
Oh, never mind! Why don't you make
it 4th of July... da-dada-da-da!

*Breaking into song... "Gonna find
my baby and hold her tight, gonna
grab some... afternoon delight."*

*"Sky rockets in flight, afternoon
delight... afternoon... delight."*

Laughing, as they drink they've beginning to lose all sense
of time. Shaman Bob's hallucinogenic-aphrodisiac potion has
starting to work its magic.

Jill inserts a CD, her favorite band "Pink Floyd", set for
continuous replay of "Comfortably Numb". Genre: Psychedelic.

She leans over Jack exposing deep cleavage and inadvertently
rubs her breasts against his shoulder.

JACK
(hallucinating)
That's a beautiful picture, Cindy.

JILL
What! Who's Cindy?

JACK
Who? Cindy? She's my friend. Oh my
God, you're breasts, so beautiful.

Hallucinating Jack sees his red-headed sister as CINDY MCGEE
(25), beautiful seductive blue-eyed blond. Cindy an aspiring
writer and member of the screenplay groupies from Starbucks.

Jack's confused, muff-diving on Jill's sculpted dark pubic hairs, in lieu of Cindy's blond pussy?

Jill's misjudged the time and Jack has overstayed his visit. She is hallucinating becoming fixed on her earlier encounter of the day with Shaman Bob.

A SEXUAL ENCOUNTER FOLLOWS -

EXT. BARCELO PLAYA HOTEL - BAHIA BELLENA (BEACH) - DAWN

JILL STANDS NAKED IN STILL WATERS TO HER WAIST -

Jill SOBBING filled with guilt about what she's done blaming herself for playing the role of the seductress EVE, guilty of seducing ADAM to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

JILL WALKS OUT OF THE WATER ONTO THE BEACH NUDE -

A GIANT WHALE CATAPULT'S FROM THE SURF, B.G. -

Jill re-enters the Arabian Caravan tent...

Jack's lying nude in the same position, as when she awakened next to him. She dresses and flees in the dawn's bare light.

EXT. ROAD TO TEMPLE MOUNT - DAY

Jill, driving fast over the mountain road toward Concepción, as dawn breaks. Crying and talking to herself aloud...

JILL

How can you blame Bob. He isn't the problem... YOU ARE! You're an adult responsible for you're own actions. What the hell have you done, Jill?

EXT. BARCELO PLAYA HOTEL - BEACHFRONT - DAY

JACK LIES BALLS-ASS NAKED ON THE BEACH -

THREE HALF-NAKED KIDS STAND OVER HIM -

As he begins to stir, Jack hears LAUGHTER. Raising his head he looks up at the kids, now quiet staring back.

Jack spots the Arabian tent, leaps to his feet he covers his genitals with his hands, and makes a mad dash for it.

The three kids LAUGH and POINT.

JACK
(talks to himself)
What in the fuck is going on, Jack?
Are you dreaming, or is this really
happening to me?

Quickly he gathers up his things and slips into his clothes
just as Brigitte enters the tent.

BRIGITTE
Jack, what in the hell is going on?

JACK
Damn, wish I knew...

BRIGITTE
By looks of this Arabian bordello
appears a party took place, and you
were the master of ceremonies.

Rubbing his head hoping to clear the cobwebs.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)
Man-up, Jack... who were you with?

JACK
Believe me there wasn't anyone. I'm
just as confused as you are, and no
memory of what happened.

Its just too far-out! Impossible to
explain, even to myself, Brigitte,
you're going to have to trust me?

BRIGITTE
Alright Jack, we'll do it your way.
Honesty is important to me. I need
to know... "The truth, the whole
truth, and nothing but the truth!"
Say it out loud, "So help me Jack!"

JACK
So help me, Jack!

BRIGITTE
By the way, where's Jill?

JACK
Damned if I know?

INT. BARCELO PLAZA HOTEL - BREAKFAST BUFFET - DAY

Jack and Brigitte pick at their food. Jack in deep thought, as Clive arrives his nose swollen in splint and bandages.

CLIVE

Ah, there you are. Good morning!

BRIGITTE

Good morning, Clive. How are you feeling? Sorry, dumb question, you must feel like shit?

CLIVE

Well, my tree-hugger days are over.

Morn' Jack! By the way, Jack, you were awarded that ear... "¡Olé!".

JACK

(*muses*, date-rape)

Sorry, Clive, for my neglect, just lost in the jungles of my mind.

Clive sits waves off a menu requesting a cup of coffee.

BRIGITTE

Where is Jill this morning?

CLIVE

Don't know? Left me a note saying, she'd be back around noon.

BRIGITTE

Wonder where she's off to so early?

CLIVE

Said something about wanting to do some shopping in Nicoya village.

BRIGITTE

What's on today's agenda? Didn't we have a reef diving trip planned?

JACK

That's set for this afternoon. This morning was the whitewater rafting adventure... count me out.

Am feeling a bit under the weather, gonna take the day-off and recharge my batteries.

Jack excuses himself leaving Brigitte and Clive alone.

BRIGITTE

I'll check-up on you in a bit luv,
hope you're feeling better.

INT. SHAMAN BOB'S HOME - TEMPLE MOUNT - DAY

Jill walks into Bob's home unannounced, as he appears...

ROBERT

Good morning... just in time for
breakfast.

JILL

Good Morning. Hope you don't think
I'm stalking you?

Sorry, for my intrusion. You could
of had company... inconsiderate me!

INT. SHAMAN BOB'S HOME (BALCONY) - DAY

Robert puts a consoling arm around Jill holding back tears.

JILL

What have I done? How can I face
Jack and Brigitte, after what has
happened?

ROBERT

Every problem has a solution, even
if its hidden from you now.

JILL

How does one forgive such reckless
behavior, destroying relationships
of those I love and care for?

ROBERT

By facing it together that's how.
And you'll be stronger because of
it... Promise!

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY, VA - DAY

OFFICE OF: DIRECTOR OF INTELLIGENCE FOR CENTRAL AMERICA.

Leaning back in his chair his feet propped on desk, talking on phone, sits CHUCK STOCKWELL (60's), a burly sort with a snow-white head of hair and mustache.

STOCKWELL

Yes sir. Yes, I understand, sir...
we'll take care of it.

Hangs-up phone...

Got damn politicians! Greedy
sons-of-bitches, ragging on my ass.

Stockwell sits upright, elbows propped-up on desk, his head in his hands... rubbing his temples...

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

(buzzes secretary)

JEANNE, locate those two clowns and
get them down here right away.

JEANNE (V.O.)

Which two clowns are you referring
to Mr. Stockwell?

STOCKWELL

Harlow and Trotter.

RESUME: JILL AND BOB - BALCONY SHAMAN BOB'S HOME - DAY

ROBERT

Actually, your problem, or should I
say... our problem, are part of the
bigger picture.

Perhaps there's a solution to both?

JILL

Was there a cause and effect of our
drinking the spiked Ayahuasca, does
an aphrodisiac actually work?

ROBERT

Humans have been agonizing over how
to get in a sexual mood for as long
as time records. Over the millennia
many techniques and substances were
tried; and, superstitions grew that
were accepted to work.

For example: In ancient India a man
without passion would ingest goat's
testicles boiled in milk.

JILL

Oh, my god!

ROBERT

The Roman satirist Juvenal, wrote about the seductive qualities of oysters; Coriander was accepted in Arab cultures, as was honeyed-mead in medieval Europe. In Asia, snake and bat blood is revered. Include sharks fins, ground-up rhino horn, and the list goes on.

Beyond their collective eroticism, the reality is none of them work.

The word *aphrodisiac* is derived from Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of sex and beauty. An aphrodisiac is anything that awakens increased sexual desire. At best the methods are simply folklore; and, at worst hazardous to your health.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - STOCKWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

The two agents Stockwell requested counsel with are being shown into his office by his secretary JEANNE.

STOCKWELL

Have a seat gentleman. Thank you, Jeanne.

JEANNE

Your welcome, sir.

Agents STAN HARLOW and TERRANCE TROTTER (mid-40's). Terrance with his mild mannerisms and fear for aggressive behavior is nervous seated next to Stan Harlow, whose hatchet faced grin has gained him a reputation for being a company psychopath.

STOCKWELL

Well, getting right to the point gentlemen. The two you are one step from being shown the door. Both you and your partner are on probation and dancing on thin ice...

... when one finds themselves on thin ice, you don't stop dancing... you know why?

... cause' if you stop dancing you
break through... freeze and drown!

STAN

Excuse me sir. Ahhhh, but, Terrance
isn't my partner.

STOCKWELL

Shut-up Stan, he is now! The reason
I called you two in here is because
we have an important assignment for
you. If you muck it up, consider
disappearing into that Costa Rican
rainforest disguised as Orangutans.

TERRANCE

You're sending us to Costa Rica?
Sir, please... I don't think this
is a good idea. I mean, I... well,
everybody knows Stan is dangerous.

STOCKWELL

Shut-up TERRY! You're all out of
ideas, you got that!

STAN

Chief, believe what Terry is trying
to say... he wants another partner.
Speaking frankly, sir! I don't want
to go on assignment with that drag
queen faggot, partner or not.

STOCKWELL

As long as we're speaking frankly
here gentlemen!

You two clowns will go... where I
say... when I say... and with whom
I say... is that understood?

STAN & TERRANCE

Yes sir!

STOCKWELL

You'll be briefed on your mission
tomorrow, be here 7:45 AM, packed
for a week in the tropics.

Now, both of you get the hell out
of my office.

RESUME: JILL AND BOB - BALCONY BOB'S HOME - DAY

ROBERT

What it comes down to is profit!
When Pfizer Laboratory developed
and first distributed Viagra, their
sales topped \$1.7 billion.

There's a major push-on to find a
remedy to resolve declining sexual
desires in both genders. The first
pharmaceutical firm to acquire the
patents of aphrodisiac's will earn
billions.

The FDA declared... *"There is no
scientific proof any pharmaceutical
aphrodisiac has been effective when
treating sexual dysfunction."*

And that clashes with thousands of
years in pursuit of enhancements by
using plants, drugs, and magic. The
idea one takes a pill and they're
sexually inspired is the Holy Grail
of the pharmaceutical industry.

JILL

How can you explain that something
happened between, Jack and me, but
what?

Did we have a sexual encounter, or
not?

ROBERT

You could have?

JILL

But you just said, if I understood
you, *"there's no proof aphrodisiacs
work!"*

ROBERT

What I said was, the FDA has stated
there are no legally approved known
aphrodisiacs considered to work.

However, still illegal because it's
not approved is Midnight Glow; and
you may have witnessed its power?

JILL

Are you saying the formula you gave
me actually works?

ROBERT

Yes!

And I gave it to you trusting you'd deliver it to Joshua, in London, to isolate its molecular structure and provide me with chemical equations.

And with it I gave you a warning.

You're a doctor, PhD of psychology; and, assumed if you personally were to have tested it, you'd of done so in a controlled environment.

JILL

Well, I didn't. Instead thought it might help Jack and Brigitte renew their relationship.

ROBERT

In effect, you were playing cupid.

JILL

Yes! And my arrow missed the mark.

ROBERT

The truth is, I've fallen for you.

She looks up into his eyes and kisses him on the lips, then on the neck. With smoldering sexual intensity they embrace.

EXT. BARCELO PLAYA HOTEL - POOL AREA - DAY

Jill returns and finds everyone relaxing poolside. Clive and Brigitte sit at a swim-up bar, while Jill sits next to Jack.

JILL

Where are we having diner tonight?

CLIVE

At the Barcelo Los Delfines Golf & Country Club, reservations at 8:00.

JILL

That's what I thought. Well, should let you all know that I've invited a guest to join us for dinner. His name is Robert Waters.

CLIVE

Where do you know him from?

JILL

An introduction made by a colleague in London. And met him yesterday at the Concepción Temple, from where I have just come.

BRIGITTE

Where is that?

JILL

Back there somewhere, its a small mountain village above the jungle.

Jill stands embraces her brother whispering in his ear...

JILL

I do love you Jack, regardless, of what anybody say's, or thinks.

Please remember that, always!

If you'd all excuse me, will be in the lobby at 7:45.

Jill kisses her brothers forehead and leaves.

INT. LOS DELFINES COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The foursome seated at a large booth, one of many that ring the huge oval Avery occupied by many indigenous species.

Jill glances at her watch, Brigitte takes notice.

BRIGITTE

Hope Mr. Waters isn't having any problems finding the restaurant.

JILL

Sure he'll figure it out, Brigitte, why wouldn't he... he lives here.

The maître'd approaches behind him ROBERT WATERS. He wears a white dinner jacket with a green bandanna around his neck.

Jill stands smiling and greets her guest.

JILL

So nice of you to join us, Robert. Let me introduce all of you to my friend... Robert Waters.

This is my husband, Clive; Brigitte
my sister-in-law; and, her husband,
my brother, Jack.

Shakes hands with Clive and Jack, nods politely at Brigitte.

JILL (CONT'D)
Please join us, Robert.

Jill slips back into the booth next to Clive, as Robert sits
outside across from Jack and Brigitte.

CLIVE
If you would like wine Mr. Waters,
there are both red and white wines
open, or if you'd prefer spirits?

ROBERT
Thank you, Clive. Believe I'll have
a cocktail... a martini.

Clive raises a hand, a waiter acknowledges and approaches.

WAITER
Yes, Mr. Holmes?

CLIVE
Would you prefer that martini
stirred or shaken, Mr. Waters?

ROBERT
Either, Robert or Bob works fine! A
Sapphire Bombay martini, stirred or
shaken, with a twist, thanks Raul.

RAUL
Thank you, Mr. Waters, its good to
have you with us this evening.

ROBERT
Thank you, Raul. My pleasure to be
here, as well. Please give my best
to your lovely wife Cecilia.

Raul takes everyone's cocktail orders handing them menus.

The dinner ended over light conversation without anyone to
deeply probing anyone's background or profession.

Raul arrives with after diner drinks and coffee plungers.

JACK

Robert, prior to your arrival we were having a debate. Please feel free to participate?

ROBERT

What subject would that be, Jack?

JACK

The Institution of Marriage... and how breakup's become threatening to both family and friends.

ROBERT

My qualifications eliminates me. A subject for married couples, right?

JACK

That's correct! Assume then you're not married?

ROBERT

You're assumption is correct. But, please feel free to continue, may even learn something?

Robert sees his bodyguard GEORGE MALONE (55) a tall wiry man with a beard, enters and is seated nearby (*nods*).

JACK

Believe the ball was in your court, Jill; you were arguing, "*Breakup's play a role in ruining marriages of family and friends, as well?*"

JILL

Sure you want to go there, Jack?

BRIGITTE

Why not, it may lead to resolving what happened last night?

JILL

Okay, let's do it. Breakups right?

Jack motions with his hand the floor is hers the others nod.

JILL (CONT'D)

Breakups influence people around us in bizarre ways. Those choices your friends and family make, being good or bad, influence the decisions you make, as well. And even truer, as a relationship come to the end.

You're breakup becomes the catalyst that raises the odds causing others in your circles to also breakup.

BRIGITTE

Everyone needs their space... some more than others.

JACK

Right! A much overused cliché don't ya think... "We need to give each other some space." Let's get real here, lust is driving this train!

JILL

Scientific studies have confirmed, "When couples breaks-up or divorce, their immediate friends and family are 75% more likely to breakup."

JACK

Wow! Thank you, Jill. That answers that! Finally, it's oh so clear to me now, after all these years.

BRIGITTE

What's clear to you?

JACK

The breakup of "Pink Floyd", is the fault of the "Beatles"!

CLIVE

The human species certainly has an innate ability to emulate and even imitate others, being the stuff of fads and fashion. But something bad or painful, is not necessarily so!

When a friend gets fired from their job, are you more likely to go and martyr yourself and get fired from yours? That is, unless, you already hate your job, and was considering quitting anyway?

BRIGITTE

There's a fascinating dynamic here at work, which implies everyone in your circle is just waiting for an excuse, needing your permission by you doing it first.

Especially, if, whatever conflicts were at work within a relationship, infidelity, finances, personality, etc., were also present in theirs, as well.

JACK

Money, personality, and cheating clowns, the most common conflicts leading to breakups.

No, 'bout 'a doubt it!

JILL

Alright, so let's deal with this scenario, as if, a real event.

Let say, Clive and I, have decided we'd get a divorce.

CLIVE

My God, Jill, where's this going?

BRIGITTE

Jill, please, you don't need to...

JILL

Wait, Brigitte I'm not done, yet...

Based upon our discussions the odds just increased by 75% your marriage to Jack will end in failure.

Jack places a serviette over his head and downs a tumbler.

JILL (CONT'D)

That translates... if relationships are not strong they won't survive, with or without the children.

The marriage default factor is 50%, and rising; one-out-of-two, ends in divorce lasting 7-to-8 years.

Ask yourself, is marriage a failed institution? ... I rest my case!

CLIVE

Are you through now, Jill? Did you really need to take it that far?

JILL

My intent wasn't about measurement, be it too far, or over-the-top. But to go to a place where everyone's opinion was valued and considered.

And if you don't know where you're going, any road will get you there!

JACK

Touché!

JILL

Thank you, Jack.

Suppose it's possible my awakening is a bilocation, in that, my hearts in one place and my body another?

CLIVE

Alright, let's lay our cards down. When a marriage is consummated it's a legal agreement with no happiness clause guarantee; it's a true union requiring, both parties to work at it in hopes of making it a success.

If you buy a car and fail to drive it properly, who is at fault, the manufacturer, or the person driving the car? The answer is obvious!

ROBERT

If you'd excuse me?

BRIGITTE

Go ahead Robert, it can't get much worst!

ROBERT

Let's hope not! But, in response to Clive's vehicle scenario...

... if, one grows weary of driving that old car, we usually get around to trading it in for a new model.

Or, do you keep repairing it, until it breaks down completely, now your forced to get a new one... right?

JACK

And while in the market for the new model, maybe try something a little racier, a Ferrari or Lamborghini? You know, a blond or a redhead with curves like a Corvette. Vrrroooooom!

BRIGITTE

That's it, Jack, I am outta' here. You're an asshole, Jack!

Jack scrambles to his feet, as Brigitte slides out of the booth heading for the exit.

JACK

Well, guess she got me said, eh? And there went my credit cards, so the diner must be on you, Clive-O.

CLIVE

Right! Diner's on me, the gratuity is on you. We'd better go, as well, can we drop you somewhere, Robert.

ROBERT

(squeezes, Jill's hand)
No thanks. I have a driver waiting.

Robert stands, as Jill and Clive slide out. Jack has blocked exit from the other side, his head slumped on the table.

Jill hugs Robert...

JILL

(kisses cheek, whispers)
This will be over soon. I love you!

CLIVE

Robert, pleasure meeting you, and apologize for our families debate.

ROBERT

Not a problem, see you again soon.

CLIVE

Probably not, in a day or two Jill and I will be returning to London.

JILL

Oh? Is that so... Clive!

ROBERT

Well, whatever your travel plans,
remember... wherever you go, there
you are! Even if that means alone!

Robert watches as Jill and Clive depart.

EXT. LOS DELFINES COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jill and Clive depart the restaurant walking back to their
bungalow.

CLIVE

Robert's subtle hint confirms his
manifesto to conspire against me.

JILL

Apparently, you see Robert as some
kind of threat?

CLIVE

He's made it pretty obvious, hasn't
he, its you he seeks to acquire.

JILL

Let's keep this between you and me!

RESUME: JACK AND ROBERT AT THE TABLE ALONE -

Robert motions George for help, as Jack raises his head and
tries to focus.

ROBERT

Jack you're a mess. We'll drop you
back at your bungalow.

George helps Jack to his feet, wobbly but standing. Robert
thanks Raul, and handles the gratuity.

George behind wheel of SUV, Robert and Jack seated in back.

JACK

Last night was a nightmare.

ROBERT

You did get pissed. Nobody's going
to begrudge you in the morning.

JACK

No, no! Not tonight... night before
in the tent... on the beach.

ROBERT

Oh, what happened?

JACK

Don't know how she got here from L.A., or where she's gone since? But, Cindy and I, had ourselves a rodeo in that Arabian bordello.

I'd dropped a couple Viagra and got a "blue steely" like an out-of-body experience... erection heaven!

Totally lost track of time, we must have... well you know... literally, for hours... total ecstasy!

ROBERT

How'd that work out for you, Jack?

JACK

Can't remember a damn thing, only a wild sexual escapade... and woke-up balls-ass-naked lying on the beach.

Cindy was gone. And now, Brigitte suspects... suspects what?

Would you believe... I can't even cop-out on myself?

ROBERT

Is that you're alibi, or an excuse?

GEORGE

Here we are... bungalow row! Jack's monkey-house, number nine.

ROBERT

Wouldn't try reading too much into it Jack. If its half as good as you say it was, then all participants should be smiling.

Would like to offer a suggestion?

JACK

What's that?

ROBERT

You shouldn't discuss any of this with Brigitte, until after you've talked it over with your sister.

It would be great, if you and Jill could come-up and visit the temple tomorrow, say around noon'ish, may offer you some enlightenment?

(hands Jack a NOTE)

Give this to Jill for me. Thanks!

Jack exits the vehicle Robert moves into the passenger seat.

ROBERT

Let's get up the mountain, tomorrow is going to be a big day.

GEORGE

What's on the agenda?

ROBERT

Word from the spook-loop, a couple of heavies are arriving tomorrow.

GEORGE

Want me to meet the plane and bring the spooks to the Temple?

ROBERT

No, let these jerk-off's find their way to MY mountain. Be damned if I bring MY mountain to them.

Word is the COMPANY is resurrecting MK ULTRA.

GEORGE

What's that about?

ROBERT

It was a mind-control program from the 60's, under a new code name: MK QUANTUM LEAP.

Hear they want my formulas, so as, to acquire massive profits; and to continue research into clandestine Ops with mind-altering substances.

GEORGE

Don't worry, I got your back, boss!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Stan and Terrance sit with DAVID WEST, Deputy Director of Operations waiting for...

STOCKWELL
Good morning gentlemen.

STAN & TERRANCE
Good morning, Chief.

STOCKWELL
David's bringing you boys to speed?

STAN & TERRANCE
Yes Sir!

Looks squeamishly at the tropical suits and ties worn by his agents, notices the Panama hat hanging on a coat rack.

STOCKWELL
What do you think David?

DAVID
About what?

STOCKWELL
Are those suits standard spook-wear for agents assigned to the tropics?

TERRANCE
What? You don't like our tropical togs, Chief?

STOCKWELL
I suppose you can handle the truth Terry, so here's my opinion...

... those suits hold as much value as a discarded parimutuel ticket on an also ran at Churchill Downs.

DAVID
Those ties look soaking wet to me?

STAN
What? This stuff is wash n' wear.

DAVID
Yup, those ties are real pissers!

STOCKWELL

We're just fun'in ya'! Okay let's get down to business, because you two got a flight to catch.

DAVID

You two watch your ass when you're around BOB WATERS, he's also known as SHAMAN BOB, a local folk hero.

Waters began work with the Company, as a documentary film maker. And he aided the U.S. to propagandize our version of the world.

A man of many talents, he was sent to Costa Rica to setup a receiving and transit base to facilitate our interests in the war between the Contras and Sandinistas.

This Black Op was terminated once the Press got wind of it, calling it "The Iran-Contra Affair."

Everyone was covering their asses, Congress wanted a fall-guy to pin it on... thanks to Ollie North, for taking the fall. A stand-up guy!

Waters believed we'd lost track of him while the Company inadvertently continued to partially fund the Op.

We've taken a renewed interest now that its morphed into what is known as "The Enlightenment Temple." His way of saying... "Come on in, enjoy the drugs and sex!"

And the Company has been picking up the tab while he's been partying to the tune of \$500,000 a year since.

What we're after is to pull Waters back into the fold. Take-over his operations; and, acquire a formula for his hallucinogenic-aphrodisiac.

STOCKWELL

Your mission, identify and acquire the source of his formulas. Obtain samples, so our labs can I.D. it's molecular structure for patents.

DAVID
That's it gentlemen, any questions?

Shaking their heads...

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's imperative that you report in
via satellite daily. Don't leave us
guessing... got that?

STAN
We got it! Question? What is this
daisy-chain catalyst called?

DAVID
Midnight Glow!

Meeting adjourned, Terrance dons the Panama hat as Chuck and
David watch them depart down a long hallway.

STOCKWELL
Whew! Now there goes a couple of
real spooky-spooks!

DAVID
Amen!

EXT. BOAT DOCK - PLAYA SANTA TERESA - DAY

Clive and Brigitte board the boat with their scuba gear. He
starts engine, as they speed off towards the nearby reefs.

Over a reef near the Isle Cabo Blanco, they prepare to dive
hold their face masks falling backward into the water.

Thirty feet down the boats hull visible above, fish darting
about while large schools swim in synchronized motion. Clive
points at a large gray shark, Brigitte shakes her head.

They move closer, Clive's grotesque nose viable through his
facemask. Brigitte removes her bikini top exposing sculpted
breasts. Clive aroused points toward the sandy beach.

EXITING SURF HOLDING THEIR GEAR, BRIGITTE HER BIKINI TOP -

SIGN READS: ISLE CABO BLANCO SANCTUARY - NO TRESPASSING! -

PEERING INTO A CLEARING (VIEW: WIDE, WIDER, WIDEST) -

CUT TO:

Before them a large natural shallow crater one-hundred yards or more, in diameter. Rows after row of greenhouses laid out tic-tat-toe, and a cottage on the far side.

They enter through wide doors of a greenhouse that's filled with planter boxes teeming with black orchids. A fine spray mists the air raising humidity inside to Jurassic balmy, as they walk end-to-end though identical greenhouse approaching the caretaker's cottage.

CLIVE

Somebody's gone to a lot of trouble and expense to build this facility.

BRIGITTE

Clive we're trespassing! Isle Cabo Blanco's a nature & bird sanctuary.

CLIVE

Appears it also has commercial use, as well, growing... Black Orchids!

They peer in the windows of the caretaker's cottage and try the door. It opens, but they don't enter. Walking around to the backside viewing a patio with rattan chairs and settees, including a BBQ pit. Sitting comfortably together...

CLIVE

What I wouldn't do for an ice cold beer to suck down right now?

BRIGITTE

Can't offer you a beer to down, but you can try sucking on these.

Clive moves closer they kiss and grapple at each other. Then Brigitte goes down on Clive, payback for Jack's cheating, as Clive goes down on Brigitte, both engaged for the next hour.

EXT. TAMBOR AIRPORT - DAY

The twin-engine aircraft touches down at Tambor airport. Two men exit walking across the tarmac.

MUSIC: Pink Floyd's "DOGS OF WAR" plays, b.g. -

TERRANCE

Good flight, only thirty minutes from San Jose to Tambor.

STAN

Good flight? You flew white knuckle
all the way!

TERRANCE

Yeah, but...

STAN

But, what? Shut the fuck-up faggot
and get the bags.

EXT. TEMPLE MOUNTAIN - DAY

Robert awaits his guests, spotting them cresting the trail.

ROBERT

Glad the both of you could make it.
(kisses Jill)
Action Jackson, how you feeling?

JACK

Ah, better, since doing my two-and-
a-half gainer into a vodka bottle.

ROBERT

Do I have a surprise for you guys!

JILL

Really, sounds alluring.

Entering the large open living room with dark hand polished
wood floors, a cool breeze flows from the balcony beyond the
gallery. A figure sitting on a settee stands, and speaks...

CINDY

Hi Jack!

JACK

(hugging her)
Hi Cindy! I knew it, I knew it was
you! You're no longer an enigma, a
lost figment of my imagination.

ROBERT

Ahhh, I know you're a bit puzzled.
An explanation will help clear-up
the situation.

(proudly smiles)

You see... Cindy is my daughter.

JILL

But, that means (pause), you must have known who Jack was before you met him.

(quirky look)

Uhhh, wait a minute. That means you have been playing me, playing with my emotions... knowing more?

ROBERT

Yes! (beat) More? Yes I knew more, but I was never playing with your emotions, or your heart.

(solemn)

Jill, it was... at least for me... love at first sight!

If my perceptions are correct about the chemistry between us, which I interpret, as the TRUTH... you need only ask yourself one question?

Do you want to be with me?

JILL

(long pause)

YES!

They embrace and kiss their emotions of love freely flowing from mind, body, and soul, in a mysterious harmonic energy!

CINDY

If, you two love birds will excuse us, Jack's about to get the grand tour of the Temple.

We'll be back around 2:00 for lunch on the balcony. You guys need some quiet time, while we catch-up too.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NEARING THE TEMPLE MOUNT - DAY

STAN

You sure we're on the right road?

TERRANCE

Thought you knew your way around here?

STAN

Just answer the fuck'in question.

TERRANCE

Heard you and Water's were tight.
His right-hand-man in the Contra
heydays, when it was a black-op?

STAN

Don't believe everything ya hear,
Terry. Waters came down here to do
good, and he's done damn well!

TERRANCE

What happened between you guys?

STAN

What's with you, Terry? You're a
faggot and a gossip-monger too?

TERRANCE

That's very disrespectful, Stanley.

STAN

Shut the fuck-up! That respectful
enough? Keep your mouth shut, let
me do the talking. You got that?

INT. BALCONY - ROBERT'S HOME, TEMPLE MOUNT - DAY

Jill sits on a settee overlooking the jungle below. Robert
returns with coffee.

ROBERT

Investigations into your background
only raised my interest. The more I
learned the more intrigued I became
and the more I wanted to know.

My insatiable appetite continued to
grow wanting to know and express my
feelings for you.

JILL

You've touched my heart, as no one
ever has before. A cosmic explosion
shattered my assumed happiness.

A false assumption... I know that
now. Thank you!

They kiss and embrace; the lust that was lurking just below
the surface comes rushing forth like a raging river.

ROBERT

Time grows near... I have something very precious, a treasure I entrust with you for safekeeping.

He hands her a computer memory stick, along with samples of the source of the aphrodisiac and seeds from the source.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Missing are the chemical equations to identify the molecular structure of my formulas.

ROBERT

Being the wife of an MP, you travel on diplomatic immunity. You need to place everything into a diplomatic pouch... deliver it to your father.

JILL

My father? Robert your scaring me!

ROBERT

Jill, please don't be alarmed. Your father Israel or IZZY, knows what to do with it!

George Malone enters the room. Robert hands him an envelope that contains cash.

He turns, nods toward Jill and exits...

ROBERT

We're almost out of time... two men are on their way. If I can't defuse this situation, your life and those I care about may be in jeopardy?

JILL

Robert, whatever may happen we'll face it together!

ROBERT

Can't always control the way things go down. If badly? Well, promise to follow George's instructions.

JILL

I promise!

Handing her an envelope.

ROBERT

Here some cash, protect everything until it's over. Hopefully, it will be without violence? If it come to that, the "Dogs of War" will bite!

(kisses her)

George is with Jack and Cindy, you need to join them - Now!

JILL

Now?

ROBERT

Yes, right now! (beat) Blend in, as one of the flock.

Jill walks toward entry, turns to look back... he's gone!

EXT. TRAIL TO MOUNTAINTOP TEMPLE - DAY

Stan and Terrance climb the trail to the temple mountaintop passing the Tai-Chi terrace, pools and hot baths.

TERRANCE

We're you guys bivouacked up here?

STAN

No! Command was just-off the beach where the hotel stands today. This mountain was a lookout. We feared the Sandinista's getting wind of it sending gorillas to blow us away.

Atop the mountain, check their weapons and chamber a round.

Climbing the steps to the terrace, facing twenty foot doors that peak in classic Gothic frame-and-plank style framed by a wall covered in gold leaf. A small door within the large right door is open.

Stan hesitates stepping over the threshold into the temple's inter-sanctum, as Terrance removes his Panama hat.

The interior architectural design like its exterior has been influenced by many of the world's religious sects; Buddhism, Hinduism, Taoism, Shinto, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

Inside the darkened interior, a shadowy figure moves toward the entrants and stops. Standing between two wooden pillars slowly coming into focus twenty feet away.

ROBERT

Stan!

STAN

Bob! (long pause) It's been awhile.

ROBERT

Apparently, not long enough.

STAN

Appears your doing well, Bob. What sort of religion you been preaching up here on ol' whoretop?

(turns his head, spits)

Sorry, meet my partner Terrance...
Terrance... Bob Waters!

TERRANCE

Ah, nice to meet you Mr. Waters.

STAN

You know Terrance, in the old days if assigned lookout you'd bring a squeeze along, it helped to pass the time. We called this mountain "whoretopy!" Remember, Bob?

ROBERT

What's your point, Stan?

STAN

No point! Just reminiscing 'bout the ol' days; and, my partner here gets a history lesson.

Before leaving the gallery Bob had placed a Glock 9mm pistol in his trousers back waistband.

STAN

So, Bob, what's so special 'bout this here "Enlightenment Religion", being practicing on ol' whoretop?

ROBERT

Why are you considering converting?

Bob turns, walks toward the raised sanctuary, his pistol now exposed in his waistband. Up five steps, he stops facing his adversaries.

TERRANCE

Excuse me, Mr. Waters, I'd like to hear about the Enlightenment order.

STAN

Shut the fuck-up, Terry! Told you I'd do all da' talk'in.

ROBERT

And what is it you want to know?

TERRANCE

Ah, what GOD do you pray to?

ROBERT

Fair enuf! This temple wasn't built to sanctify any religion, we don't practice exalting GOD in that way. Instead the temple was built to the exaltation of MAN, for the study of man himself.

(chimes ring, b.g.)

A natural order to serve a natural man!

STAN

Enough of this bullshit! Sand has run through tne hourglass, you're flat outta' time!

SNEERS at Robert...

STAN (CONT'D)

Company's been funding this project since Iran-Contra, when it surfaced our cover was blown. Administration had no choice but to shut-it-down. Chain of command feared they'd all end-up testifying before Congress. Everybody begin scrambling to cover their asses, while the Company kept funding the Pirate Bay project...

Stan starts to LAUGH.

... you continued to use Company money building a monument to yourself. And now you're a local hero... Big Whoop!

ROBERT

What is it, the Company wants?

STAN

They want it all, Bob! Hook, line, and sinker! It goes higher-up than Stockwell. How high? Well, I don't know? But what I do know, they're

calling in their markers. And that,
includes the temple and formulas
for Midnight Glow!

Robert lifts his right hand to make a finger-gun pantomiming firing two bullets, one at Stan then Terrance.

STAN

Ya' know better than that Bob, that
dog ain't gonna' hunt!
(grins)
They'd just send an army next time!

ROBERT

(blows on finger-gun)
Yeah, your right, Stan. Shooting it
out is a short term solution. Going
down in flames is more my style.
(looks at watch)
So here's how it will go down. Time
now is 13:30. You meet me back here
at 14:00, you'll get the keys to my
kingdom!

STAN

Alright! Be sure you bring it all!
Everything on Midnight Glow, your
hallucinogenic-aphrodisiac, right?

ROBERT

Right!

STAN

Be back in thirty minutes and don't
get cute, I'd shoot you for sport.

The spooks pivot and walk away finding the exit.

Bob heads for the gallery and opens a safe. Grabs a satchel,
removes items returns it to the safe. Grabs pistol from his
waistband tosses it in... spins dial.

Takes a last look around. A song plays on the sound system
its Bob Segar's "*Turn the Page.*" (*muses* that appropriate!)

EXT. TEMPLE MOUNT - DAY

The spooks wander back down the trail to the pool. Stan gets
an eyeful of tits and ass; Terry fantasizes about a handsome
male.

George keeps surveillance, motions the others stay close.

Stan looks at his watch.

STAN

Its time!

They return to the entrance and it's large Gothic doors.

TERRANCE

The doors are swung wide open?

They cautiously climb stairs to the entry level and enter.

They peer into the darkness, pausing to overcome blindness. Past the NAVE, and stop advancing, between the CROSSING and APSE. A motionless figure stands center of the SANCTUARY.

George, Jack, Jill and Cindy are about to enter the temple.

ROBERT

Right on time, Punctuality! *"A man who wastes time has no perception of time, or respect for it!"*

STAN

We're not here to discuss workings of a fuck'in cuckoo clock! We're here to retrieve, as you said, *"the keys to the kingdom"*, that was the deal.

ROBERT

A Deal? Now, that's the first time I've heard anything about a deal.

Behind the spooks Robert notices George and others enter.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Guess this is as good a time as any to ask, what's in it for me?

STAN

Strange, Bob? But your name wasn't mentioned, so let's get on with it. Did you bring the formulas?

A PURPLE HAZE engulfs the Ambulatory, CHIMES are heard, b.g.

ROBERT

And my reward for twenty years hard work... a bone'in, eh?

STAN

You got it! Word is you pissed-off somebody up top; rumor was you're a double-agent for Mossad.

(chuckles)

That was only a rumor. Left em' two choices, whack-ya or broom-ya! You got lucky, they choose the latter.

ROBERT

Suppose you helped to spread those rumors in the corridors of shame?

STAN

Personally, I always suspected your game wasn't on the level. Come on, we're wasting time here.

Bob raises his hand, in it a black satchel. George mid-Nave gun at ready, Jack, Jill, and Cindy stop inside the entry.

ROBERT

Here's what you came for Stan, come and get it.

STAN

No doubt about it, Bob. You got the ol' purple pickle up the tush.

Bob raises his other hand, holding a small electronic device with an antenna, a red light FLASHES atop. Stan freezes...

STAN

What's this shit? Come'on Bob, you know better than to run a bluff me. Suppose you're gonna' blow us all the fuck'up? Well, fuck you!

ROBERT

Company sends a PUTZ and a FAYGALA down here to put the screws to me; and, all I hear is what YOU and the COMPANY want!

Moves hands back 'n forth, offers the satchel or device.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Way I see it, you've got two hands, one for WANT, the other SHIT! Which do ya' think gets full fastest?

Stan edges back, as Terrance begins running for the exit.

JILL
 (SCREAMS)
 Robert... Don't!

Stan turns in the direction of Jill's scream, witnessing her face of fear, reminiscent of a mask from a Kabuki theater.

ROBERT
 What's the matter, Stanley, afraid
 of a little plastique?

Stan follows Terrance, as they run for the entrance.

George pushes Jack and Cindy out onto the terrace and heads back inside, grabs Jill and drags her behind him.

They race the spooks for the exit, beating them by inches.

The loudspeakers blares forth the last words heard out of Shaman Bob's mouth...

ROBERT
 Fuck Me, Stanley? ... **NO, FUCK YOU!**

Like a captain going down with his ship, the temple building with Bob at the helm explodes as timber beams are reduced to splinters blowing it to kingdom come.

EXT. TEMPLE MOUNT - DAY

Stan on satellite phone with Dave West, temple remains, b.g.

STAN
 We've got control of the temple, or
 what's left of it!

DAVID
 What happened?

STAN
 The crazy bastard had it wired, and
 blew it up... with him inside!

DAVID
 What! He did what?

STAN
 He went down in flames, temple and
 all, suicide bomber. Man, you'd of
 paid to have seen it, like BOOM! Me
 and the faggot barely got out.

DAVID

Did you get the formulas?

STAN

He was holding em' in hand when the fuck'in temple blew-up. We're lucky to get away with a scorching!

DAVID

Scorching? That's nothing, compared to what the Chief's gonna do to you jerk-offs, if you don't get those formulas... got that?

STAN

But, boss...

DAVID

But, but... I don't want to hear no fuck'in buts, this ain't Las Vegas. we're not exchanging markers for excuses! That ol' fox must'a passed the formulas off to a confederate.

STAN

But who?

DAVID

You answered your own question. We want to know "But Who"... got that?

STAN

Well, if he's passed it on... it's either his bodyguard, daughter, or the MP's wife? He's been fuck'in her too!

Terrance acts antsy, like a kid that's got to take a whiz.

STAN

(flips him the bird)

They've all flown the coop, boss.

DAVID

You better find em' Stan, or you're middle name is fuck'ed! Got that?

STAN

You told me that three times. Yeah, I got that! What I don't get?

DAVID
What's that?

STAN
Why you sent the faggot along?

DAVID
To remind you, if you don't get the formulas... you'll end-up a suck'ee just like him... got that?

Slams phone down.

INT. JACK & BRIGITTE'S TREEHOUSE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Jack enters gathers his things tosses them into a suitcase.

JACK
There is nothing to say, Brigitte,
so don't say it!

Brigitte on deck, spots George and Cindy with hotel shuttle.

BRIGITTE
Jack! Who's the girl with the scary
guy? She looks so familiar? Oh, now
I got it... yes, with Peter at your
birthday party.
(slow burn)
Cindy! (beat) Don't tell me...

JACK
Yeah, you got it! She's a woman not
a girl, Brig!

BRIGITTE
You double-timing son-of-a-bitch,
this is going to cost you big time!

JACK
Like it hasn't already? We've been
acting not living, playing roles in
two separate theaters. A successful
attorney; and, a struggling writer.

BRIGITTE
Well, maybe you should try...

JACK
(interrupts)
Something else? You don't get it!
Start the divorce when you get to

L.A.! Jill and I, are outta here,
we've got business in Monterey.

Jack bounds down stairs, tosses bag in van and awaits Jill's exit from her bungalow next door.

INT. JILL AND CLIVE'S TREEHOUSE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Jill rushes into bungalow, gathers up items tosses them into a suitcase, as Clive frantically circles the room.

CLIVE

What's this about? Where you going?

JILL

Wherever it is, it will be as far away from you as I can get!

CLIVE

Jill, give me a chance to make it right. I'm not going to lose you to a Robert Water's... you're my wife.

JILL

You're not losing me to anyone, Robert's dead! This is my decision to start a new life without you!

Jill spots two diplomatic pouches, places one in suitcase.

CLIVE

Jill, your not thinking rationally, confused, and making bad decisions!

Clive stammers to maintain a semblance of calm.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

What happened to Waters?

JILL

He died in an explosion, his temple blew-up!

CLIVE

Oh, my God! What the hell happened?

JILL

Blown up!

Jill SNIFFS the air as Clive hangs over her shoulder.

JILL (CONT'D)

You smell like pussy! Appears you went diving on more than a reef?

CLIVE

What?

JILL

Come'on Clive, don't play dumb with me... you've been fuck'in Brigitte, caught with your dick in the taco.

CLIVE

No, no, that never happened.

JILL

Just admit it! Its okay, we've both had new fuck-mates! Best kept from Jack, he might not handle it well?

CLIVE

Alright! Mistakes were made by both of us, we can work it... Ouuu...

JILL

Cut the shit! Tell it to Jesus, or your new legal counsel Brigitte. My lawyer will be in contact. Goodbye!

Jill exits her bungalow and hops aboard the shuttle, looks back to see Clive heading for Brigitte's bungalow.

JILL

There goes Clive! Head'in back into the bush... again!

Jack picks-up on Jill's vibes, as the shuttle turns onto the main road, Jack yells...

JACK

STOP! Stop the shuttle!

JILL

Jack, Jack, furgedaboudit...

Jack jumps out runs across road towards the bungalows, as he passes a maintenance shack, he stops.

CINDY

Jack, come'on back, don't... JACK!

JACK
 (shouts aloud)
 We missed the last flight. Hire a
 charter, meet you at the airstrip
 in thirty minutes. Go!

The shuttle's wheels spin, screech'in smoke fills the air.

Jack opens maintenance shack door, spots an ATV with trailer
 attached. Rummages about, tosses items into trailer.

INT. JACK & BRIGITTE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Clive enters the bungalow frustrated and forlorn.

CLIVE
 Brigitte they're gone! They must be
 catching a flight to L.A. tonight?

BRIGITTE
 Good reddens, Jack! To both you and
 your whore. This is your lucky day,
 Clive-O!

CLIVE
 What? Lucky? More like a nightmare.

BRIGITTE
 You know how I unwind after having
 a bad day in court?

CLIVE
 How's that?

BRIGITTE
 You're about to find out, big boy!
 (pushes him onto the bed)
 Jack loved it, whenever, my day in
 court turned out badly.
 (rips his shirt open)
 Oh yeah, a bad day means, get even!
 (unhooks belt, unzips fly)
 Get naked, Clive, you're about to
 experience hurricane Brigitte in
 all her fury.

Clive scrambling to get out of his clothes grabbing at his
 shoes, as Brigitte begins stalks her prey.

Shaken by Brigitte's aggressive behavior wonders what next?
 Brigitte mounts him classic cowgirl position.

BRIGITTE
Time to RODEO, big boy...
Yippi-ki-yay!

Brigitte's hips begin swiveling back-n-forth, like a robot gone out-of-control, she holds her tits, wailing...

CLIVE
Brigitte, what are you doing?

BRIGITTE
Yaahhhooooo! You're getting grudge
fucked cowboy, that was...
Jack's favorite event. Let's Rodeo
cowboy!

As Brigitte wails away on Clive, her hips gyrating wildly. The sound of a MOTOR is heard starting up nearby, b.g.

BRIGITTE
Come'on, fuck me (louder) fuck me!

MOTOR NOISE
Wrrrrroooooommmmm...

CLIVE
What that noise?

BRIGITTE
What Noise? (beat) furgedaboudit!
Damn annoying mopeds!

... don't stop... don't stop...

MOTOR NOISE
Wrrrrroooooommmmm...

CLIVE
(feels vibration)
No! No! Somebody's cut'n something?

Brigitte stop, stop, something is wrong?

BRIGITTE
Sure is, and I'm about to set it
straight... don't stop... fuck
me... fuck me... cone'on cowboy...
fuck me running!
(anticipating orgasm)
... don't, please... don't stop...
right there... please don't stop,
Jack... I, I... I'm come'in...

EXT. BELOW JACK & BRIGITTE'S TREEHOUSE - DAY

Jack with chainsaw, has nearly cut through the tree's trunk supporting the bungalow above.

RESUME CLIVE & BRIGITTE:

CLIVE
(feels swaying)
I think we're having an earthquake?

NOISE
Wrrrrroooooommmmm...

BRIGITTE
(nears climax)
Don't stop... just don't stop JACK,
right there... Ohhhhhhh, JACK... I,
I'm... come'in... Oh JACK!

RESUME JACK:

Wood-chips fly'in his hair covered, CRACKING sound is heard.

RESUME CLIVE & BRIGITTE:

CLIVE & BRIGITTE FACE-TO-FACE -

Brigitte orgasms, as the bungalow sways and starts its slow decent, as the enjoined couple goes, vertical to horizontal.

CLIVE & BRIGITTE
OOHHHHhhhhhhhhhhooooooo... SHIT!!!

RESUME JACK:

Jack's arms raised in CLASSIC 'V' for VICTORY the saw in one hand, dust rises from shaking branches. The tree felled, its bungalow destroyed. Jack yells...

JACK
Hey Brigitte, how's that for grudge
fuck'in... that must'a gotcha-off?
My tree... my rules!

Jack LAUGHING aloud...

JACK (CONT'D)
That ride must have been a doozey!

EXT. TAMBOR AIRSTRIP - NIGHT

The ATV races across the airstrip and heads for an aircraft preparing for take-off. Jack leaps off the ATV and clambers aboard, as props rev-up speeding down the jungle strip into the air.

INT. AIRCRAFT - FLIGHT FROM COSTA RICA TO LAX - NIGHT

Jill seated next to George grasps the diplomatic pouch given her by Robert, she begins to unravel and quietly cries.

George hands her a serviette to wipe her tears.

JILL
Why? Why? It makes no sense? Our
entire lives ahead of us... Why?

GEORGE
The reason? Not just one! Robert
and I, go back a long way. He never
took kindly to threats, and would
do the unexpected.

JILL
So, this was to be expected?

GEORGE
Likely reason, Bob had a bout with
cancer; and, like Hemingway, maybe
he chose the time and place?

JILL
Why wouldn't he have told me? I'd
have understood, it wouldn't have
changed a thing... Robert, why?

INT. BARCELO PLAYA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Clive nods at Raul, points at their empty glasses.

CLIVE
What had began as an idyllic tropic
adventure has ended in a nightmare.

Raul pours wine in their glasses, nods and walks away.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

What went wrong?

BRIGITTE

In a word? Infidelity! Sorry luv,
but it began with her infatuation
with this Shaman Bob character.

CLIVE

She said just before leaving, "*he'd
died in an explosion!*"

BRIGITTE

Look at the positive side? If, his
plan was to steal Jill, he failed!
Grab an oar, we're in the same boat
here, luv.

Raul removes the salad plates setting down their entrees.

CLIVE

Same boat? Because our marriages
are both on the rocks?

BRIGITTE

Relationships! We all want the same
thing... relationships that we feel
secure in, right?

CLIVE

Thought mine was?

BRIGITTE

Generally, only one party sees it
coming, or at the very least feels
it coming, the other is oblivious.

CLIVE

Sounds like you should have been a
physiologist instead of a attorney.
What's the point?

Shaking his head...

You're referring to the hurt'or and
hurt'ee; or putting it bluntly, the
fuck'or and fuck'ee?

BRIGITTE

Right! The way I see it... you got
three choices... sink, swim, or...

CLIVE

Or, what?

BRIGITTE

... does a one-legged duck swim in circles?

Stan and Terrance appear at their table and sit down.

STAN

Not if the lame duck's been fitted with a prosthesis! You don't mind our joining, do you?

CLIVE

Why certainly we mind! Immediately excuse yourselves before I call the maître d'!

STAN

Let's see now, Clive and Brigitte, right? Let's consider for a moment your demand shall we?

Stan helps himself to the wine, pours into a water tumbler.

STAN (CONT'D)

Terry, would you consider that a threat?

TERRANCE

You told me not to think, or you'd blow my fuck'in head-off. Now, you want me to answer for him?

Stan opens his coat flashing his weapon holstered under arm.

STAN

You see Mr. MP, Terry here, well, he understands the consequences of what a real threat entails, and he offers no advice... you know why?

CLIVE

What agency do you represent... the CIA, NSA? ... Who? ... What?

BRIGITTE

Clive, please! Don't argue with these men, let them have their say, and be on their way!

STAN

Well put counselor! She's a smart lady Mr. MP! A wise man listens to his counsel.

CLIVE

Alright, go ahead... have your say, then get the hell up from my table.

STAN

Before you interrupted, insinuating we're "Alphabet Boys"! Let's backup and deal with why Terry here offers no advice?

Reaching across Clive grabs Brigitte's wine glass.

STAN (CONT'D)

Ya' see, any piece of advice given is an answer to an implied threat; just as threats contain an implied piece of advice.

Rotates Brigitte's wine glass stares at her lipstick stain.

STAN (CONT'D)

Bob Waters, or Shaman Bob, as he's known in these parts, produced an organic hallucinogenic-aphrodisiac.
(studies lipstick)
Before the dumb-ass blew himself up he passed the formula's in trust to a confederate.

Stan drinks from the wine glass over her lipstick stain.

STAN (CONT'D)

You following me here Mr. MP? That means three people, his bodyguard, his daughter, or your wife has got those formula's.

CLIVE

So what's that have to do with us?

STAN

If you know anything you'd be smart to tell me. If you don't, well now, consider the implied threat given.

CLIVE

We still don't know anything.

STAN

Well, that's 'bout it. The night is young, in the meantime just do what comes natural to cheaters, go ahead and fuck your brains out!

(sadistic grin)

You can do so in confidence, 'cause we don't have a chainsaw.

Stan LAUGHS as he rises and Terrance follows him out.

INT. CLIVE & JILL'S TREEHOUSE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Clive rummages through drawers notices a pouch is missing.

CLIVE

(*muses*, aloud)

What's wrong with this picture? All missing... Jill, a diplomat-pouch, and Robert's formula.

Reaches for his cell phone, as he saunters onto the balcony.

CLIVE

Come on Rodney, answer the phone.

RODNEY (V.O.)

(groggy voice)

Hello.

CLIVE

Rodney, this is Clive. Listen to me very carefully.

RODNEY (V.O.)

What time is it? Its 5:45 AM Cli...

CLIVE

Call Blake Littlechild at MI6. Tell him my wife has a diplomatic-pouch. She's arriving anytime now at LAX, from Costa Rica.

RODNEY (V.O.)

What's the contents of the pouch?

CLIVE

Secret materials of high value to Britain's pharmaceutical industry.

RODNEY (V.O.)

I see...

CLIVE

Tell Blake the pouch might contain formulas that were to be delivered to JOSHUA BECKETT, at Pharma-Shire Laboratories. He's got intel on it, give him the code name: Corkscrew!

RODNEY (V.O.)

Corkscrew, right.

CLIVE

Control of this pouch is to remain with MI6. She's not to be detained is that understood?

RODNEY (V.O.)

Yes sir! Loud and clear, will call Mr. Littlechild immediately! Bye.

Clive on balcony ends his call. Through the leafy branches he spots a shadowy figure lurking in the dark.

EXT. CLIVE & JILL'S TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

Clive moves cautiously as he approaches the shadowy figure lurking in the dark.

TERRANCE

Good evening, again, Mr. Holmes.

CLIVE

Oh, its you... Terry, right?

TERRANCE

Actually it's Terrance. Whichever, you prefer.

CLIVE

Terrance, why are you spying on us?

TERRANCE

Actually, its not my decision, but ... uhhh, orders, Sir.

CLIVE

Orders? Orders from whom, where?
 (sniffs air)
 Smells like dope (sniff) are you smoking dope?

TERRANCE

My partner, gives me my orders, he gets his from Langley. (beat) Ah, the smell... uhhh, its ganja.

CLIVE

Ganja? A drug like marijuana right?

TERRANCE

An hallucinogen, comes from Africa. Guess you could call it the African version of marijuana, but stronger.

CLIVE

In other words, dope! That makes it an illegal substance, right?

TERRANCE

Right, Sir. You can refer to it as dope, but that's a broad brush. As to legality, depends on where your at. In most of Africa its illegal.

CLIVE

It's likely illegal here in Costa Rica, right?

TERRANCE

Probably, but wasn't purchased here and plays no role in the economy. It's only influence, is keeping me mellow. Would you like to try it?

CLIVE

Okay, let's give it a go. Haven't done this since my college days.

Clive inhales, recalls the pleasure on headmaster's face, as he and a classmates bare asses are beaten with a yardstick.

CLIVE

Ugh... cough, cough, cough!

TERRANCE

You okay there sport?

CLIVE

Yeah, piece of cake.

He takes several more HITS, as drug begins to take effect.

CLIVE

Ganja huh, well, it does make me feel a bit immortal. A Parliament of immortals smoking ganja might get some shit done?

TERRANCE

"Don't worry, don't cry, smoke ganja and fly", know who said that?

CLIVE

Ahhh... don't have a clue?

TERRANCE

Bob Marley! (beat) Nice buzz, huh?

CLIVE

Bob Marley, eh! The Jamaican reggae singer?

TERRANCE

Right-0, Clive-0, you a reggae fan?

CLIVE

Not really! Why don't we go in and get something to eat. I'm thirsty, you thirsty?

TERRANCE

Sure, but what about, Brigitte?

CLIVE

Wasn't you that upset her, its your partner. He's a scary guy, ruined our dinner. How'd you hook-up with that twit?

They stop taking a last HIT, before climbing the staircase.

CLIVE

Terry, you know we both got dumped by our spouses today. You seem like a nice chap with a shitty job. That "wanker" partner of yours, now he's a real asshole!

Clive taps on the door, and hears "*It's open!*"...

CLIVE

Brigitte, we've got company!

Brigitte runs on a treadmill wearing a one-piece satin blue designer jumpsuit with a killer white belt and gold buckle.

BRIGITTE

Hi! Clive, noticed some iced tea in the fridge, if you would... pour me a glass, luv.

CLIVE

Will have it waiting for you.

BRIGITTE

Thanks luv, be done in a minute.

CLIVE

What can I get you to drink Terry?

TERRY

Iced tea, sounds fine.

CLIVE

Okay then, we'll all have iced tea.

Clive grabs the beaker of iced tea left in fridge by Jill, fills three glasses with ice, garnishes with lime slices.

A bell dings (workout finished) Brigitte enters the room, as Clive hands them their glasses of ice tea.

CLIVE

Brig, remember Terry from diner? He was spying on us, as ordered by his partner... that disgusting man.

BRIGITTE

You mean you're like a Peeping-Tom?

TERRANCE

Not exactly! A spy guy, who gathers intelligence, that sort a thing.

BRIGITTE

Oh, a James Bond kinda' spy-guy, a real - live - secret - agent - man? Well, here's to you boys, Cin Cin!

CLIVE & TERRY

Cheers! ... Salud!

BRIGITTE

Boys (sniff) you been smoking dope?

TERRANCE

Uhhh, yeah!

CLIVE

Sorry Brig, forgot... yeah, Terry's got sometime called ganja? Oh, and Bob Marley likes it too.

BRIGITTE

Well, Terry! Don't cha' be hogging Bob Marley's doobie! Give it up...

Terrance reaches into a pack of cigarettes remove the joint, lights and passes it to Brigitte, who takes a *HIT*...

BRIGITTE

Well now, that's some good shit. Boys, make yourselves comfortable, while I shower and freshen-up.

Shower finished she slips into a sheer black nightgown and panties.

BRIGITTE

Clive, be a dear. Open that chilled bottle of Puligny-Montrachet.

CLIVE

Pleasure luv! We can thank Jill for the tea... all gone! Terry, choices are Brigitte's wine, or scotch?

TERRY

Scotch sounds, right as rain. Neat!

CLIVE

Well Brig, the Puligny-Montrachet is all yours. Enjoy!

Clive uncorks the bottle pouring Brigitte a generous amount; and, pours two-fingers of scotch into two tumblers.

CLIVE

Terrance, our holiday has ended in complete disaster.

(takes *hit*, passes it)

Her crazy husband, damn near killed us, cutting his treehouse down.

BRIGITTE

Jack was just acting out, it could have been worst.

CLIVE

Worst! Worst than what?

BRIGITTE

Birds live in fuck'in tree houses!
Dumbest investment I ever heard of,
but the twins both wanted one.

Brigitte inhales deep, exhales and sips her wine.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Something less to argue over in
court. Recall this rhyme, "*This is
the house that Jack built?*" Jez'us,
Jack, a fuck'in bird house!

TERRANCE

Talk about crazy... consider Shaman
Bob blowing his temple off the face
of the earth... him in it!

BRIGITTE

We're all pretty much stoned right?

They stare into space hallucinating, as the aphrodisiac
begins to kick-in.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Am curious about something? Either
of you ever participate in what the
French call, "a ménage a trios?"

CLIVE

You mean a threesome? Brig, are you
suggesting?

SMASH CUT:

The threesome are sitting-up in bed naked, covers pulled to
their waists STONED, sheepish smiles on their faces.

INT. LAX - PASSPORT & CUSTOMS CONTROL - NIGHT

George steps out of line "U.S. CITIZENS ONLY" into "NON U.S.
CITIZENS", hands REPUBLIC OF IRELAND passport to official.

OFFICIAL

You here on business or pleasure?

GEORGE

(Irish brogue)
Believe I be doing a bit of both.

OFFICIAL

Enjoy your stay in LA, Mr. Malone.

GEORGE

Aye, you can go to the bank on it!

Bags searched and redundant questions asked by Jr. Official, as a Sr. Official along with a man in a grey suit and fedora hat, approach Jill.

SR. OFFICIAL

Mrs. Holmes... Jillian Holmes?

JILL

Yes!

SR. OFFICIAL

Would you step over here, please!

Jill, follows him to a small enclave while the others watch.

SR. OFFICIAL

May I see your passport please?

Jill hands official her passport, he in turn hands it to the man in grey suit, as he lays his fedora hat on the desktop.

MAN (GREY SUIT)

(British accent)

Mrs. Jill Holmes, my name is Aaron Tolliver with British Intelligence. We have received word from London that you're carrying a diplomatic pouch. Is that it under your arm?

JILL

Yes, it is! Why, do you ask?

TOLLIVER

You're authorized to use diplomatic passport for travel, unfortunately, you're not an authorized courier.

JILL

This is ridiculous Mr. Tolliver, I have carried many dip-bags, and my authorization never questioned.

AARON TOLLIVER

This is not a debate, Mrs. Holmes. If you'd please release your hold.
(tugging on it)
It will be forwarded to the British Embassy in Washington, DC., contact

the Embassy, to file counter-claim.
Mrs. Holmes, please don't make this
more difficult than it already is.

Frustrated, Jill tosses the pouch onto the desk and crushes
Tolliver's fedora.

JILL

By whose authority are you acting,
may I ask Mr. Tolliver?

AARON TOLLIVER

The highest of course, Her Majesty
the Queen's government. You're not
being detained, you're now free to
carry-on, Mrs. Holmes.

JILL

Please give my best to Queenie...
(*muses*, don't say it!)
... you fuck'in dickhead!

Tolliver picks-up the dip-bag and see's his crushed fedora,
placing it on his head, with dip-bag underarm he departs.

EXT. LAX TERMINAL - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

Peter driving Brigitte's Chrysler stretch VAN stops at curb,
pops all doors & rear lift gate, remains behind wheel.

JACK

Peter, thanks for coming on short
notice. Say hello to George Malone,
one of your tribe from the Sod.

PETER

(*muses*, Cindy?)
Hi Cindy! You were in Costa Rica
too?

CINDY

Hi Peter! Yes, I was... nice to see
you again.

PETER

Jack, you're missing one? Where's
Brigitte?

JACK

She'll arrives tomorrow. Appreciate
if you could pick her up?

JILL

Hi Peter, everything okay at home?

PETER

(*muses*, nice switch)

Everything's fine! Pool's serviced, decorator came by took measurements for drapes. That's it! You guys are back early, thought you'd be gone a week? What happened?

JACK

Long story. Bring you up to date in the morning over breakfast.

The VAN drives up the circular driveway of a modern Malibu beach home. Shallow waves lap at the moonlit shore.

INT. JUAN SANTAMARIA AIRPORT - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Clive and Brigitte are seated at a café table having coffee.

BRIGITTE

(lights cigarette)

Well, this has been an interesting week to say the least.

CLIVE

That's an understatement.

BRIGITTE

Oh well, that's life, as the cliché goes... shit happens!

CLIVE

We blindly walked into a hurricane named, "Fuck Me Running" pushing a ten foot tidal-surge of shit!

BRIGITTE

What did the experience reveal? Are you gay? Hiding it all these years, or acted on latent tendencies?

A café on the far side of the lobby sits Stan and Terrance.

CLIVE

Well, until last night I never had a homosexual encounter. What does that mean? Oh my God! I'm what you American's call a switch-hitter... weebegone, what am I to do?

Brigitte hears her boarding call, kisses Clive's forehead.

BRIGITTE

That's my flight, luv...

(crushes cigarette)

... these are questions that only you can answer. My sincerest hope is you'd talk to a professional. You might want to look at pictures I took during our *menage a' trois*, or a' *deux*? It surely wasn't a love triangle, more a twosome.

CLIVE

You took pictures of our encounter?

BRIGITTE

Yes, I was bored. Nobody wanted to play with me, so I took pictures of you two... no harm, no foul, delete em! We'll always have our memories of the island.

CLIVE

Things might have been different between us, but...

BRIGITTE

(interrupts)

Stay well, luv... got to run now.

Brigitte heads for the gate, as two men rise following her. Clive notices one looks directly at him, its Terrance!

Terrance smiles giving Clive a twinkly-fingered wave.

Clive smiles and twinkly-fingers him back.

Stan phones to check-in with David West at CIA headquarters.

STAN

Yes sir, we're shadowing her now, aboard the same flight to LAX.

DAVID (V.O.)

Good! You both stay with her, don't let her out of your sight. There is a situation developing.

STAN

Dare I ask?

DAVID (V.O.)
 MP's wife arrived with the dip-bag,
 it was confiscated by MI6. Believe
 it contained the formulas?

STAN
 What do you want us to do?

DAVID (V.O.)
 Our objective is to regain control
 of the dip-bag, delicately! This is
 a job for "Smoke 'N Mirrors", using
 deception.

STAN
 Deception? Smoke 'N Mirrors, Sir?

DAVID
 You let me worry about that! Don't
 lose your tail... keep it between
 your legs!

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - BRITISH CUSTOMS - DAY

Clive at Heathrow the next morning, presents his passport.

1ST OFFICIAL
 Welcome back, Mr. Holmes. Pleasant
 journey, I hope?

CLIVE
 Ah, yes! (beat) Thank you!

Holds pouch underarm, he proceeds to the baggage claim area;
 spots and grabs his bag, proceeds to customs inspection.

2ND OFFICIAL
 Good morning, Sir. Anything to
 declare?

The customs official quickly shuffles through his luggage.

CLIVE
 No! Nothing to declare.

2ND OFFICIAL
 Thank you, sir! Welcome home.

An official with sniffer dog passes by.

The pouch underarm, pulling bag prepares to enter terminal,
 as the sniffer dog begins to bark.

DOG HANDLER

Excuse me sir, but would you kindly return to the inspection table.

CLIVE

What, I don't understand.

DOG HANDLER

Return to inspection, Sir. We need to check your bag again.

The bag opened again, as the handler leads his dog closer to sniff. Ignoring the bag, jumps-up paws and sniffs the pouch.

Excited the dog barks and spins in circles.

2ND OFFICIAL

Sir, would you mind opening the article under your arm.

CLIVE

I do mind! Do you know who I am?

DOG HANDLER

BLOW, BLOW, Sit... Sit-down BLOW...

HOOWWWWWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL...

2ND OFFICIAL

I'm sorry, sir! But, I must demand you open the article underarm.

BLOW THE DOG

HOOWWWWWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL...

CLIVE

Certainly not! This is a diplomatic pouch, and properly marked, look... may I remind you, it is NOT subject to either, search or seizure!

DOG HANDLER

(grapples with dog)

HOOWWWWWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL...

Shut-up Blow, shut-up and sit-down, ya' damn dope addict.

HOOWWWWWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL...

CLIVE

(*muses*, thanks Terry)

Do you know who I am?

A senior official arrives on the scene followed by his mousy assistant, as a 2nd handler and his dog arrive on scene.

SENIOR OFFICIAL

What's going on here? ... What's happening here?

2ND OFFICIAL

Ahhh Sir, this gentleman has in his possession a diplomatic pouch that the dog confirms is suspect, Sir!

CLIVE

Do you know who I am?

ASSISTANT

Who is he?

2ND DOG HANDLER

Hold on! We might have trouble with this guy...

(places hand on weapon)

... yeah, he's definitely trouble!

ASSISTANT

Why?

2ND DOG HANDLER

... He doesn't know who he is!

The 2nd handler loses control of his dog, breaking loose jumps on Clive knocking him to the ground.

BOTH DOGS

HOOWWWWWWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL...

Clive fights the dogs for control of the pouch, as their handlers regain control, he clammers to his feet.

SENIOR OFFICIAL

Get those damn dogs outta' here! Do you have separate I.D., Mr. Holmes?

CLIVE

Yes, here is my MP's picture I.D.

SENIOR OFFICIAL

Apologize for the inconvenience Mr. Holmes, you may proceed, Sir.

Hires a taxi to take him home in Surry. Exiting the taxi his cell phone slips out of pocket onto the backseat.

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NEXT DAY - DAY

Aaron Tolliver on phone with ALAN LAMB at MI6, London.

TOLLIVER

Correct Sir, integrity of the pouch hasn't been violated. Yes Sir! I'll take responsibility for delivery to MI6. Yes Sir, be there before noon tomorrow. Thank you, Sir. Cheerio!

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA - DAY

Chuck Stockwell and David West, in a strategy session.

STOCKWELL

The dip-bag was carried by Tolliver to DC, last night. Scheduled out of Dullas at 22:05; arrives Heathrow 10:15, tomorrow. You are to acquire that briefcase!

DAVID

No problem, will be using SMOKE 'N MIRRORS to control the situation.

STOCKWELL

Oh no, not those gorillas! Remember these are our friends, David!

DAVID

They'll be meeting me at Heathrow. We'll confiscate it in London, and return via military flight.

STOCKWELL

Your call, but remember nobody gets hurt. The Brits are our friends, we mustn't strain our relations, while showing them respect.

DAVID

(both grinning)

Yeah, the kind of respect we showed em' when we kicked their lily-white asses outta' here back in '76.

INT. JACK & BRIGITTE'S MALIBU HOME - DAY

A balcony table overlooking Malibu Beach and ocean, b.g.

JILL

Plenty to eat eggs, bacon, sausage,
hash-browns, Bloody Mary's coming.

PETER

Jack, you said Brigitte arrives at
LAX on COPA around 11:00?

STAN

Right! Take her another forty-five
minutes, or so, to clear customs.

PETER

So what happened? Why didn't she
return with you last night?

JILL

It's complicated, Peter! With all
due respect for Brigitte, its best
you hear her version. In that way
you'll have no preconceived ideas.

Jill serves Bloody Mary's with celery stalks to everyone.

JILL (CONT'D)

As she likes to say, shit happens!

JACK

We're on the road in half an hour.
Peter, we'll be outta' contact til
we reach Big Sur. Call and let me
know she arrived okay.

Breakfast over the four head for Monterey in Jack's Rolls.

EXT. LAX - BRADLEY INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

Peter in Brigitte's VAN, spots her curbside for pick-up, as
Stan intervenes...

STAN

Where's that sister-in-law of yours
and her brother Jack-off?

BRIGITTE

Don't know?

PETER
(whispers in her ear)

BRIGITTE
You might try looking in Monterey.

Stan & Terrance re-enter the terminal, as the Van departs.

STAN
We'll never catch up by chasing em'
from L.A. We fly to Monterey, rent
a car and head back south on Hwy 1.

TERRANCE
Don't you think we should first get
David's approval?

STAN
Shut-the-fuck-up faggot! If, I want
your opinion, I'll ask for it!

EXT. CALIF. HWY. 1, SAN LUIS OBISPO TO BIG SUR - DAY

MONTAGE: SCENIC SHOTS OF FOURSOME IN ROLLS ON HWY. 1 -

INT. RIVER INN, BIG SUR, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Seated on facing benches Jill & Cindy, Jack & George stand
leaning against stone FIREPLACE.

CINDY
The fireplace is beautiful, George.

GEORGE
When I took over the River Inn back
in 1969, first thing I did was to
commissioned artist Buzz Brown, to
build a fireplace using stones from
the Big Sur River. Rest his sole!

CINDY
How long were you here?

GEORGE
The best sixteen years of my life!

George, spots two men looking at Jack's Rolls. Stan confirms
it's Jack's, attaches an electronic bug.

GEORGE
We've got company!

JACK
Oh shit! Those are the spooks from
Costa Rica. How did they find us?

JILL
Brigitte!

GEORGE
Let me handle this, just be cool.

As they enter the darkened entry turning left past the bar
they look directly at the fireplace and foursome.

STAN
Well, well... what have we here?
Our four escapees from Costa Rica!

TERRANCE
They're not escapees, Stan!

STAN
Shut-the-fuck-up!

Stan sits opposite Jill facing Cindy, George leans on right
side of the fireplace, Jack on left, Terrance hangs back.

STAN
What do you think the odds of our
running into you guys again are?

GEORGE
Should search for a number you can
count to... shadowing us, eh?

STAN
Stopped for latest football scores,
49'ers playin' the Redskins today.

JACK
That's a fuck'in revelation, like
300 million don't know?

STAN
Jack, you needn't be so unsociable!
American football the greatest game
ever, not that sissy feet-ball.

JACK
Should be playing, not wasting good
taxpayer's money... playing spook?

STAN

You know, Jack! I'm beginning to think you don't like me.

JACK

What gave you the first clue?

STAN

Actually, I signed with the Broncos out of college, played professional one year, injury forced me out.

JACK

Got your bell rang once too often?

STAN

Played first string QB Ohio State in '89, only lost three games that year. Sportswriters touted me, as able to toss a 70 yard pass.

George studies Stan's long nose, thick lips, crafty eyes and loudmouth attitude, as reason enough to provoke...

GEORGE

See your packing, Stanley.

STAN

Yeah, what of it! I'm legal to pack a cannon, Company rules.

GEORGE

Get something clear... I don't play by your Company rules. If, you ever decide to pull that 4-5-6 the best you can hope for is a tie!

Stan realizes he is out of position. Being right-handed, gun under left arm, requires wielding 180 to get a shot off.

GEORGE

You know Stanley, we can solve this in a more civilized manner.

STAN

How's that?

GEORGE

Football.

STAN

Football? What do you want a quote, better yet, bet me on statistics?

GEORGE

Nothing that complicated. But, you should know, I can toss a football 100 yards in the air.

STAN

Bullshit!

GEORGE

\$500.00 say's it isn't bullshit! Take the bet, or pick your nose?

STAN

Let's see, that's \$5 a yard. Let's make it \$25 dollars a yard! Minimum toss 100 yards... in the air!

George pauses while everyone looks on...

GEORGE

Okay Stanley... you're on!

STAN

Problem! Who holds the money and where is the football?

GEORGE

The bartender Jenny she'll hold the purse. And there's a football above the back-bar.

Both men move to the redwood bar-top reach in their pockets counting out twenty-five \$100 dollar bills.

GEORGE

(pointing)

Jenny, hand me that football; and, here's \$5,000.00, winner takes all.

George looks at the football reading the message, "*George, a good friend and good times, Marvin Gaye!*"

STAN

Can he throw a 100 yard pass too?

GEORGE

No Stan, he's an entertainer, and that's something your not!

STAN

Okay, let's get outside and get on with it, I'll pace off a 100 yards.

GEORGE

Uh uh, too busy... you need a 2nd,
or is it just between you and me?

STAN

Yeah, 2'nds are good, so who's your
choice... Slick?

GEORGE

Jill! You're shadowing her anyway,
help ya' keep an eye on her.

STAN

You're taking a female 2'nd, I'll
choose Jenny! Keeps me close to the
money, when you lose.

They all exit the River Inn, as George makes a move...

GEORGE

One car will do, sit upfront, don't
trust you behind me. Ladies if you
would be seated in back! Jack, toss
me the keys.

Jack tosses George the keys.

STAN

Terry, stay in touch by cell phone.

All aboard, George heads north on Hwy. 1, towards Monterey.

The rolls crosses over TORRES CANYON CREEK, climbing toward
"Hurricane Slide". Reaching a level area stops on the ocean
side of the road.

GEORGE

Okay Stanley, north or south, step
off a 100 paces.

Stan looks both ways takes into consideration the wind then
marches 100 long paces back south toward Big Sur.

As he reaches 100 yard mark (*phone rings*) it's...

TERRANCE (V.O.)

What's happening? Where you at?

STAN

I'm with the mark... a few miles up
the road... don't worry, got my eye
on the ball!

Turns to see George and the girls up the road. Signals to let it fly when ready.

STAN

Go ahead Sucker! Throw me the ball!

George stands atop Hurricane Slide, Stan 100+ yards away.

GEORGE

(*yells*)

You ready?

STAN

Ready!

Waves at Stan, walks to the edge of Hurricane Slide, rears back, tossing the ball high into a blue sky... the target?

THE PACIFIC OCEAN 1000 FEET BELOW -

Stan goes berserk runs at George, yelling, screaming potty-mouth, as George, pockets the cash handed him by Jenny.

STAN

Son-of-a bitch... that shit don't fuck'in count! Tilt... Foul... No fuck'in way, Jose!

GEORGE POV - STAN AT FULL-TILT BOOGIE MURDER IN HIS EYES -

Charges headlong with a vengeance, preparing a haymaker he's about to throw. George ducks, using Stan's forward momentum grabs and tosses him head-first off Hurricane Slide.

CAMERA: (SHOT FROM BELOW, SURROUNDED BY BLUE SKY ABOVE) STAN AIRBORNE ARMS & LEGS WINDMILLING, SCREAMING -

GEORGE

Keep your eye on the ball, Stan?

Looking over the edge at the Pacific Ocean some 1000+ yards below, a near vertical drop. Reaches into his pocket...

GEORGE

Here Jenny, 5% sound about right?

JENNY

Thank you, George!

Getting into the Rolls, a RINGING is heard. A cell phone on the ground. George picks it up and reads...

INCOMING CALL - TERRANCE

Walks over to Hurricane slide, rears back tossing it on the same trajectory, as the ball and Stanley.

GEORGE
 (*yells* aloud)
 Hey Stanley, you forgot your phone!

EXT. PARKING LOT - RIVER INN - DAY

The Rolls stops, as Jenny exits. George motions Jack & Cindy to get aboard, as Terrance follows looking for his partner.

TERRANCE
 Hey George, where's my partner?

GEORGE
 Good question, don't know? Believe he got wet feet!

TERRANCE
 Where did you leave him?

GEORGE
 The last I saw of him... he was chasing a football.

TERRANCE
 Who won the bet?

GEORGE
 Stan didn't!

The foursome depart the River Inn heading toward Monterey.

Terrance on the satellite phone.

SPLIT-SCREEN - TERRANCE AND DAVID WEST -

DAVID
 What do you mean you lost your partner?

TERRANCE
 Exactly, Sir! We caught up with em' at Big Sur. Stan and Malone, had a disagreement about football. A bet ensued, last thing he said, "*Don't worry, got my eye on the ball.*"

DAVID
 What in the hell does that mean?

TERRANCE
I don't know, Sir?

DAVID
What the hell do you know? Do you know who won the bet?

TERRANCE
Asked that same question of Malone, he said, "*Not Stan!*" ... Sir!

DAVID
And where are they at, right now?

TERRANCE
Heading toward Monterey, Sir.

DAVID
You continue to shadow them, keep them under surveillance, got that! MI6 confiscated the pouch from the MP's wife last night at LAX. It's now at the British Embassy in D.C., being forwarded to London tonight.

TERRANCE
What are we going to do about Stan?

DAVID
He's probably dead. Saves me having to dump his sorry ass. Shit! He'll get a star on the wall of honor. Oh no, no star for that asshole, he's a traitor! And we don't memorialize traitors!

TERRANCE
Stan was a paranoid psychopath, but he wasn't traitor, Sir!

DAVID
Are you questioning my authority? Stan Harlow was a fuck'in traitor!

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The Rolls with our foursome aboard glides down the hill off of Hwy. 1, into the village of Carmel-by-the-Sea. Slowly it moves through the downtown area and past, what was once the beautiful Victorian Pine Inn Hotel, now modernized for only reasons money can justify. The sidewalks are crowded as the day tourists clamber the streets looking in windows wishing

they had the money to buy the goodies, but settling for ice cream cones instead. Thanks owed to Clint Eastwood, who had kept his campaign promise by repealing an archaic ordinance prior to his tenure as Mayor forbidding the sale and eating ice cream on public streets in Carmel.

The Rolls pulls to a stop at the gatehouse, entry to Pebble Beach, and its famous 17 Mile Drive.

GUARD AT THE CARMEL GATEHOUSE -

JACK

Hello! Would you please call the Benish residence to relate, their son and daughter have arrived.

GUARD

(looks at clipboard)
Are you Jack? And would one of you ladies would be Jill?

JACK & JILL

That's right, I'm Jack!
(lifts her sunglasses)
And I would be, Jill.

GUARD

Thank you, you may proceed.

They proceed past the gate onto the 17 Mile Drive.

MONTAGE: SCENIC SHOTS - ROLLS CRUISES THROUGH THE FOREST -

As the Rolls circles Stillwater Cove, the famed Lone Cypress Tree comes in view growing from a promontory rock outcrop on a point overlooking the ocean.

Something's caught Jill's eye, she strains to see the figure of a man beyond the Lone Cypress looking out to sea.

JILL

(*muses*, to herself)
Is that Robert? Or, my imagination playing tricks on me?

The road enters a wooded area blocking ocean views, as they approach a parking area where tourists park and walk a trail to the Lone Cypress to see one of nature's enduring marvels.

JILL

Jack, stop the car!

JACK

Wait til I get to the parking area.

Jack stops the car. George opens his door, as Jill leaps out running down the trail toward the promontory rocky point.

Cresting a rise, the famed tree ahead, she expects to see...

JILL

Robert! Robert! Where are you?

(hysterical)

My God, what is happening to me?

(bursts into tears)

Robert... Robert... Rob...

Jack safely parked runs after her catches-up, wraps his arms around his sister, as she sobs uncontrollably.

JILL

Jack, he was here. I saw him!

JACK

Saw who? Who did you see?

JILL

Robert! I saw him... I, I saw him from... the other side of the cove.

JACK

Jill, Jill... Robert is gone! You must come to grips with it!

Daylight fades as the sun submerges into the ocean beyond.

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH - 17 MILE DRIVE - DAY

Jack proceeds for another mile turning left through a stone walled entry, its pillared hinged gates swung wide open.

JACK

Well, we made it... we're here.

JILL

Cindy being with Jack, may need some explaining? Sorry didn't mean to insinuate you're not welcome.

JACK

You'll be okay, allow me to handle probing or pointless questions.

At the front door Jill rings chimes, George and Cindy, hang back, as MARY BANISH opens the door...

MARY

Oh look who's here, we expected you earlier. No matter your here now...

Raising her voice toward a hallway off the foyer...

MARY (CONT'D)

Izzy, the twins have arrived!

JACK

Mother! This is Cindy and George, friends who'll be staying with us.

MARY

Pleasure to meet you both, welcome to our home. Izzy's in his study, go say hello.

CINDY

Thank you, Mrs. Benish, your home is lovely.

MARY

Please call me Mary. Excuse me, for running-off to avert a disaster.

The foursome proceed down a long wide hallway to tall double doors, as Jill taps lightly...

IZZY

Enter... (beat) Please come in.

IZZY BANISH (72), stands outlined by light streaming through the pines. A distinguished man of medium build, a snow-white head of hair and disarming smile.

IZZY

Jill... come, come to your father.

Jack, come please...

Izzy rounds his desk embracing his daughter, turns to Jack, as he extends a hand. Jack reaches to grasp his hand and is pulled into a bear hug, surprised by his father's adulation.

JACK

Father, this is my friend Cindy.

IZZY

A pleasure to meet you my dear.

JACK
And this is...

IZZY
How have you been George, your
looking grand?

GEORGE
Thank you Sir! You're looking more
distinguished than ever.

Jack & Jill are taken-back by their father's knowing George.

IZZY
Tell her hold whatever it is she's
started. I'll make reservation for
six at the Sardine Factory.

INT. SARDINE FACTORY, CANNERY ROW, MONTEREY, CA - NIGHT

The party of six enters the Sardine Factory greeted by their
host TED BALESTRERI (62), a soft spoken man with a confident
disarming smile; impeccably attired in his black tuxedo.

TED
Izzy, my old friend, how are you?
... and your lovely wife, Mary?

IZZY
You remember my daughter and son,
Jill and Jack, and Jack's friend
Cindy. Of course, you know George.

TED
Yes or course your twins. Welcome
Cindy. George, you're looking well.

Ted looks across the room, his Captain with eye-patch, nods.

TED (CONT'D)
My pleasure to have you dining with
us this evening. Your golf partner
Chef Bert, is ready to perform his
culinary magic.

Motioning towards his Captain...

TED (CONT'D)
Your table in the Conservatory is
ready... follow the Pirate.

Entering the Conservatory, and interestingly lit glass domed
structure casting an ambiance of dining in a botanic garden.

Izzy studies the immense wine menu a recipient of awards for "Best Wine List in America", Ted returns to insure...

TED

Hope everyone is comfortable?

IZZY

Ted! Have noticed one of your house treasures, a 1870 bottle of Chateau Lafitte Rothschild Pauillac.

TED

Was fortunate to have acquired the bottle in France last year. It had been aging undisturbed in a cellar for the last 140 years.

IZZY

Let me ask you this, Teddy. We've been friends for many years, right?
(Ted nods)

Should we agree upon the price, our purchase consummated. But after the cork's removed we discover the wine has turned to vinegar. Then what?

Closes the wine menu, lays his glasses on the table.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Shall my obligation for payment of the spoiled corkage still stand?

TED

We're talking here about a bottle of wine worth \$20,000 dollars!

Ted places a hand on Izzy's shoulder.

TED (CONT'D)

Let's say I agreed to knock \$5,000, off the price. Should the Chateau' Laffite have become vinegar... I'll throw in a bottle of Lambda, hand extracted cold pressed olio d'oliva made of Koroneiki olives from the Krista region of Create.

Places his other hand lightly on Mary's shoulder.
And in your honor! We'll create the most expensive ever "oil & vinegar" tossed salad in the world!

Everybody laughs politely.

IZZY

Teddy, your kind offer is accepted; however tonight's not the occasion. But, we have something working and a celebration will soon follow. The next time we dine... the bet is on!

TED

Whenever you're ready, and if the Chateau Laffite is available, it's your call!

The dining complete, Jill enters into private conversation and melancholically explains her situation to her father.

IZZY

We'll talk about it in the morning, take a walk and you can get it off your chest.

INT. BENISH HOME - PEBBLE BEACH, CA - DAY

Jill enters the study dressed in a brightly colored jogging suit, having awoken early after a restless night's sleep.

JILL

Good morning, father.

IZZY

Good morning, Jillian! I hope you had a pleasant nights rest?

JILL

A restless evening. But dinner last night was enjoyable, and comforting to be with family again.

Seating herself on a couch...

JILL (CONT'D)

I have questions that need answers.

IZZY

Yes.

JILL

Who is Robert Waters?

IZZY

Robert Waters... yes, who is he?

JILL

You knew him, didn't you?

Izzy rises from his desk and sits next to his daughter.

IZZY

Yes, I knew Robert.

JILL

Before he'd died, he gave me some things to deliver to YOU! At LAX they were confiscated by a British Agent, name of Tolliver.

Izzy looks outside the dawn just beginning to break.

IZZY

Why don't we take a walk, a perfect morning for a stroll.

They exit the house and begin their walk near Cypress Point.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Yes, you're certainly entitled some answers. Where to start?

They walk A trail on Cypress Point and Pacific Ocean, b.g.

IZZY NARRATES

This story should begin at the beginning, and that would be with your grandfather, Abraham Benish, one of three founding members of HAGANAH a Jewish paramilitary operating under the British Mandate of Palestine 1920 till 1948, later it became the Israel Defense Force. He was AMAN, Israeli intelligence.

In 1944 at 18, I joined TTG (Tilhas Teezee Gesheften), which literally translates "Kiss My Ass"! Originally created, as a group for assassination of NAZIS; and, later facilitated the illegal emigration of Holocaust survivor's back to Israel.

Growing up my closest friend was Ari Pascal. He and his wife Adina, died repelling an Arab attack on a kibbutz, leaving an orphaned son. His name was Michael, and he had no living relatives. My first wife Aliyah and I, adopted the nine year old boy who developed an interest in photography.

By now, I was Mossad, our patriotic duty required training our children as agents in the black arts of intelligence.

Our sources granted him U.S. citizenship with credentials to match a false identity. He entered University of Virginia, achieving perfect scores. His skills and love of photography he specialized in the film sciences, drawing the attention of CIA recruitment.

When Aliyah died of cancer in Tel Aviv, there was nothing in Israel for me, I wanting to be closer to Michael. I moved to Hollywood, and worked at learning the film business.

Michael took on assignments for his employer, as my business grew our Israeli intelligence link was expanded. My company fronted and gathered intelligence. And one of our agents was Michael Pascal-Benish, who you know as, ROBERT WATERS.

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH - ROCKY SHORELINE - CYPRESS POINT - DAY

Izzy and Jill, walk and chat about recent events and life.

IZZY

Jill, if its happiness you seek,
you must follow you heart.

JILL

Just look at the mess I've made of
our lives, now Robert's gone; and,
Clive's in London where he belongs;
and here I am, where do I belong?

Wiping her crying eyes on a sleeve...

JILL (CONT'D)

What has been gained, but a false
sense of entitlement to the spoils
of my own foolishness!

IZZY

The hours of folly are measured by
the clock, while responsibility and
wisdom only comes with age.

JILL

As a physiologist the message I try
to convey is, "*take responsibility
for your life, and don't give up on
your dreams.*" While a little voice
in my head keeps saying, "Grow Up!"

IZZY

Maybe we never really grow-up, we
only learn how to act in public?

Looking at his watch...

IZZY

I have an appointment at SSG. Why don't all of you come out to Carmel Valley, and take a tour.

Izzy and Jill walk arm-in-arm back toward home.

EXT. SSG STUDIO - CARMEL VALLEY, CA - DAY

The foursome exit the Rolls, ENTERING the PORTAL to SSG -

Spectra Scatter-Graphics (SSG), an R&D company specializing in holographic imaging. Located behind the Holly Farm in an old barn used for aging of wines.

JACK

The old man knows how to cloak his projects. This incongruous barn is an advanced holographic laboratory, and it screams, go away!

GEORGE

Izzy doesn't want to advertise what he obviously doesn't want others to know. The way I see it... perfect!

Jack rings bell, notices panels along the eaves of the roof.

A BUZZING sound and the door opens. Entering a chamber their bodies are scanned; a second door opens to a reception area, where they're met by KIMBERLY, middle-aged attractive.

KIMBERLY

Hi! My name is Kimberly, you must be Izzy's twins?

JILL

Hi! I'm Jill and this is my brother Jack, our friends Cindy and George.

KIMBERLY

(points at flashing plaque)
A synchronizing test of the lasers is about to begin, if you'd follow me to the gallery.

They enter the GALLERY and move along a handrail overlooking a recessed area, a sound stage, or theater-in-the-round?

They're seated in the viewing gallery, next to an aisle that leads to a circular stage hidden by a large curtain.

Above the theater behind a large glass panel are seated two engineers viewing the stage below, behind them stands Izzy.

The room begins to darken...

LOUDSPEAKER

Test #126, of the Argon-Krypton
Laser scatter-back will begin in
one minute.

A low WHIRRING sound is heard throughout the theatre as the decibels increase exceeding the range of the human ear.

LOUDSPEAKER (CONT'D)

... 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5...

Curtain covering circular stage begins opening.

LOUDSPEAKER (CONT'D)

... 4, 3, 2, 1...

As the curtain is opening to spectator viewing, a man stands center stage his back to the gallery, he begins to speak.

MAN ON STAGE

... *"It's been a pleasant afternoon
spent in your presence, Doctor. We
must get together soon, as my door
is always open whenever you wish to
enter."*

*"For if wishes were horses,
beggars would ride."*

JILL

(screams aloud)

Robert... Robert... oh, Robert!

Jill bolts from her chair running down the aisle toward the stage, as the man turns facing Jill's onrush.

JILL

Oh, Robert... you're alive.

Rushing headlong into the arms of her lover, her body passes through Robert's nearly falling in absence of his body mass.

JILL

My God! Robert...

ROBERT'S IMAGE IS VISIBLE WHILE JILL'S IS ENTIRELY ABSENT -

[FLASHBACK]

They move closer and embrace. Jill maintains her wide stance thrusting her pelvis against Bob's throbbing loins, as they kiss passionately their spirits feasting on desire.

The scene lived in real time continues viewing from behind.

JILL

My God, what's happening? Am I mad?

A low SIREN is heard and lighting panels begin flashing red, as the theatre lights brighten.

ROBERT IMAGE FIZZLES OUT -

Jack rushes onstage catching his sister as she faints.

A high-pitched WHIRRING sound is heard the decibels falling, as the lasers power source is shutdown.

Jill begins to come too; she's surrounded by familiar faces and looking into her father's eyes.

JILL

Father... where's Robert?

IZZY

It wasn't Robert, my dear. It was only a recorded holographic image.

JILL

But, I saw him father...

IZZY

No! You saw an image of him. I'm so sorry, that hologram would not have been run had I'd known you were in the studio.

Jill is seated in the gallery recovering attended by others.

INT. SSG STUDIO - DAY

A silent alarm flashes as Izzy heads for the control room.

IZZY

Put the picture on the big screen;
bet its the eight-point stag.

The imaging panels on the roof eaves pinpointed the intruder, casting it's image upon the large viewing screen.

IZZY
 (over studio speakers)
 Well, it's not the stag. Anybody
 recognize this guy?

JACK
 Sure do! His name is TERRANCE. He's
 one of the CIA spooks who followed
 us from Costa Rica.

GEORGE
 (grinning)
 Think he's looking for his partner?

IZZY
 What's he up to? Run a scatter-back
 image his holograph on stage.

A WHIRRING sound is heard again throughout the studio.

JACK
 What in the hell is he doing?

The holographic image of Terrance is now being shown in the
 middle of the circular stage.

GEORGE
 Taking a piss!

IZZY
 He trespasses on my property so he
 can urinate, thinks he's above the
 law, eh? Not my law!

GEORGE
 Let me take care of this jerk-off,
 Izzy.

IZZY
 That's okay, George! Got a surprise
 for this "Alphabet Boy", he's about
 to meet with Shadrach, Meshach, and
 Abednego.

Izzy opens split-screens, the left showing the intruder, and
 the right three Doberman Pinchers in a kennel.

Pushes a button... and the dogs are in pursuit!

They quickly corner the intruder ready to rip him to shreds.

IZZY (V.O.)
 (over external speakers)
 Well now, Mr. Alphabet Boy, appears
 you're up to your ass in alligators
 without a plug to drain the swamp.

Terrance on the ground leans against building, as the three growling Doberman's bare their fangs.

TERRANCE
 Call these hounds off, or I'm going
 to start shooting!

IZZY (V.O.)
 It would appear you're in a world
 of shit son. Suggest you keep the
 cannon holstered... don't do dumb!

The less threatening alpha male sniffs Terrance.

TERRANCE
 Nice doggie. Good boy, that's right
 boy... be cool, now... good boy.

As the alpha male sniffs Terrance, out of the blue mounts his leg and starts humping.

TERRANCE
 What the fuck? Get the hell off me
 you horny mother-fucker.

IZZY (V.O.)
 Appears Shadrach's taken liking to
 you, Meshugeneh!

Everybody viewing in the studio laughs...

IZZY (CONT'D)
 The fuck'in you're gettin', nothing
 compared to fuck'in your going get.
 This property is clearly marked "DO
 NOT TRESPASS"; and, you piss on it!

TERRANCE
 If you'd invite me inside would be
 glad to used the toilet.

IZZY (V.O.)
 You should of heeded the sign! Now,
 you've two minutes to get off of my
 property before its open season on
 your sorry ass. You got that sport!

Izzy gives command the dog's sit. Terrance gathers himself, starts walking, then begins to haul ass, dogs in pursuit.

Clambers into his car dogs threaten pawing windows. He steps on it, tires squeal, swerves onto the road. Driving erratic he's stopped by Sheriff cruiser, handcuffed and hauled away.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT, LONDON - NEXT DAY - DAY

Tolliver crosses the terminal briefcase cuffed to his wrist.

David West having arrived on the same flight as Tollivar, is joined by MR. SMOKE and MR. MIRRORS, and shadowing Tolliver.

Spotting a toilet, Tolliver needs to relieve himself. Enters and heads for a stall, his bodyguard lags back then enters.

DAVID

Take-down the bodyguard, chloroform
Tolliver, relieve him of briefcase,
and don't fuck it up! "Just Do It!"

SMOKE and MIRRORS enter toilet, spot the bodyguard flushing urinal. Smoke blackjack's his skull, as Mirrors catches him dumping him quietly in an empty stall.

Tolliver exits stall notices bodyguard absent. He is grabbed by SMOKE forced back into the stall, as rubber-gloved hands of MIRRORS shoves a chloroform soaked towel into his face.

Agent MIRRORS using bolt cutters severs wrist chain. They exit with briefcase leaving Tolliver in the commode stall.

INT. SSG STUDIO - CARMEL VALLEY - NIGHT

The last night of the "Carmel Arts & Film Festival 2013."

Three hundred guests gather for a feature screening, titled: MIDNIGHT GLOW, a film to demonstrate holographic advances by SSG.

The audience intently watches, as the final scenes are being shown on a huge screen behind the empty holographic stage.

FINAL ACT

(MOVIE PLAYS ON SCREEN)

As the Rolls circles Stillwater Cove, the famed Lone Cypress Tree comes in view growing from a promontory rock outcrop on a point overlooking the ocean.

Something's caught Jill's eye, she strains to see the figure of a man beyond the Lone Cypress looking out to sea.

JILL
 (*muses*, to herself)
 Is that Robert? Or, my imagination
 playing tricks on me?

The road enters a wooded area blocking ocean views, as they approach a parking area where tourists park and walk a trail to the Lone Cypress to see one of nature's enduring marvels.

JILL
 Jack, stop the car!

JACK
 Wait til I get to the parking area.

Jack stops the car. George opens his door, as Jill leaps out running down the trail toward the promontory rocky point.

Cresting a rise, the famed tree ahead, she expects to see...

JILL
 Robert! Robert! Where are you?
 (hysterical)
 My God, what is happening to me?
 (bursts into tears)
 Robert... Robert... Rob...

Jack safely parked runs after her catches-up, wraps his arms around his sister, as she sobs uncontrollably.

JILL
 Jack, he was here. I saw him!

JACK
 Saw who? Who did you see?

JILL
 Robert! I saw him... I, I saw him
 from... the other side of the cove.

JACK
 Jill, Jill... Robert is gone! You
 must come to grips with it!

Struggling to regain her composure to deal with her anguish.

JILL
 My risk was to seek my true love...
 and risk not being loved in return.
 My risks are now failures, my hopes
 eternal pain.

(looks-up at heaven)
 Oh Robert, what, has been gained by
 my risking it all, but the beauty
 of having loved, and to know I was
 loved in return!

CAMERA ON: JILL AS IT ZOOMS OUT SLOWLY. CAMERA SHOT: ACROSS
 STILLWATER COVE: JILL AND THE LONE CYPRESS AT SUNSET -

CAMERA ON: JILL (LONG SHOT) AT LONE CYPRESS. STANDING ON THE
 PROMONTORY ROCK LOOKING OUT TO SEA, AS THE SETTING SUN SINKS
 SLOWLY BELOW THE HORIZON INTO THE OCEAN -

FINAL SHOT: AERIAL VIEWS OF THE ROCKY PEBBLE BEACH COASTLINE
 AROUND THE LONE CYPRESS, AS THE SUN SETS, B.G. -

THE END

The circular curtain that surrounds the stage and big screen
 behind it slowly begins closing.

The audience applauds and there's excitement in the air. The
 studio lights remain dark, as a faint WHIRRING sound muffles
 the applause.

Suddenly, MUSIC - Theme from: "2001: A Space Odyssey" - the
 audience sensing something dramatic is about to happen. The
 curtain slowly draws exposing the stage and figure of a man
 in genuflect position stage center.

The man rises facing the audience catching a glimpse of Jill
 sitting with her brother and friends. He begins speaking...

ROBERT

Good evening! It is hoped that you
 all enjoyed tonight's film.

(applause)

Thank you! My name's Robert Waters,
 the adopted son of Izzy Benish.

(gestures toward Izzy)

Izzy walks onto the stage standing
 next to Robert, as Jill now softly
 begins to weep.

IZZY

Thank you, Robert, am privileged to
 call myself your father.

ROBERT

Thank you!

IZZY

Over the years great strides have been made in the film industry. As it evolved, so has technology. Part of that evolution has been in the field of holographic sciences. In the film just viewed you witnessed holographic scenes, which you were unaware were holograms.

Izzy turns to Robert...

IZZY (CONT'D)

Thank you, for your devotion to aid the advancements made by SSG.

As they extend hands to shake their arms pass through one another.

The audience GASPS.

Then attempt to hug, as their images pass entirely through one another.

The audience lightly laughs, then applauds overwhelmingly.

IZZY

Robert, before you go... wherever it is that holograms go? Is there anything you'd like to say?

ROBERT

Thank you! First, I'd like to thank you all for being here this evening to demonstrate SSG technology.

Robert looks toward Jill...

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Most of all, I would like to thank a very special someone. She is the one and only love of my life. Jill, I Love You!

Jill sits silently crying tears roll down her cheeks knowing Robert's holographic image was her deceased lover.

ROBERT

(waves to audience)

Looks like it time for me to go...

The holographic image of Robert fizzles out as the WHIRRING sound fades. The studio lights brighten, as Izzy says...

IZZY

Thank you, everyone! Thank you for your kind approval. And thank you, Robert... Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to introduce to you the real ROBERT WATERS.

Robert bounds up onto the stage waving and smiling, as the audience stands APPLAUDING.

Jill sits quietly crying her heart on precipice of breaking. Jack urging her to accept her life's gift - Robert!

JILL CRYING MOVES TOWARD THE STAGE - AUDIENCE APPLAUDING -

Free from restraints of the crowd runs toward Robert, tears of joy stream down her face as she leaps into Robert's arms.

CAMERA: BEGINS TO CIRCLE 360 - JILL AND ROBERT KISS -

ONE MONTH LATER

INT. SARDINE FACTORY - WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

THE 25-FOOT BANQUET TABLE HEWN OF A SINGLE PIECE OF BIG SUR REDWOOD - AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE SITS IZZY -

A celebration party is underway in the Wine Cellar with its stone walls, candelabras, fine china, and antique furniture.

THE OCCASION: Celebrating SSG's holographic success in film; and, approved patents for Concepción Pharmaceuticals.

IZZY

Robert, would you mind explaining the skullduggery to everyone?

ROBERT

Not sure everyone wants to hear it?

Unanimously they urge Robert for details of the story.

ROBERT

Okay! You ask the questions; and, I'll do my best to provide answers.

Everyone agrees...

QUESTION

Why did you blow-up the temple, so as, to appear deceased?

ROBERT

The short answer, "We were playing-for-time!" The patent applications had been signed, and forwarded for Izzy's signature. The COMPANY moved against us on a leak from a UK firm considered for venture-partnership, Pharma-Shire Pharmaceuticals, Ltd.

In order to get the COMPANY and MI6 off our back, a cut-out was needed. The cut-out was JILL, drawing their attention after I was assumed dead.

Nobody noticed a helicopter leaving the mountaintop, while everyone was distracted by the explosion.

TEMPLE EXPLOSION SCENE SHOWING A HELICOPTER DEPARTING, B.G.

QUESTION

Were you inside when it exploded?

ROBERT

No. It wasn't me blown-up, instead a holographic image of me sent via satellite linked to SSG in Carmel.

QUESTION

Have the patents been granted?

ROBERT

Several patents are involved; first the orchid "Midnight Glow" and the process of extracting the chemical compounds, as well as the chemistry are covered under several patents.

A PLANT PATENT - Which was granted to Concepción Pharmaceuticals, our Canadian enterprise remains enforce for twenty years from application date; protecting inventor's rights excluding others from reproducing asexually, selling and or using any plant, so reproduced.

MOLECULAR GEOMETRY - The molecular geometry or structure is the three-dimensional arrangement of atoms, which constitutes the molecules. Several properties are

determined, including its reactivity, polarity, phase of matter, color, magnetism and biological activity.

And beyond that, only the molecular chemists understand this mojo!

JILL

Apparently, George knew about this plan and didn't share it with us?

ROBERT

It was necessary everyone believed what they'd seen, or risk exposing the plan. Please accept my sincere apologies for any pain inflicted by our deception.

Izzy senses its time to bring the Q&A to a close.

IZZY

We have a surprise for everyone, to witness a unique wine opening.

Hosts TED BALESTRERI and BERT CUTINO, enter the Cellar. Ted holds a bottle of Chateau Rothschild Pauillac, BERT holds a bottle of Lambda olive oil.

TED

Good evening. I trust that everyone is enjoying the evening?

Everyone nods and smiles to confirm their approval.

IZZY

Mr. Balestreri, and I have come to an agreement. The bottle he's about to open is a Laffite 1870 vintage, making it 143 years old. Ted agreed to provide us the history, directly from Laffite Vineyards. Ted...

TED

Thank you, Izzy. It is our pleasure having you with us this evening.

(*inspects* corkage)

There is a genetic link between the two great French vineyards as being distant cousins. The châteaux' are neighbors, of course, I am speaking of Mouton and Laffite Rothschild.

(*wraps* napkin on bottle)

Neighbors, but separate businesses. The owners, Baroness de Rothschild and Baron Eric de Rothschild, their link dates to Nathaniel Rothschild (1812-70), the year Nathaniel died this bottle began to age.

(*inserts* corkscrew)

Nathaniel was British, he moved to Paris in 1850, and began working at Rothschild Frères Bank owned by his uncle James Mayer de Rothschild.

(*twists* corkscrew)

Three years later, Nathaniel bought the adjacent vineyard Brane Mouton, which he renamed Mouton Rothschild.

(*twisting* continues)

And two years before Nathaniel died James Meyer Rothschild followed him into the wine business by acquiring neighboring Chateau Laffite.

(*removing* cork slowly)

The rumors suggest the purchase was motivated by jealousy. More likely it was the financially astute James Meyer Rothschild's eye for economic potential investing in the vineyard and Chateau.

(muffled *pop*, corks-out)

Having completed the purchase James died within weeks, leaving his most capable children to build prestige for the Laffite brand.

Ted (*sniffs* the cork) laying it before Izzy to inspect.

Everyone is mesmerized listening to the story and theatre provided by their host, as, Ted...

TED

(nods, pours)

Tasteur Misseur Benish!

Chef Bert Cutino, picks-up the Lambda olive oil...

BERT

Izzy, we won't be tossing a salad with Laffite vinegar tonight.

IZZY

(swirls, tastes)

Perfect! Ted and Bert, please join us with a glass in celebration.

INT. SARDINE FACTORY, WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

Robert and Jill are having a private conversation, as Jill leans in close.

JILL

Robert, I must know what happened.
Did an impropriety take place?

ROBERT

My love, this is what happened to
you. No us! ... and, Jack & Cindy!

He takes a deep breath, sips from the nectar of the Gods...

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Cindy arrived earlier and wanted to
see Jack. We parked spotting, both
you and Jack, walking on the beach.

[FLASHBACK: ROBERT'S VERSION]

EXT. BARCELO PLAYA BEACHFRONT - NIGHT

CAMERA: POV ROBERT & CINDY -

Jill chats with Jack pointing at the Arabian Night's tent.

JILL

*"That's where Clive and I were to
have spent the night."*

Jack jogs up-to the entrance of the tent...

JACK

*"Would you look at this, what's it
like inside?"*

JILL

"Go ahead..."

NARRATOR (BOB)

We watch as you entered, holding back not to intrude waiting to see who might emerge. Cindy decides to surprise Jack, as she'd flown to Costa Rica at my request.

CINDY

I can't wait any longer wondering?
He is surely alone with his sister.
(*muses*, what to do?)
It is time to surprise him...

ROBERT

You don't need my company. If, you care for him, follow your heart and let the chips fall where they may.

Cindy decidedly begins to move toward the beach.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

But, will wait awhile to make sure you're alright, just in case.

CINDY

In case of what, daddy?

ROBERT

In case your not welcome, you'll need a ride back up the mountain.

With her father's words of encouragement, Cindy runs through the palms toward the beach.

Entering the tent, Cindy views Jack and Jill, in the shadowy light lying on a pillow bed. Jill's beginning to hallucinate and surprised by her presence, Jill say...

JILL

What! Who's Cindy?

JACK

Who? Cindy? She's my friend. Oh my God, Cindy, you're... so beautiful.

CINDY

Hi Jill, do you remember me? We met at Jack's birthday party.

JILL

Your timing couldn't be better... Jack, has been calling your name!

Jill begins to scum to the effects of the the drugs.

Thank God, you are here. Jack has taken... NO! We've both imbibed of the Ayahuasca with a aphrodisiac additive.

Jack is now seeing the real vision of his hallucinations.

JACK

(*tripping*)

Cindy, there you are... my love!

CINDY

Thank you, Jill! I will watch over him until morning. Are you alright? Will you be able to find your way back, maybe I should go with you?

JILL

No, no, I'm okay... please, please take good care of my brother!

POV ROBERT: WATCHES AS JILL EXITS THE ARABIAN TENT -

Her hallucinogenic mind focused on the moonlight reflecting off the tranquil waters of the bay. Sitting down on the sand her knees pulled tight her arms wrapped around her legs.

CAMERA ON: JILL (LOW ANGLE) OVER HER SHOULDER A FIGURE -

The figure approaches coming into focus...

ROBERT

That picture reduces one thousand words to one... BEAUTIFUL!

JILL

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

Sitting next to her...

ROBERT

Who said that?

JILL

Keats... John Keats! Robert! I am so glad you're here.

ROBERT

A beggar's wish, gifted me a horse to ride, a need to be near you. My desires defeating my aversions with the lust of my youth!

They kiss passionately! Jill lays back on the sand, Robert rolls over her, gripping one another, as if, a lessening of hold may cause a loss of passion. The minutes pass...

Jill lets go releasing her embrace, she bounds to her feet holding out a hand requesting he rise.

JILL

My fantasy also need fulfilled. My wish... come with me!

Jill leads him 50 paces to the unoccupied Medieval Pavilion. Entering a dimly lit space, leads Robert to the four-poster bed with over-hanging sheers draped from its canopy.

She turns embraces him, as they passionately kiss. Stepping back, slowly lets her dress fall to the floor. Jill stands nude offering herself, as he marvels at her natural beauty.

Jill sweeps back the sheers, enters and softly whispers...

JILL

Come, Robert! Join with me, please!

EXT. BARCELO PLAYA BEACHFRONT - BEFORE DAWN

After their night in the Medieval Pavilion, Robert carries Jill asleep, back to the Arabian tent. He enters and see's Cindy drinking a glass of juice.

Places Jill on the pillow bed next to her naked brother.

ROBERT

Good morning. I have a service to conduct at the temple this morning.

CINDY

They should be fine by themselves. But will have little, or no, memory of last night, because of the large amount of Ayahuasca they consumed.

ROBERT

Jill has my note. They should join us for lunch at the temple.

With the twins asleep, Robert & Cindy depart for the temple.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

RESUME: ROBERT & JILL PRIVATE CONVERSATION(WINE CELLAR) -

ROBERT

Your assumption that an impropriety had taken place goes something like this...

[FLASHBACK: JILL'S ASSUMPTION]

EXT. BARCELO PLAYA BEACHFRONT - JILL IN WATER NAKED - DAWN

You awaken to find yourself in bed naked with her brother.

As the effects of the Ayahuasca began to twain, and reality returned, you found yourself in the waters of Bahia Ballena SOBBING filled with guilt by an event that did NOT happen.

EXT. BEACH - JILL WALKS OUT OF THE SURF NUDE - DAWN

POV JILL: REENTERS THE TENT AND SEE'S -

Jack lying in the same position, as when you had awakened next to him, before entering the surf to bathe. He is naked and sound asleep. Without disturbing him, you quickly dress and flee the tent in the light of dawn.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

RESUME: ROBERT & JILL PRIVATE CONVERSATION -

JILL
(skeptical)
Is that how it really happened?

Jill wanting to be convinced, and her conscience relieved of any guilt, as Robert takes a final sip of wine.

ROBERT
ABSOLUTELY!

CAMERA ZOOMS ON: ROBERT INTENTLY STUDYING JILL'S REACTION -

ROBERT
(looks directly into camera)
SMILES AND WINKS!

FADE OUT:

THE END

[THE FOLLOWING SCENES RUN ON SCREEN]

CLIPS OF ACTORS - PRESENT STATUS - WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

VICTOR GALLIC, a London taxi driver [SHOW PICTURE] has sold to the DAILY STAR, pictures for an undisclosed amount of an MP, in sexually compromising situations.

SIR CLIVE HOLMES, MP, announced today he was resigning his position as Member of Parliament, and is claiming personal reason for his decision. [SHOW PICTURE]

SIR CLIVE HOLMES, former MP, announced today that a divorce proceeding by his wife JILL BENISH was executed both citing irreconcilable differences. [SHOW COUPLES PICTURE]

SIR CLIVE HOLMES, former MP, announced today that he is gay and has come out-of-the-closet claiming his love for former American CIA agent TERRANCE TROTTER. [SHOW THEIR PICTURE]

DAVID WEST, CIA Assistant Director for Central America, is held in jail in Havana, Cuba, charged with spying (strange paraphernalia confiscated with his arrest. [SHOW PICTURE]

Concepción Pharmaceuticals announced today that MR. GEORGE MALONE, was appointed its President. The background search has revealed no prior corporate employment. [SHOW PICTURE]

Announced today JACK BENISH will divorce his wife BRIGITTE, a prominent Los Angeles attorney [SHOW PICTURE]. Jack will marry girlfriend CINDY WATERS; and Brigitte plans to marry PETER O'NEIL, close friend of Jack Benish. Both men agreed to act as "Best Man" at the others wedding. [SHOW PICTURE]

Announced today JILL BENISH will marry ROBERT WATERS, you may recall her former marriage to British MP Clive Holmes, who recently announced he was gay. [SHOW PICTURES]

SPECTRA SCATTER-GRAPHICS, of Carmel Valley, announced today ISRAEL BENISH, elevated to Chairman of the Board and ROBERT WATERS, becomes the President. The earning from holographic sciences pioneered and developed by the firm are enormous.

Concepción Pharmaceuticals, of Canada has awarded a generous 1/3'rd of profits from "hallucinogenic-aphrodisiac" patents be gifted to the State of Israel.

THE END