

Shawn's Island

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a chaos complex

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Entertainment

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EXT. MARINA - DAY

HENRY stows fishing gear on the deck of the SS POLLYWOG.
LASSITER applies lotion to MARLOWE as she suns herself on
the flying bridge.

LASSITER

It's a gorgeous day to know someone
with a boat, Henry. Thanks for
inviting us along.

HENRY

I have generous friends who needed
somebody to look after her. And
it's a chance to get to know your
lovely wife.

MARLOWE

Thanks, Henry.

On the dock, JULIET walks up with a small backpack.

JULIET

Hi guys.

HENRY

Hey, good to see you, Juliet. Shawn
already fall overboard?

JULIET

Ha. Gus needed help with his
supplies.

HENRY

What? We're only going to be gone a
few hours.

SHAWN and GUS arrive. Shawn carries a small backpack and one
end of a hefty satchel. Gus lugs the other end.

SHAWN

Buddy, I'm just saying you may,
just this one time, have gone a
little overboard.

GUS

Oh, nice one, Shawn. Overboard. If
it comes down to you, me, or my
beef jerky, I'm giving you to the
sharks.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

You don't think they'd rather have your four pounds of delicious teriyaki beef jerky? The box of thin mints? The half barbecue chicken? The ham?

GUS

I am not going hungry on this trip.

HENRY

You won't be going on this trip at all if you don't hustle. We're burning daylight!

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EXT. POLLYWOG AT SEA

The Pollywog is motoring well out to sea. Shawn and Gus sit in the fishing chairs at the stern. They gnaw on jerky.

SHAWN

This is the life, isn't it, Gus? The sun, the sea. And I will go on record saying good call on the jerky.

GUS

A man could get used to this.

SHAWN

Right? Nothing to do but relax.

GUS

And do manly things like hunt fish.

SHAWN

Close enough, buddy. Close enough.

The boat slows. Henry looks over from the flying bridge.

HENRY

Why don't you tourists throw a line in if you're going to take up the prime real estate.

GUS

Aye aye, captain. Manly men doing manly things. That's what I'm talking about.

They get the rods ready, but Shawn pauses, seeing an emergency flare on the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Hang on, manly man.

He scales the ladder.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Dad-

HENRY

(Looking through binoculars)

Yep, can't see what it is. I'm going to call it in. Take the wheel, Carlton.

LASSITER

On it.

3 EXT. POLLYWOG AT SEA

They pull up to the SOUND INVESTMENT, a slick new 60' yacht. She's adrift. MR HOWE and MRS HOWE, elderly and dressed the part, are happy to see them.

MR HOWE

Oh, by Jove, it's just fabulous of you to swing by, old boy.

MRS HOWE

Yes, quite. Thank you ever so much. Thirsty and I were quite beside ourselves with terror.

MR HOWE

Well, I wouldn't call it terror, Honey Bunny. We are not as helpless as all that.

HENRY

What seems to be the trouble?

MR HOWE

Why, we were set upon!

MRS HOWE

By pirates!

MR HOWE

Plunderers of the high seas!

MRS HOWE

And they left us for dead!

(CONTINUED)

MR HOWE

Crippled our engines. Smashed the radio and the UPS thingy.

MRS HOWE

Just horrible. But look at our manners. I'm Bunny Howe, and this is Thirsty Howe.

JULIET

Well I'm glad no one was hurt. I'm Juliet. There's Carlton and his wife Marlowe, and our skipper Henry.

SHAWN

I'm Shawn and this is my tuna whisperer Jean-Baptiste Cousteau.

GUS

Oui, oui. I hunt ze fish.

The wind picks up.

LASSITER

Juliet and I are with the Santa Barbara Police Department. We'd like to come aboard and look around.

The Howes exchange a wide-eyed look of "oh!"

HENRY

The coast guard says there's a storm coming in. We'd better have a look at that engine.

SHAWN

We might not have that kind of time.

He points to the ominous clouds boiling over the horizon.

LASSITER

Better throw us a line and come on board.

4

EXT. POLLYWOG AT SEA - STORM

The sudden summer storm is fierce. Wind howls. Ten foot waves crash over the rail. Everyone huddles inside, struggling to stay upright. Gus gnaws jerky, whimpering between bites.

HENRY

Mr Howe, is your boat insured?

MR HOWE

Great Caesar's ghost, man. Surely you don't-

The yacht narrowly misses them descending a wave. The line snaps taught and the Pollywog lurches over alarmingly.

HENRY

I'm sorry, Mr Howe. We've got to cut her loose.

Clutching the table, Mr Howe nods. Mrs Howe whimpers into a kerchief. Lassiter grabs the fire hatchet.

MARLOWE

(Grabbing his arm)

Honey!

LASSITER

(Kissing her)

Don't worry, baby. Papa's got this one.

He stumbles out into the onslaught. Seawater surges in. The gale pins the door open. The Pollywog heaves over again with a groan. Shawn spies the radar.

SHAWN

There's an island not far behind us.

HENRY

Good idea. We're getting our asses kicked.

The Pollywog hurls over the other way. Water is inches deep around them. Lassiter is flung against the window, and tumbles aft. Marlowe shrieks and lunges after him. Another wave hammers over the yacht, and they heel way over. Way over...

CUT TO INTRO

5 EXT. POLLYWOG BEACH - DAY

The Pollywog is beached, keeled over about 60 degrees. The yacht is gone. The sun is shining but the trees still drip. Everyone is weary but alive. Marlowe wraps Lassiter's left arm against his side.

Henry pokes his head out of the boat.

HENRY

This is gonna take a while.
Everything is soaked. I'm going to
pull the radio and try to dry it
out.

SHAWN

My phone is ok... But no signal.
Anyone?

Gus and Shawn have the only working phones.

LASSITER

Ok, let's get settled in for the
long haul. You two head for high
ground and see if you can get lucky
with a cell signal.

JULIET

Marlowe and I can look for fresh
water.

MARLOWE

(Getting up)
I'll see what we have for
containers.

MRS HOWE

Is there anything we can do?

She pats Mr Howe on the shoulder. He's disconsolate.

LASSITER

It would be really helpful if you
guys could rig some shelter.
Something to keep off the worst of
the sun?

MRS HOWE

Certainly. Come on, Thirsty, dear.
It's no good wallowing.

(CONTINUED)

MR HOWE

Wallowing? I am mourning the loss of a brand new million dollar yacht, darling. Forgive a man a certain display of emotion.

6 EXT. RAINFOREST - LATER

Shawn and Gus trek through the dripping forest, aiming for a hilltop visible through the trees. Gus pulls a couple Snickers bars from his fanny pack and hands one to Shawn.

SHAWN

It's just so obvious. I should have seen it the moment we set foot on that dock.

GUS

What's obvious is how smart I was to bring snacks.

SHAWN

Totally. And what's not smart about that fanny pack?

GUS

Right?

SHAWN

Come on, Gus. The "Pollywog"? We're all here. The Skipper: clearly my father. Jules is even cuter than the original Mary Ann. Marlowe is a dead ringer for that vampire slaying chick, so there's your movie star. I'm the professor, and Lassie? With his big ears and goofy smile? I'm shocked we haven't been calling him Gilligan since day one. And then the Howes show up. The Howes? And look at the time! Three hours on the nose! Ok, six hours. But it's 3pm.

GUS

4pm

SHAWN

It was recently 3pm.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

Even if all that were true, and I'm not saying it is, with my advanced education I would have to be the professor.

SHAWN

Oh, buddy. My sweet, culturally naive little friend. There were no black characters on Gilligan's Island.

GUS

So who the hell am I?

SHAWN

If this were another island you would be my man Friday.

They trade a flurry of tsks.

GUS

And back to the sharks you go. Find your own damn snacks.

He grabs Shawn's Snickers and marches away.

SHAWN

Hey, man, don't be like that. I'm sure they had a perfectly equal relationship. Maybe one did a bit more of the ironing and the dishes.

GUS

(Over a shoulder)

See if you ever taste the sweetness of my teriyaki beef jerky again.

When there's no response, Gus stops and looks back. Shawn is staring intently off the trail. Gus trudges back.

SHAWN

Will you look at that.

GUS

What am I looking for?

SHAWN

(Pointing)

Pineapple, dude! A bunch of them! Right under our noses and we nearly missed them.

Indeed, a dozen perfect pineapples lie in the sun, ripe for the plucking.

7 EXT. RAINFOREST - LATER

Shawn and Gus ascend a steep trail, pineapples in hand. Somehow, they have contrived them into umbrella drinks. They each have a pair more tied to their belt loops.

SHAWN
(Sipping)
Not gonna let it go, hey?

GUS
(sipping)
Until you admit I'm the professor,
you can walk ten steps behind me.
Nobody's gonna confuse me for no
Man Friday. So you can suck it,
Shawn.

SHAWN
You suck it. You know, Friday was
an altogether more mild mannered
sort.

GUS
Suck it.

SHAWN
Suck it.

Glaring, they race to the bottom of their drinks. Gus wins. Shawn slows right down, savoring the taste.

GUS
Tsk.

8 EXT. HILLTOP CLIFF - LATER

They reach the summit, a clear rocky cliff with a view for miles in all directions.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Man.

GUS
No land. No boats. No planes.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

And... no cell signal. You?

GUS

Tsk.

SHAWN

So either Dad gets the radio working...

GUS

He'll get the radio working.

SHAWN

How long do people usually last before resorting to cannibalism?

GUS

I've got my snacks.

SHAWN

Yeah. By all means. Put some meat on those bones.

GUS

That's disgusting.

SHAWN

I don't know. A little teriyaki...

GUS

I'm out.

9 EXT. POLLYWOG BEACH - LATER

Shawn and Gus return. Henry and Lassiter have electronics and parts carefully laid out on a folding card table. The Howes have done a fair job of lashing blankets and palm fronds together over bamboo poles and they recline comfortably in the shade.

MRS HOWE

Welcome back, boys. Rum Punch?

MR HOWE

Cheers, lads. Icy cold while we've still got ice. I'll shake a couple up right now.

SHAWN

I could go for a refill.

(CONTINUED)

LASSITER

Any luck?

GUS

No luck. No land. No boats. No planes. And no cannibals. Shawn.

SHAWN

Pineapples.

LASSITER

Where are the girls? What time is it?

HENRY

Dammit. You guys had better go have a look. But be safe!

LASSITER

I'm going with you. You two couldn't track a train.

10 EXT. BAD GUYS BEACH - DAY

Juliet and Marlowe sit in a forest clearing by the beach. They face each other, tied together by their wrists. Beyond them lies the broken wreck of a sport fishing boat, the *Scurvy*. In their faces is CARLOS, an angry bad guy with a Mexican accent and an AR-15 slung over a shoulder.

CARLOS

How did you know we were here? How many others are with you? Where is your boat? One of you better start talking or there will be one less little piggy to run home.

He brandishes Juliet's service pistol, and jams it in his waistband next to her badge. He pulls a Bowie knife and points it at Marlowe.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

You picked the wrong bust to forget your gun, hey pretty lady?

He looks past them and laughs. His men join in.

HUGO (OS)

She look like she got the right bust to me.

Carlos rolls his eyes.

11 EXT. POLLYWOG BEACH - SAME TIME

Mr Howe looks toward Henry, who is sweating and muttering at bits of radio.

MR HOWE

Honey Bunny, we can't just sit here. Lovely as it is.

MRS HOWE

Oh thank you, Thirsty. Those poor girls. They might have taken a fall or twisted an ankle or-

MR HOWE

Or worse. Quite so. Come on then. No need to bother the skipper.

12 EXT. BAD GUYS BEACH - SAME TIME

ALFONSE and PEDRO clamber over the wrecked boat, salvaging gear. Carlos and his lieutenant, HUGO, press the girls.

HUGO

Carlos, you want I should carve your name in her thigh?

CARLOS

Let's see. Ladies? How did you find us?

MARLOWE

We didn't. You found us, remember?

CARLOS

Hmm. She's cute, isn't she, Hugo? I think she maybe would like something to remember our visit.

JULIET

Ok, first, who really talks like that, and two, we were trying to tow a yacht when we were caught in the storm. The yacht wrecked us. We're the only ones who made it.

HUGO

A yacht? Which yacht? A nice new one? Pearl gray with white trim?

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

Hey, just like that!

CARLOS

Hugo, perhaps you should check on your brother. He is a helpless idiot, much like yourself.

HUGO

(Leaving)

Si.

JULIET

You guys know that yacht?

CARLOS

Why would the police be interested in that yacht?

JULIET

Why would you be interested in that yacht?

CARLOS

We were expecting to find a rather large delivery on board. We were interrupted before we could retrieve it.

JULIET

We saw the Sound Investment right before the storm. It probably ended up here just like we did.

CARLOS

Makes sense.

(Then louder)

Pedro and Alfonse with me. Hugo, you will keep the ladies company while the rest of us take a look down the beach.

Hugo grins wolfishly and sharpens his knife.

CUT TO BREAK

13

EXT. RAINFOREST - LATER

Shawn, Gus and Lassiter follow a forest trail. Lassiter stops periodically to check for signs. Gus looks over Lassiter's shoulder. Shawn looks like he's out for a stroll.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

And what's with that smoke monster business? And the polar bear? I never got the polar bear.

LASSITER

See right here, Guster. Marlowe's left sandal planted here and twisted slightly outward, indicating a turn to the right.

SHAWN

Yep, and about ten yards ahead they turn left and down the hill.

GUS

What makes you say that?

SHAWN

Water goes downhill.

LASSITER

A surprisingly sensible thought.

SHAWN

I have my moments. Thousands of them, really. I'm thinking of writing a memoir-

GUS

(Alert)

Hang on a second.

He sniffs.

SHAWN

(to Lassiter)

I realize it's wrong, but every time he brings out the super sniffer, I want to say, 'What is it, Lassie?' Would you mind if I called you Gilligan to avoid confusion?

LASSITER

Right, like I'm the Gilligan here.

GUS

Do you mind? I can smell fresh water. It's coming from over there.

He points in the general direction Shawn suggested.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Sweet. Follow my man-

Gus shoots a warning look.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

-man's nose. My good buddy's nose.
Right, Gilligan?

Gus and Lassiter brush past him and walk on.

14 EXT. BAD GUYS BEACH - SAME TIME

His AR-15 across his lap, Hugo reclines against a palm tree with a view of the water. Thirty feet away, the girls talk quietly.

MARLOWE

Prison isn't so bad. You just drop words like shank and gut into the conversation every once in a while.

JULIET

Are you being serious?

MARLOWE

It didn't seem to hurt.

JULIET

I can see why you and Lassiter get along so well.

MARLOWE

Yeah, he's not my usual type, but he's perfect.

JULIET

What's your usual type?

MARLOWE

Oh, I used to have the worst taste in men. Gangbangers, bikers, vampires.

JULIET

Wait, what?

MARLOWE

Hmm? Oh, you know the type. Emotionally draining.

(CONTINUED)

JULIET

Ohhh.

15 EXT. BEACH - SAME TIME

The Howes walk slowly down the surf line, khakis rolled up, deck shoes in hand.

MR HOWE

It's really quite simple, my dear. Water flows downhill. We'll just follow along, and we'll no doubt find them sunning themselves and cooling off in a cheery little stream.

MRS HOWE

Yes, you're very wise, Thirsty, darling. I just worry that they're lost in the jungle somewhere, at the bottom of a cliff or something dreadful like that and we can't hear their desperate calls for help.

MR HOWE

Really now, Honey Bunny. I'm certain it isn't as bad as all that.

MRS HOWE

That's what you said about this whole yacht adventure, you know. A holiday cruise, you said. What could go wrong, you said.

MR HOWE

Now, darling-

MRS HOWE

Darling, I'm sorry. I'll say no more of it. I'm certain it will all work out for the best. But those poor girls!

MR HOWE

Sunning themselves by a beachside babbling brook, I'm sure.

16 EXT. RAINFOREST - SAME TIME

Next to a babbling brook in the woods, the fellas are discovering signs of trouble. Lassiter examines a discarded water bottle.

LASSITER

This is not good.

He points at man-sized footprints. Shawn goes psychic, spotting several sets of prints.

SHAWN

At least a couple of guys. Jules and Marlowe didn't put up a fight. There's no sign of struggle.

LASSITER

So we know they're armed.

He pulls the sling off his left arm, testing the motion with a wince.

GUS

Hey, maybe your dad has the radio fixed. I'll go find out.

LASSITER

Not so fast. We might be able to use you as a decoy.

GUS

(To Shawn)

Remind me why I hang out with you?

SHAWN

The habits born of a lifetime of friendship?

GUS

Right now it's more testimony to my stupidity.

SHAWN

The six figure income?

GUS

That's a lot of zeroes on the wrong side of the decimal point.

SHAWN

I don't know, Gus. Is it the flexible hours? The snappy uniform?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (cont'd)

The admiration of women all over
the world?

GUS

I know it ain't that.

SHAWN

The witty repartee? You don't get
that while shilling
pharmaceuticals.

GUS

Amen to that. But-

SHAWN

Hey, man. When it comes right down
to it, there's no one I'd rather be
here with, lost on a desert island,
facing incredible odds against
unidentified foes...

GUS

You had me at witty repartee, but
you're losing me again.

LASSITER

Bag the bromance novel, ladies.
They went this way.

They set off, but they don't get fifty feet before Carlos
and his goons pop up, neatly surrounding them.

CARLOS

It is almost a pity to put an end
to such amusing chit chat, but only
almost.

Lassiter pulls his 9mm, but the muzzle of Pedro's AR-15
presses against his forehead and Alfonse plucks the pistol
from his hand.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

As you can see, our guns are much
bigger than yours, of which you
have none.

17 EXT. BAD GUYS BEACH - LATER

JULIET
I can't believe it.

MARLOWE
He's asleep?

JULIET
I think so. He hasn't looked over
this way in a while. This might be
our shot.

Marlowe raises the knots to her teeth and starts tugging.
Juliet keeps an eye on Hugo. In a few moments, they're free.
They stealthily make their escape.

18 EXT. BEACH - LATER

The Howes still stroll the surf.

MR HOWE
No, Honey Bunny, that's a tax
deferred installment.

MRS HOWE
Oh, I see. So an original
investment return per annum would
be...

MR HOWE
More than we could afford.

They share a laugh.

MR HOWE (CONT'D)
Now if we could start with ten
percent down and realize the
principal over time-

MRS HOWE
Is that something we could expect
to do?

MR HOWE
Finding our yacht in one piece
would certainly make it a lot
simpler.

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EXT. BAD GUYS BEACH - LATER

Six men, three of them with hands tied behind the back, arrive at the bad guys' makeshift camp. Hugo rushes up.

HUGO

Carlos! I turned my back for mere moments, and they escaped! I am so terribly sorry!

CARLOS

Balls.

The fellas exchange looks of relief and pride.

LASSITER

You cucaracha commandos might as well surrender now. By now they're describing your exact location to the rest of the strike team. You'll be spitting bullets by sundown.

SHAWN

Yeah. Spitting bullets.

GUS

Strike team.

HUGO

It was only minutes ago. I will take Alfonse. We will track them, and recapture them before they reach their team!

CARLOS

There is no team, you fool. They are trying to concern us where there is no cause for concern. We are unconcerned.

ALFONSE

So... we will not be recapturing the women?

CARLOS

Later, Alfonse. Right now I want information.

He draws his knife. With a thrust of the rifle, Pedro forces Gus to his knees. Alfonse follows suit with Lassiter. Carlos stares at Shawn.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN
 (Kneeling)
 Fine.

Carlos leans down with the knife in Shawn's face.

CARLOS
 We will begin with the location of
 your boat. And let me be abundantly
 clear: I only need one of you alive
 to talk.

CUT TO BREAK

20 EXT. POLLYWOG BEACH - LATER

Juliet and Marlowe return to the Pollywog as Henry tosses
 parts in a bucket. He greets them with a hug.

HENRY
 Jules! Marlowe! I'm so glad you're
 alright!

JULIET
 How's the radio? The guys who
 raided the Howes' yacht are
 stranded on this island too.

HENRY
 Oh no. The radio has had it. I
 could do something if we had a
 soldering iron and the power to run
 it, but...

JULIET
 Ok, so we're on our own. We'll
 manage. They took my gun, so
 Carlton's will have to do. Where is
 everybody?

As they speak, Marlowe climbs into the boat.

HENRY
 They went to look for you. We
 thought you got lost or hurt.

JULIET
 The Howes?

HENRY
 I guess. I looked up and they were
 gone. I didn't think anything of
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (cont'd)
it, but with those pirates out
there-

JULIET
Do we split up?

HENRY
Let's stick together this time.
Enough goose chasing.

Marlowe emerges, loading a speargun.

HENRY (CONT'D)
They are a perfect couple, aren't
they?

21 EXT. RAINFOREST - LATER

The Howes make their way slowly through a tangle of woods.

MR HOWE
We're not lost, darling. We know
exactly where the ocean is.

MRS HOWE
Certainly, darling. It's just that
we were having such a nice walk
before the jungle forced us off the
beach.

MR HOWE
Indeed. You have to wonder why they
don't landscape these desert
islands. Make a fortune in tourism.
Say, who do you imagine owns this
little slice of paradise?

MRS HOWE
Real estate again, darling? How
exciting. I do so miss our villa in
Florida. The one on the waterfront?

MR HOWE
Lesson learned, lovey. That whole
state will slide into the swamp,
mark my words, honey bunny. Just
like our villa did. We'll never set
foot there again. California, now.
There's some real opportunity out
here in the wild west.

(CONTINUED)

MRS HOWE

I can see it all now, darling. A little island resort. An exclusive yacht club. Only the best!

MR HOWE

(Stopping in his tracks)
The sound investment.

MRS HOWE

Well, darling, there's always going to be some risk in a venture like that. Seasonal traffic. The storms, of course... Why have you stopped, dear? Is it your hip?

MR HOWE

No, my dear. No, no. The Sound Investment.

She follows his look. And there, in a tiny sheltered cove, water gently lapping at its pristine hull, is the yacht.

22

EXT. BAD GUYS BEACH - LATER

The bad guys are huddled up in intense conversation twenty feet from where the fellas sit together on the ground.

SHAWN

Ok, this time I'm FBI, on loan to the SBPD. We're tracking rumors of UFO activity in the area. Top secret, which is why I haven't cracked until now.

LASSITER

I'm a renegade cop, looking to settle a score with the Mexican cartels-

SHAWN

Hang on. That might be the wrong tack to take with this particular bunch.

LASSITER

Right. I'm getting carried away.

GUS

So long as none of our stories add up, they won't know what to think. Great plan. I don't know what it does for us, but it's a great plan.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

It buys us time. With any luck, Dad got the radio working and the cavalry is on the way.

GUS

And if he didn't and it's not?

SHAWN

Lighten up, buddy. It's a chance to dust off those old improv skills.

GUS

Dust nothing. Have you forgotten my Tuesday nights with the Impromaniacs?

SHAWN

I freely admit that I had.

GUS

I am Angelo Pontchartraine, political refugee from Belle Aire, an island kingdom off the coast of Costa Rica. My crime is that I dare to dream of a free country, where a poor musician can marry royalty-

LASSITER

And I thought I was getting carried away.

SHAWN

Here they come. Keep it simple!

CARLOS

(gesturing with the knife)
I find it difficult to believe Usher's backup singer would wear a fanny pack. I wonder if you three are not being entirely frank with us.

SHAWN

How did you know my true identity?

CARLOS

Um... What?

SHAWN

Frank Mont Parnassus. Who do you know in my FBI office? Who talked? Was it Frenchie Baguette? Lusty

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (cont'd)
Croissant? That harlot. I never
should have offered to assemble her
Ikea bed frame. Why, oh why-

CARLOS
Shut it! Is he always like this?

GUS
Ever since the mission in
Guatemala. Seven went in. Only he
came out. To this day he can't even
stand the mention of brass bed
posts.

SHAWN
You bastard. Why not tell him
everything? Tell him about you and
the fresh princess of Belle Aire.

GUS
In west Philadelphia, born and
raised-

LASSITER
I'm a renegade cop.

CARLOS
(looking heavenward)
Dios Mio, I could have been a
cement salesman. Decent wage, room
for advancement. Instead I eke out
a living-

SHAWN
I'm sorry, did you say eke?

CARLOS
Enough of this. We are going to go
recapture the women. At least they
keep their mouths shut.

ALFONSE
(perking up)
I'll get my things.

SHAWN
Take us with you. I'd be happy to
show you the way.

CARLOS
And warn your friends? I don't
think so. No, you will all remain
here.

(CONTINUED)

He sheaths the knife.

SHAWN

Nice. I think Hugo and I were really starting to get along.

Hugo grimaces.

CARLOS

We cannot leave one man to guard three. Even three such as yourselves.

He racks a round in his AR-15.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

We will have to thin the herd.

Three other assault rifles are cocked.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

On your knees. Line up.

With a bit of manhandling, the fellas are arranged to Carlos' liking.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I would say it has been a pleasure, but I feel I have grown somehow more stupid from listening to you. Gentlemen...

Hands still tied, Lassiter launches himself at Alfonse. Shawn and Gus take the cue, barreling into Hugo. For a moment they do well. Then Carlos fires a shot into the air and everybody freezes. It's no good.

CARLOS

Get hold of yourselves. Die with some dignity.

SHAWN

Is this guy for real?

HUGO

Line up. On your knees.

The manhandling repeats.

SHAWN

Dignity? What's in it for me? Head held high or kicking and screaming I'm still just as dead.

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS

In that, at least, you are correct.
Gentlemen-

GUS

Wait. Shouldn't dying men get a
last request? If we're going to die
with dignity?

CARLOS

Executions are not usually this
tedious. What is it?

GUS

I don't know, I'm kinda hungry?

CARLOS

Not for long. Now, if you please,
gentlemen-

LASSITER

I have a last request.

CARLOS

No more last requests.

LASSITER

When the tables turn, and they will
turn, and you're staring down the
barrel of my 9mm and wondering
where you went wrong, remember this
moment. The moment you dared put a
gun in the face of Carlton
Lassiter, SBPD.

CARLOS

You see, guys? This is what I'm
talking about. You listen to this,
and you feel vitally important
brain cells are dying by the
thousand. Enough!

He levels his gun inches from Lassiter's forehead. Then,
from the woods:

HENRY (OS)

Drop the guns! You are surrounded!
This is the police!

CARLOS

Santa Maria, are you kidding me?

All heads turn to look. Juliet and Marlowe zip in from
behind, wielding hefty sticks. Swinging for the fences,

(CONTINUED)

Juliet drops Hugo like a stone. Marlowe goes Chuck Norris on Alfonse, and combos Pedro without missing a beat.

Carlos aims his rifle at Marlowe, but all three fellas pile on him screaming bloody murder.

Marlowe snaps up an assault rifle and unloads into the air. Again, everybody cringes.

Henry jogs in, slinging the spear gun over a shoulder. He commandeers another AR-15 and covers the bad guys while the fellas are helped up and untied. Hugs go around.

LASSITER
Where's my weapon?

SHAWN
Now, Lassie-

LASSITER
Relax, Spencer. I'm a professional.

He retrieves the two pistols and the badges from Carlos, handing Juliet hers.

LASSITER (CONT'D)
You dizzy, Carlos? From the tables spinning so fast?

Gus mimes scratching a record.

SHAWN
You have the right to drop the needle.

LASSITER
You have the right to remain silent...

CUT TO BREAK

23 EXT. RAINFOREST - LATER

Shawn and Gus trek the woods again, searching for the Howes.

SHAWN
That wrapped up pretty neatly, don't you think?

GUS
If you say so. We are still stranded on a desert island.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

True. But I feel like we're missing something.

GUS

Beside the Howes?

SHAWN

We'll find them. Probably cooling off beside a cheerfully bubbling brook.

GUS

I could get me some of that.

SHAWN

Jules says those bad guys are connected to drugs, but they aren't talking.

GUS

Yeah?

SHAWN

So where are the drugs?

GUS

Stashed on the Sound Investment.

SHAWN

Where? The Howes just bought the boat, but they would have noticed extra crates lying around labeled 'crazy illegal drugs, keep out'.

GUS

Drug smugglers use secret compartments all the time.

SHAWN

(thoughtful)

Yeah. I guess. Boat goes on market, cartel arranges to buy it and customize some luggage space, load it up, sell it to some genteel but naive old folks who sail it back to the States, none the wiser. Why not?

GUS

Why not? Case closed.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Of course, with the boat likely
smashed to bits in the storm, it's
a moot.

GUS

A what?

SHAWN

A moot.

GUS

Is that a Canadian thing?

SHAWN

Like a what, a moose boot?

GUS

You tell me.

SHAWN

It's a thing that isn't worth
discussing.

GUS

Fine, forget I asked.

SHAWN

What? No, a moot. A moot. It's the
thing that means it's not worth
talking about.

GUS

I think I understand what Carlos
was talking about.

SHAWN

Say it's raining, and I tell you
that you should have brought an
umbrella, and you say-

GUS

It's a moot point.

SHAWN

Well, we've come this far, I think
we should finish the discussion.

GUS

You mean there's more?

On the beach, just meters away, the Howes pass by on their
way back to the Pollywog.

24 EXT. POLLYWOG BEACH - LATER

The Howes return to the Pollywog, smiling happily, to find Juliet sharing out water glasses.

MR HOWE

Juliet!

MRS HOWE

Oh thank goodness you're alright.
Marlowe as well?

JULIET

Yes, thank you. Everybody's fine.
Shawn and Gus are out looking for
you. Are you guys alright?

MR HOWE

Couldn't be better! In fact-

He stops cold. Mrs Howe clutches his arm. In the shade of a nearby palm sit four unhappy men, securely tied and under the watchful eyes of Henry, Lassiter, and Marlowe, who has reclaimed the speargun.

MR HOWE (CONT'D)

Oh my stars and stripes.

Carlos shoots him a dark look heavy with warning.

LASSITER

Yes, we apprehended your so-called
pirates. I'm looking forward to a
long and thorough interrogation
back at HQ.

MR HOWE

Oh my. Oh dear dear. However did
you manage to capture them? We
thought they were long gone.

HENRY

Apparently they wrecked here too.
We don't know much more than that,
but we will.

JULIET

They say they targeted your yacht
expecting to find a large delivery
on board.

(CONTINUED)

MR HOWE

Yes, yes. And they made a run for it when we, uh, when we got a signal off. Oh my. I thought we might have seen the last of them.

MRS HOWE

Sit down, my dear. This is all such a nasty shock.

JULIET

Of course. Sit over here. Drink some water. We can go over the details later.

MRS HOWE

Should we send someone after the boys?

HENRY, LASSITER, JULIET, MARLOWE

No!

25 EXT. SHELTERED COVE - SAME TIME

Shawn and Gus emerge from the rainforest exactly as the Howes did. Shawn stops in his tracks. Gus bumps into him.

SHAWN

Dude.

GUS

The Sound Investment.

26 INT. THE SOUND INVESTMENT - LATER

On board the deluxe yacht, the boys look for clues in the opulent main cabin.

SHAWN

Everything I said on the Pollywog, I take back. This is the life.

GUS

I think a yacht would look good on me. Yes sir. Captain Guster, Chocolate Love of the Seven Seas. Got a ring to it.

SHAWN

I gotta admit, it does have a certain urban swashbuckleriness to it.

(CONTINUED)

GUS
(striking a pose)
What.

After appreciating the luxury, Shawn starts tapping on surfaces. Gus explores further in. Shawn spots two brass knobs without "SI" inscribed on them. With a couple firm presses, a large wall panel slides open on smooth hydraulics. Inside are plastic wrapped stacks of US hundred dollar bills. There has to be a million dollars there.

SHAWN
Hey Gus?

GUS (OS)
Yeah, I'm just looking through the
clos-
(He screams)

Shawn dashes toward his shrill friend.

CUT TO

27 INT. THE S.I. MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Shawn runs in to find Gus dangling from the closet door handle by the strap of his fanny pack. A bloodied body drapes over him.

SHAWN
Nice work, dude! I knew there was
more to this.

GUS
Get it off me.

SHAWN
Man, you'd think you'd be used to
this sort of thing by now.

Helping Gus loose, he leans the body against the bed. His sharp eye notes the crisp captain's uniform smudged with fresh engine oil and grease, a scorch mark on the left arm, both hands blackened with more oil, and three grouped gunshot wounds in the chest.

SHAWN
Of course. The Howes would need
someone to do the actual piloting.
My guess is Captain-
(noting the name tag)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (cont'd)

-Andie here is the one who disabled the engines, then got shot while firing the flare.

GUS

Mr Howe said he shot the flare. Why would he lie?

SHAWN

Why not mention the brutal murder of your captain?

GUS

Between the two of them they couldn't move this body.

SHAWN

So Carlos helped them hide the body before he left?

GUS

That doesn't make any sense.

Shawn's eyes widen and they hustle off.

CUT TO BREAK

28

EXT. RAINFOREST - LATER

The boys are heading back to the Pollywog along the forest trail.

SHAWN

Is it weird I'm now analyzing every Gilligan's episode I ever saw?

GUS

Really? A sinister subtext to everything the Howells ever said?

SHAWN

It's just not right, man. The Howes are such a sweet... harmless couple.

GUS

Right. Harmless murderers.

SHAWN

Harmless accessories to murder.

(CONTINUED)

GUS
That makes it better.

SHAWN
Can you seriously imagine Mr Howe
with a gun?

GUS
No, but I can't imagine you as the
professor, either.

SHAWN
Hardly surprising, given your
simple upbringing amongst your
island tribe.

GUS
Tsk

SHAWN
Tsk

TOGETHER
Tsk

29 EXT. POLLYWOG BEACH - LATER

Henry and Lassiter maintain a close eye on the four bad
guys. Juliet and Marlowe gather supplies for a meal on the
card table. The Howes sit off to the side, deep in private
conversation. Shawn strides confidently into the scene.

SHAWN
Drop your coconuts. Everything is
not what it seems. Oh, hello, The
Howes. Kind of you to join us.

He paces.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
First, it should be abundantly
clear to all by now that I am The
Professor, who, in this modern
interpretation, is in a deep and
meaningful relationship with the
beautiful Mary Ann. Not only an
improvement on the original, but
I'm sure you will all agree kind of
obvious in retrospect.

He shoots Juliet a wink, and gets a raised eyebrow in
return.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(pointing at each in turn)

We have the Skipper, The Movie Star, The Howells, and our beloved yet goofy Gilligan.

LASSITER

If anyone's the Gilligan-

SHAWN

Gus, of course, while not represented in the original canon, has made it clear that he is no man's Man Friday.

GUS

Damn straight.

JULIET

Shawn, what are you talking about?

Out of the corner of his eye, Shawn spots a little blue book sticking out of Hugo's jeans pocket, a gym membership tag on Alfonse's shoelaces, and a Bon Jovi tattoo on Carlos' arm.

SHAWN

Your point is well taken.

JULIET

I don't know what that means.

SHAWN

Only that our Mexican drug lord friends are about as Mexican as salsa made in New York City.

GUS

New York City?!

SHAWN

Get a rope. I'll pick up the pace. Hugo here has a US passport in his pocket. Alfonse is a member of Daddy Mack's Gym in good old Santa Barbara. And Carlos has Bon Jovi's *Slippery When Wet* album cover tattooed on his arm. Something no self respecting Mexican would do.

PEDRO

(with American accent)

Actually, I have a cousin in Cabo who loves Bon Jovi.

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

A moot.

GUS

Point.

SHAWN

Irregardless-

GUS

Not a word.

SHAWN

Suck it.

GUS

You suck it.

HENRY

Both of you! Cut to the chase,
please.

SHAWN

Carlos, or should I say Carl, and
his bad boy banditos are as
American as apple pie, if the apple
pie were of a particularly nasty
and-

HENRY

Shawn!

SHAWN

Fine! Carl and his thugs are from
Santa Barbara and they forced Mr
and Mrs Howe to smuggle their drug
money into Mexico.

CARLOS

(sans accent)

Balls.

HUGO

(also American)

I told you it was a dumb idea!

CARLOS

I should have left you with my
sister in Jersey.

JULIET

I knew nobody really talks like
that!

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

The Howes, over their heads in
debt-

He looks toward them and sees only Mrs Howe, clutching her purse and looking like a deer in headlights. Gus checks the prisoners and catches Mr Howe on hands and knees, having just freed Carlos.

GUS

Come on now.

Carlos leaps to his feet and charges away. A silver bolt lances into his shoulder from behind and he goes down in pain.

Marlowe stands back-lit and victorious on the bow of the Pollywog with the speargun like some sort of Barbarella of the High Seas.

A miserable Mrs Howe moves to pull a gun from her purse, but Juliet is already there to grab her wrist.

JULIET, MRS HOWE

I'm so sorry.

Lassiter covers the other thugs, who sit meekly. Henry helps a very chagrined Mr Howe to his feet.

SHAWN

(smugly)

Now the good guys win.

Mrs Howe cries into her kerchief. Shawn's triumph is soured.

CUT TO BREAK

30

EXT. THE S.I. FLYING BRIDGE

The yacht's engines are repaired. Everyone enjoys the upper deck as they motor for home. Henry and Lassiter emerge from below.

LASSITER

They're secure in the aft cabin.

MARLOWE

Rum punch?

LASSITER

Indeed.

(CONTINUED)

MR HOWE

(To Gus)

That's a fine gentleman's waist satchel.

HENRY

Is that my hip bag?

GUS

And I appreciate the loan.

He hands it over. Henry looks at the sticky mess of crumbs inside and shoves it back.

HENRY

(Rolling his eyes)

Keep it.

GUS

Oh you know that's right.

He stuffs his phone and a handful of snacks back in and snaps it around his waist.

LASSITER

Once we get those clowns behind bars, I'm sure it will be just a formality with the Howes.

JULIET

(to the Howes)

Right. You didn't have a chance to break any laws. As the chief agrees with our assessment, you should be free to go.

LASSITER

So long as you both swear to walk the line from here on out.

MRS HOWE

Oh thank goodness. Thirsty, darling, do you hear? We're being given a second chance.

MR HOWE

Well, you can be sure we'll make the most of it. Won't we, lovey? The straight and narrow, what?

MRS HOWE

Indeed. I'll sell some jewelry-

(CONTINUED)

MR HOWE

Now don't be hasty, darling. We're in the land of possibility out here. Give me twenty shiny nickles and an investor, and we'll have that beastly island developed into a Sandals by next winter.

HENRY

Put us on the guest list.

MR HOWE

First class all the way, skipper!

HENRY

Gilligan! How would you like to go grab us some of Guster's snacks?

Shawn looks at Lassiter. Lassiter stares back. The moment hangs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Gilligan!

SHAWN

But the ears!

LASSITER

It's not the ears.

GUS

Now I say something professorish and we cruise into the sunset.

They look at him expectantly.

GUS (CONT'D)

Knowing is half the battle?

They cruise into the sunset.

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