

David Lee Roth

"Crazy From The Heat"

Screenplay

Final Draft

1985

FADE IN:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE MANSION - DAY

A LONG STILL SHOT of a hilltop mansion, a sprawling expanse of Los Angeles visible in the background. The sun is bright, the wind is still; the only movement is the shimmer of reflected heat rising from the pavement. The only sounds are those of nature: birds, crickets, water falling, an occasional dog bark, etc.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION BACK YARD - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of a cherubic fountain statue pissing in the swimming pool. ZOOM OUT and PAN the rest of the yard. It's a picture of serene beauty, rich and green. As the CAMERA PANS SLOWLY toward the house, we hear the voice of BERNIE KOLAN, David Lee Roth's manager:

BERNIE (V.O.)

(screaming into phone)

Who do you think you're talking to, asshole? I built David Lee Roth. He'd be nothing without me. And let me tell you something, my friend, you'll be nothing without us...Hah! You call that an offer? That's not an offer. My cleaning lady steals more than that.

ANGLE - BERNIE AND NIKKI

BERNIE, still on the phone, is in his mid-forties, dressed casually-but-sickeningly slick: a white satin smoking jacket, black silk lounging shorts, and Italian designer slippers, the kind without heels.

His girlfriend, NIKKI, is sunning next to him on a chaise lounge.

Nikki's a washed-up blonde Vegas showgirl in her thirties with an all-silicone body.

She's having her nails done by a cretinous-looking lady MANICURIST. A neatly-trimmed white FRENCH POODLE sits in Nikki's lap barking at Bernie. Nikki is bored, wants Bernie off the phone now.

NIKKI

(no-nonsense)

Bernie-eee

BERNIE

(covering the receiver; deferentially)

I'm sorry, sweetheart. It's business. I'll be off in a sec.

(hands some cash to the Manicurist)

Here. Give everything a second coat.

(back into phone; angry again)

Where were we? Oh, yeah. A colony of diseased maggots should spawn in your brain. You're dealing with Bernie Kolan, the biggest manager in Hollywood!...

ANGLE - NIKKI

AS Bernie's voice trails off in the B.G., Nikki, very bored, picks up a remote-control channel selector and SWITCHES ON a nearby TV set.

ANGLE - MONITOR - INT. MTV SET

MTV'S MARK GOODMAN is finishing up a Music News report:

MARK

... and even though, admittedly, the prosecution had done its homework, a spokesman for the band pointed out that nowhere in the court proceedings were the feelings of the cucumber taken into consideration. I'm Mark Goodthing, sitting in for Muffy Trim. And now, the latest from David Lee Roth... !

FULL SCREEN - INT. STAGE - DAVE'S VIDEO PERFORMANCE

With OPENING CREDITS OVER.

When CREDITS END, SCREEN FIZZLES TO BLACK in the midst of the song, "SHY BOY".

EXT. MANSION BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

We see that Bernie, with remote control, has just angrily switched Dave off.

NIKKI

(annoyed)

Bernie! What'd you do that for?

BERNIE

Because I can't stand that lunatic. I can't stand his music. And I can't stand his hair. The only thing I do like about him is his money.

NIKKI

You're just grouchy 'cause Dave's tour is over and he's gonna be back in town soon.

BERNIE

Well, he won't be around long. I'm gonna put him back on the road immediately. He doesn't work, and your fancy little lifestyle's a thing of the past. The whole scene's blown, you understand?

NIKKI

I know what "blown" means.

(getting up from her chair)

Oh, and incidentally, Mister Big Spender, I found out that diamond you bought me last week was fake.

BERNIE

So what? It was big.

NIKKI

Yeah, but it was fake. Just like my orgasms.

Nikki walks off, sarcastically MOANING HER FAKE ORGASMS. A GARDENER aboard a riding lawn mower motors through the FRAME in reverse. Bernie watches angrily, as O.S., a loud CRASH is heard.

BERNIE

(livid)

Hey!! I really don't think it's necessary to mow the living room!!

A BUTLER comes up behind Bernie and taps him on the shoulder.

BERNIE (cont'd)

(annoyed)

What?!

BUTLER

(clears throat)

A Mister Benzadrini and a rather large associate of his to see you, sir.

BERNIE

(frightened)

To see me? Uh...tell 'em I'm not here!

Bernie gets up and flees right into the two thugs, MISTER BENZADRINI, the slight one, and JERRY, a big man.

BENZADRINI

We'll wait.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - FOUNTAIN STATUE - DAY

BERNIE

(frantic; spitting water)

I'm good for the money. I manage David Lee Roth.

BENZADRINI

Never heard of him.

BERNIE

He's the biggest rock star in the world. Believe me, as long as that boy's heart beats, I've got money in my pocket.

JERRY

Yeah, but your money ain't in our pockets yet.

BENZEDRINI

You've piled up some significant gambling debts, my friend.

JERRY

Yeah, and you' re gonna have some significant hospital bills if we don't see some money soon.

BERNIE

I'm good for it. I'm good for it! So I spend more than I earn. Who doesn't? It's the American way.

BENZEDRINI

Yeah, well, this is our way.

Jerry, with one hand, takes the head of the statue and twists it around until it breaks off. He hands it to Bernie.

BENZEDRINI

We'll be in touch.

The two thugs exit toward the archway.

JERRY

I love show business.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES AREA FREEWAY - DAY

A convoy of THREE SEMI-TRAILERS and TWO BUSES roaring into town, an ORIGINAL COMPOSITION OF DAVE'S PLAYING OVER.

EXT. FOOTHILL BOULEVARD - DAY

The convoy getting closer to its destination.

EXT. WROUGHT-IRON GATE - DAY

With initials, "B.K.," which get obliterated, along with the rest of the gate, as the caravan comes crashing through.

EXT. BERNIE'S MANSION - DAY

LONG SHOT of the trucks and buses entering the premises. Attempting to park, ONE OF THE BUSES PLOWS INTO A BRAND NEW ROLLS ROYCE SILVER SHADOW (with the license plate "BERNIE'S") parked in the driveway.

The other vehicles park just as erratically, spilling off the concrete drive- way onto the lawn. One of the trucks drives up to the front steps of the house and wedges through the door frame.

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The commotion brings Bernie running through the house and to the front door.

EXT. BERNIE'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Bernie opens the door and steps onto the front porch -- face to face with the semi parked there. Bernie is speechless as the truck backs away, revealing a HORDE OF ROCK-AND-ROLLERS heading toward Bernie's front door. A voice is heard through a bullhorn:

VOICE

(through bullhorn)

He's young, he's wild...a Libra whose moon is in the House of Pancakes...he won't go down in history, but he will go down on your little sister... heerrre's Dave!!

DAVE is wheeled through the crowd by ED -- Dave's muscular bodyguard -- aboard a refrigerator dolly. The revelers are laughing, applauding, cheering. Bernie is miffed at Dave's apparent drunken condition. When Dave and Ed reach Bernie, Ed tilts Dave up to verticle position, and Dave falls OUT OF FRAME. The crowd gapes. Then Dave pops BACK INTO FRAME, arms open wide, a smile on his face.

DAVE

Just kidding, Bernie. How ya been, ol' buddy?

(surveys the scene)

Look at all the people here tonight!

BERNIE

(Sarcastic)

So, Dave, we having a party?

DAVE

Nah, I can't take credit for your party, man. I'm just responsible for the guest list.

(to the crowd)

C'mon in, everybody.

BERNIE

Wait a minute. What's the occasion?

DAVE

It's a farewell party, Bern.

BERNIE

(alarmed, suspicious)

Farewell? Who's leaving?

DAVE

Me.

BERNIE

What?

Dave now passes Bernie and goes into the house with some of the other people. Bernie tries to stop Dave, but he is engulfed by the crush of people entering the house.

Bernie is panicked. He tries to turn around and go into the house, but he can't move. Ed, sweating profusely, comes up to Bernie and gives him a big hug.

ED

Hey, Bernie, you look like a million bucks. Been working out? When Ed steps back, he has left a giant splotch of his own perspiration on Bernie's white satin jacket. Bernie looks down at the stain, then back at Ed. He's mad, but he has no time to say anything about it.

BERNIE

(wiping off the stain)

Edmund, pay attention. Did Dave say anything to you about a farewell?

ED

Yeah, it's all he can talk about. You look good, Bern. Ed leaves Bernie even more confused and goes into the house, as Dave's road manager, JULIUS -- a nattily-dressed Black man -- approaches, shakes Bernie's hand.

JULIUS

Hey, Bernie, the tour was great, man. You oughta see Dave perform sometime.

BERNIE

I'm sure he's marvelous. Listen, Julius...is Dave going somewhere?

JULIUS

I'm just his road manager. Dave tells me where he's going and I make sure he gets there.

BERNIE

Well, where's he going?

JULIUS

He didn't tell me.

Julius heads for the house, leaving Bernie still bewildered. STU, Dave's personal go-fer, approaches. He is frail, timid, a perpetual victim and the butt of everyone's jokes.

BERNIE

Stu, Stu. What's all this about Dave leaving?

STU

(disappointed)

Leaving?

(starts to go inside; whining)

Dave? C'mon, man, we just got here...

Stu walks off. CAMERA HOLDS on Bernie, frustrated. PETE -- Dave's old street buddy who Dave keeps around just to have around -- passes by with a pretty, but overly-made-up GIRL on his arm.

BERNIE

(disgusted)

Oh, now look at this. I'm not a manager, I'm a goddamn babysitter.

(to the girl)

How old are you anyway?

GIRL

Fourteen...

Pete immediately covers the girl's mouth with his hand.

PETE

(quickly)

...more days 'til she's nineteen.

Pete takes the Girl into the house with him.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA FOLLOWS A MAID down the hallway. She stops at a door through which we hear SOUNDS OF THE PARTY. As she bends over to pick something up, the door flips open and knocks her on her ass. The CAMERA CONTINUES into...

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS the living area and Bernie's swimming pool, which can be seen through the glass patio doors. The place is a madhouse -- "guests" everywhere, having the time of their lives.



ANGLE - DAVE

DAVE

...so there I am in the Amazon jungle when I remember my secretary's always wanted a pair of authentic alligator shoes. Well, shit, there we were right in the heart of alligator city. And not ten minutes later, this huge maneater crosses the trail, and everybody just flips. 'Cept me. So I throw down my pack and track this monster along the riverbank for three, maybe four hours. And then he stops to rest in the sun, and I'm on him like Tarzan. We wrestled for more than thirty minutes. It was me or him. Finally, I flip him over -- and y'know what I found? He didn't have on one damn shoe.

Laughter, then:

ONE OF THE GIRLS

(sincerely)

Dave? Maybe he took 'em off when he stopped to get some sun.

DAVE

You've done some traveling, haven't you?

ANGLE - BERNIE AND NIKKI

He enters in a panic, rushes through the room, grabs Nikki, who is enjoying herself at the party.

BERNIE

Nikki, get your lips out of the bean dip and come with me. Bernie pulls Nikki into a nearby broom closet, passing the banquet table en route. On the table, a GIRL is sitting in a full punchbowl sipping from it. Pete observes this, then asks the room.

PETE

Hey, who spiked the punch?

CUT TO:

INT. BERNIE'S BROOM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Bernie and Nikki are wedged into this small space. Bernie immediately pulls the door closed. It's pitch dark until Bernie ignites a BIC POCKET LIGHTER, illuminating the closet faintly.

NIKKI

Look, don't get any ideas. I'll just tell you the same thing I told you last week and the week before that -- it's my time of the month.

BERNIE

(after a contemptuous pause)

Could you at least act like you're human for thirty seconds? I need your help. Dave is up to something. I don't trust the little insect. I want you to find out what's going on. Use your feminine ways. Do whatever it takes. But find out what's going on.

Just then, there is a KNOCK on the door. It's Dave with another beautiful FEMALE ADMIRER.

DAVE

Hiya, Bernie.

BERNIE

Oh, there you are, Dave. We've been looking all over for you. Nikki immediately reaches out and plunges her hand into Dave's pants and grabs his schlong.

NIKKI

What's going on, Dave?

DAVE

(delighted)

You tell me.

Bernie pulls Nikki's hand out of Dave's pants.

BERNIE

(to Nikki)

What the hell are you doing?!

DAVE

Hey, Bernie, even an egg takes three minutes.

BERNIE

Dave, Dave, Dave. Let's level with each other. You can confide in me. You can tell me anything you want. Any future plans you have. Anywhere you're planning to go, maybe.

(a beat)

Where are you planning to go, Dave?

DAVE

Gee, I don't know.

BERNIE

But you are going somewhere?

DAVE

Yeah, somewhere. I'm taking a vacation. Starting right now.

He grabs his female admirer, gives her a hug and a smile.

BERNIE

(upset)

A vacation?

DAVE

Yeah. So, Bernie, grab yourself a beer and make yourself at home.

Dave closes the closet door on Bernie and Nikki.

ANGLE - DOOR

from inside the closet as we see Dave close the door.

IT'S BLACK.

BERNIE (V.O.)

Hey, wait a minute! This is my home.

NIKKI (V.O.)

Our home, Bernie.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - TROPHY ROOM - LATER in the day

Bernie's trophy room is a manufactured macho fantasy with all sorts of guns and (bought -- not shot) mounted heads of various animals. Several heads have price tags on them.

In one corner is a life-size statue of an African god sporting a huge erection. A huge throng of people surround Dave. Pete is standing next to him, tossing a globe up and down.

PETE

(looking at the globe)

I'm sick of this place.

Pete tosses the globe to Dave, who scans it for a vacation retreat, then holds the globe like a football and aims it at the African god's erection across the room.

DAVE

Tell you what -- wherever it hits... that's where we're going. How's that?

ANGLE - CROWD

watching Dave ready to toss the globe.

CROWD

Hit Paris, man. No, hit Argentina.

PETE

Hit any place that's got air- conditioning.

ANGLE - BERNIE

bobbing above the crowd, trying to see better.

BACK TO SCENE

Dave closes his eyes, clicks his heels together three times, and looks down at Nikki's poodle.

DAVE

(to dog)

Fasten your seatbelt, 'oto, because we're not going to Kansas!

Dave tosses the globe at the African statue and it lands so that it's impaled on the erection.

DAVE

Edmund, check the point of penetration.

Ed retrieves the globe, checks the damage.

ED

Greenland, Dave.

DAVE

Greenland? Bullshit. Check the hole on the other side.

Ed shrugs, goes around to the back of the statue, bends over and examines the statue's ass. Dave can't believe it.

DAVE (cont'd)

Are you having a good time, Ed?

Ed looks at Dave. He still doesn't know what's going on.

Dave takes the globe away from Ed and looks at the hole on the other side.

DAVE (cont'd)

The Dongo Islands...Grab your swimsuits, folks. We're going to the Tropics!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE ACCOMPANIED BY AN ORIGINAL SONG:

EXT. CENTINELA AVE. - DAY

Dave's candy-apple red '51 Merc pulls up in front of L'Express towing an open bed U-Haul trailer. Dave, Pete, Julius, Ed and Stu climb out of the car and pile into the store.

INT. L'EXPRESS - DAY

In a series of quick JUMP CUTS, Dave tries on one outlandish outfit after another. The wilder the get-up, the more ardent the other guys' approval.

EXT. SUPPLY SARGEANT STORE - DAY

The Merc and Trailer pull up in front of the seedy store. Everybody gets out of the car and goes in.

INT. SUPPLY SARGEANT STORE - DAY

Mayhem. The guys have brought to the counter a pile of hiking boots, canteens, ropes, tools, mess kits, etc. Julius is carrying a handful of flares, decides to test one, sets it ablaze. Ed tests the sharpness of a machete blade by lopping off the head of a mannequin. Pete pulls the cord of a self-inflating rubber raft, maintains his cool even as the thing expands and knocks everything off the counter.

EXT. NATIONAL STEREO - DAY

The car and trailer drive up.

INT. NATIONAL STEREO - DAY

The gang surveys portable sound equipment -- radios, cassette decks -- none of which is right. Julius spots the heaviest, loudest, ugliest-looking "ghetto blaster" ever made. He's elated. Julius opens his wallet to purchase the equipment, unfolding an enormous string of credit cards that hangs to the floor

END MONTAGE AND MUSIC

EXT. LAX - DAY

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the car and trailer loaded with army surplus equipment, TV sets, bicycles, jet skis, tents and mannequins. A LONG-HAIRED DRIVER pulls the car up to the airlines departure gate, and the whole gang piles out.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - EXT. LAX - DAVE AND PETE

PETE

(reading a brochure)

"Club 'Tropico, the Dongo Islands' most exclusive retreat. Air-conditioned rooms." Well...I love it, and I know Ed'll love that crystal clear water down there, won't you, Ed?

ED

(leans in)

Yeah. I hear you can see all the way through to the ocean floor.

DAVE

Right, so don't piss in it. People'll know.

PETE

He can't help it, Dave. It's hereditary. His father pissed in the ocean,  
too.

ED

Hey, there's nothing wrong with that. Moses farted in the Red Sea,  
y'know.

DAVE

I think that's parted, Ed. Moses parted the Red Sea.

ED

Oh.

(to Julius)

I was wondering how they got away with "fart" in the Bible.

PETE

Hey, Julius, here comes your wife.

ANGLE - DARLA

an exotic-looking, provocatively-dressed black woman, suitcase in hand,  
crossing the street. She flips off a cab that nearly misses her.

EXT. LAX - CONTINUOUS

As Darla approaches:

DAVE

(with a friendly smile)

Hey, Darla.

JULIUS

Say, baby!

(gives her a kiss on the cheek)

Go 'head on inside. I think you'll be happy with my seat selection.  
She walks from the curb toward the terminal. The CAMERA FOLLOWS, ZOOMING  
CLOSE on her shapely behind.

JULIUS (V.O.)

I know I'm happy with the seat selected.

ANGLE - STU

who is obviously having trouble carrying the giant ghetto blaster on his  
back. Dave approaches him.

DAVE

Whoa, Stuey, easy. Here, let me give you a hand with that.  
Dave moves the stereo a couple inches to the left, then stands back.

DAVE

There, now it's centered.

He walks into the terminal with the rest of the guys, leaving Stu  
struggling behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY

STEWARDESS (V.O.)

Is there anything else I can do for you, Mister Roth?

DAVE (V.O.)

No, no, I'm fine, stewardess. I really want to compliment you on your  
service, the personal touch, especially the attention to detail.

STEWARDESS (V.O.)

Why, thank you. That's really sweet.

DAVE (V.O.)

Yeah, well, I better get back to my seat now. In case somebody else  
wants to use this bathroom.

STEWARDESS (V.O.)

No problem. Um, are these mine or yours...?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DONGO ISLAND TERMINAL - CUSTOMS DESK - DAY

The terminal is packed with sleazy, frightening-looking tourists. CAMERA  
PANS across this array of sorry humans, goats, chickens and household  
goods until it reaches the customs desk, a flimsy folding table manned  
by THREE CUSTOMS AGENTS.

The UGLY AGENT is vulgar, filthy, sweaty, unshaven, pock-  
marked, greasy-haired and irregularly toothed. The BIG AGENT is a large,  
unsavory, Turkish-looking guy. The SMALL AGENT is effeminate in speech  
and manner and is clearly in charge. He stalks through the customs area  
using his riding crop to poke through the travelers' belongings. Dave  
and Ed are being checked through by the Big Agent.

BIG AGENT

(to Dave & Ed)

Passports, please.

INSERT - PASSPORT PHOTO

of Dave looking square and collegiate in a suit and tie.

DAVE (V.O.)

I was drinking a lot in those days.

BACK TO SCENE

As Dave grabs his passport:

DAVE (cont'd)

(to Big Agent)

'Scuse me. Would you happen to know what a couple of dazzling young urbanites like ourselves might do for night life around these parts? The Agent stares at Dave for a moment. Then, slowly and menacingly, he leans across the table toward him and angrily spits.

DAVE

(indicating spit)

I doubt if you're going to sell many tickets to that.

Dave and Ed move along.

ANGLE - JULIUS AND DARLA

The Big Customs Agent turns to Darla. His eyes are glued to her breasts.

As he rifles through her bag, various drug vials and related paraphernalia fall out, clattering on the counter. Julius frantically tries to scoop the vials into his hat. The Agent notices nothing but Darla's breasts and passes the two of them through.

ANGLE - PETE

as the Ugly Agent opens Pete's suitcase, revealing a wall- to-wall array of completely cooked and dressed Pink's hot dogs inside.

PETE

(off the Ugly Agent's look)

I'm in training.

ANGLE - STU

surrounded by a mountain of luggage. He is with the Big and Small Agents.

BIG AGENT

Passport, please.

Stu hands over his passport. Very deliberately, the Big Agent opens it, studies Stu's photo, then looks up at Stu, staring him directly in the eye.

STU'S POV

The Big Agent staring intently. He's definitely got some- thing in mind. Almost undetectably, but the message is patently clear, he arches one eyebrow, then slowly breaks into a sadistic grin.



BACK TO SCENE

The Ugly Agent has spotted Stu and approaches. The Small Agent gestures to Stu's luggage with his riding crop.

SMALL AGENT

(to Stu)

You're so neat.

He traces across Stu's chest with the riding crop.

SMALL AGENT (cont'd)

Anything to declare?

Stu shakes his head "no."

SMALL AGENT (cont'd)

(still fondling)

U.S. citizen?

Stu emphatically nods "yes."

SMALL AGENT (cont'd)

(with flagrant menace)

Are you traveling... alone?

ANGLE - STU

frozen with fear. The three Agents lean in (9/8 lens).

BIG/UGLY/SMALL AGENTS

Strip search!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CUSTOMS SHACK - DAY

We see the Other tourists piling into a very modern- looking, air conditioned BUS. Dave's entourage is preparing to load into JEEPS, which he has rented to see the island.

ANGLE - PETE AND DAVE

standing by the jeeps.

PETE

(mopping his brow)

Dave, c'mon. This is a living sauna. Let's be realistic, man. It's an hour-and-a-half to the other side of the island.

(pointing to the bus)

And look -- only twenty feet away: air conditioning.

DAVE

Jeeps are air-conditioned, too. Let's have some adventure. We're jungle studs, remember?

PETE

Jungle studs? Oh, yeah. You dress like Liberace's nutritionist. You're in the seventy-five percent tax bracket, you've got a multi-million-dollar...

DAVE

(cutting Pete off)

That's why we're having so much fun. Besides, I know a short-cut. The bus doesn't know the short-cut.

PETE

I just know it's going to be a lo-o-o-ng shortcut...

DAVE

(looks around)

Wonder what's keeping Stu?

PETE

... how do I know that, Dave?

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOMS SHACK BACK ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on Stu's face, eyes wide open with fright, a bondage-ball gag in his mouth reducing his protests to GRUNTS and MUMBLES.

PULL BACK to reveal that he has been pinioned over a large wooden barrel, backside to the heavens. The Large Agent is holding Stu firmly in place. The Small Agent approaching wearing rubber gloves and brandishing a greased speculum.

BIG AGENT

Routine. Just routine.

At absolutely the last possible instant, Dave pokes his head into the room.

DAVE

Stu?

Stu mumbles through the gag in his mouth.

DAVE (cont'd)

What? You want a few more minutes?

Stu mumbles desperately.

DAVE (cont'd)

We can't wait, Stu. We're ready to cruise!

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDEVELOPED ISLAND TERRAIN - DAY

The three jeeps, loaded with Dave, friends, and all their gear, RUMBLE through the rain forest en route to the group's resort destination. Ed is driving the lead jeep with Dave. Julius and Darla are in the second jeep. Darla is trying to put on her lipstick, but the bouncing of the jeep jostles her hand causing her to put lipstick everywhere on her face except her lips. Pete is driving the third and last jeep with Stu and all the luggage. A snatch of the same TUNE that played over the earlier shopping spree will PLAY here.

DAVE

This is why I like getting outta the States. No more speed limits, no more cops...

ED

(sees something)

No more road, Dave.

The Jeep caravan piles into a wall of palm trees. Everybody climbs out of the jeeps to survey the damage.

DAVE

No problem, I'll call the Auto Club.

They turn around to find themselves surrounded by a horde of fierce-looking, spear-toting, war-painted CANNIBALS.

DAVE (cont'd)

Boy, you guys got here quick.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The entourage is being led single file, like a chain-gang, through the jungle by the Cannibals. Stu is trussed up on a stick like a pig and being carried by two of the Warriors.

PETE

(sarcastic)

Good thing we didn't take that bus, huh, Dave?

STU

I'm scared, you guys. What if they shrink our heads or something?

DAVE

Hey, man, relax. We're on vacation.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERNIE'S MANSION - NIGHT

PAN across the grounds, up the outside wall to the second-story bedroom window, from which a sickly, pink glow is emanating.

BERNIE (V.O.)

Listen, Benzedrini, believe me, I'll have the money for you whenever you want...

CUT TO:

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernie's bedroom looks like the Honeymoon Suite at Caesar's Palace, complete with the statuary. The bed is elaborately canopied. The sheets are pink satin. The carpeting is of the deepest pile. Bernie is on the phone.

BERNIE

(into phone)

That soon? Well, I'll have to disturb my accountant while he's in intensive care. But, hey, when Bernie Kolan sets his mind on something, Bernie Kolan always gets what he... hello? Hello?...

Bernie hangs up with a sick look on his face. Nikki enters in night clothes from the bathroom.

NIKKI

Bernie, what's the matter? I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but you're even more impotent than usual.

Bernie doesn't respond.

NIKKI (cont'd)

Look, my advice is to pay those men back all that money you owe them... fast.

Bernie looks at her with contempt for her brilliant advice.

BERNIE

All right, Miss E.F. Hutton. You're so smart, here's how we'll do it. We'll sell everything. Everything I own.

NIKKI

Everything you own is rented. Including me.

BERNIE

(sarcastic)

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize you'd attended business school while I was on the phone.

(then:)

You forgot -- I own Dave. And a third of all his future earnings. Which means Bernie Kolan is not licked yet.

NIKKI

(patting his crotch)

And he's not gonna be until he straightens this mess out.

Nikki gets out of bed.

NIKKI (cont'd)

As a matter of fact, in the meantime, I think I'll go visit my sister in Palm Springs.

BERNIE

You're gonna make that drive alone?

NIKKI

NIKKI

Oh, no. I won't be alone. I'm taking Brian here with me. Nikki produces "Brian" -- an industrial-strength vibrator that she has to start with a draw wire like a chain saw. She walks out carrying her vibrator. CAMERA DOLLIES IN on Bernie, who has a very sick-looking expression on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIMITIVE JUNGLE VILLAGE - NIGHT

It isn't much -- a handful of mud huts with thatched roofs. The TRIBESPEOPLE are excited. They emit frightening WHOOPS and HOLLERS. Dave and friends are tied to stakes in the middle of the square.

DAVE

(whispering)

Pete...Pete? You familiar with the story of King Kong?

PETE

Yeah. Why?

DAVE

You know if he ever had any daughters?

Their eyes widen as they look at what's approaching: CLOSE on a giant, imposing Mack-truck of a SAMOAN WOMAN, who is being carried by TRIBESMEN on a giant throne, decorated with human skulls along the top of the backrest. With a grand gesture, she signals for the DRUMS to CEASE, which they immediately do.

She steps down off the throne and approaches the entourage. When she eyeballs Stu, her mean face suddenly melts. She licks her chops and wipes her mouth with her hand. She moves on and finally approaches Dave.

She breaks into a big grin.

CHIEF

(happily)

Diamond Dave!

The Tribesmen begin WHOOPING and HOLLERING again, this time even more frantically.

DAVE

(to Pete)

I told you I'd think of something.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHIEF'S HUT - NIGHT

The Chief enters with a big grin still on her face, followed by Dave and Pete. (They're now untied). Even though this is the fanciest residence in the village, it's wretched. Dirt floor, bamboo cot, live chickens, a couple of skulls tossed in the corner.

CHIEF

...you kidding? Sure, I know you. Catch you alla time on cable. See? She shifts a woven shade from a makeshift shelf on the wall, exposing a state-of-the-art Sony portable television set with remote control. She smiles proudly. Pete and Dave exchange a glance.

CHIEF (cont'd)

I cannot get over this. Join me while I drink?

DAVE & PETE

Sure.

She grabs a bottle full of clear liquid. But she doesn't offer a drop to Pete or Dave. Instead, she guzzles the whole bottle thirstily. She bends over at the waist, gasping for air, then rolls around in pain. When she finally calms down, she holds out the bottle to Dave and Pete.

CHIEF

Want some?

Dave and Pete nod happily.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

The Tribespeople, friendly now, are finishing untying Julius, Darla, Ed and Stu. Julius approaches one of the natives with a swagger and whips out a twenty-dollar bill.

JULIUS

(to native)

Say, blood...

(adjusts the native's bonnet)

I want you to know, everything's going pretty smooth so far.

(snaps the twenty)

And it's kinda my job to make sure we don't have any repetition of those earlier hostilities.

(tucks the bill in the native's shoulder strap)

You dig where I'm coming from.

Without any expression, the native grabs the bill, contemplates it, then puts it in one of his ears and takes it out of the other. The native then puts it in his mouth and pulls it out of his ass. Julius gives him a look of fear and, walking backwards, returns to his friends, bumping into Stu, whom he addresses.

JULIUS

(with a fake smile)

'What we have here is a failure to communicate.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHIEF'S HUT - NIGHT

Pete is alone, playing with the TV set. It's ON, but the picture is all snow.

PETE

(shouting at the roof)

Nope, not yet... nope, still nothing...

O.S. we hear the SOUND OF METAL BEING KICKED.

INSERT - TV MONITOR

A scene from "Leave It To Beaver" comes on the screen.

PETE (O.S.)

All right! The Beav!

(after a beat)

Aw...Eddie Haskell...you're still a dick. Even in the tropics.

CUT TO:

Ext. Behind the chiefs hut - night

Dave and the Chief are standing next to a huge, elaborate satellite dish. The Chief is kicking the dish's iron frame.

CHIEF

I can't believe I paid retail.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Dave and the Chief walk through the village.

CHIEF

...we are a poor but filthy people, Dave. Sadly, many of our children die young. The middle-aged are dying quickly, and the old are already dead. Soon we will be a nation of nothing but teenagers.

DAVE

Whoa, think of the phone bills!

CHIEF

(suggestively)

There are so few men my age, but having you in the village tonight should liven things up a little...

DAVE

(terrified)

Gee, no offense, your mammaries, but see, I've always believed in saving myself 'til I got married.

CHIEF

What you? Is Jewish luggage boy I want.

DAVE

(realizing)

Stu! Well, your horniness, you're not the first woman I've lost to that animal.

As the Chief walks off eagerly:

DAVE (cont'd)

Thank God.



DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE- NIGHT

Quiet fires light the village.

INT. STU'S HUT - NIGHT

Stu has tucked himself in for the night. He's reading a Nancy Drew mystery by lantern light. CRICKETS CHIRP in the B.G., but that's all the sound there is... until -- A LOUD STEADY RUSTLE begins outside.

Stu slams his book closed. He's afraid -- there's somebody outside. The

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS CEASE. Silence. Then a loud GURGLE, GURGLE, GURGLE, followed by the sound of SHATTERING GLASS and a belch. Stu has

drawn the covers up under his chin. He knows who it is now.

Then, a huge shadow in the doorway, and she enters. The Chief, in all her matriarchal massiveness. Also, in the extra-large sized version of

the latest naughty underwear from Frederick's of Hollywood. That might be baby oil glistening on her thighs in the moonlight. On the other hand, it could just be cellulite bubbling to the surface. In any case,

Stu is scared out of his gourd as the immense woman approaches.

STU

(prayerfully)

Our Father who art in heaven... Fourscore and seven years ago... I pledge allegiance to the flag... Though I walk through the valley of...

No portion of this game may be broadcast or rebroadcast without permission from the network...

The Chief straddles him, then squats down. He tries to sit up but only his neck will bend. This maneuver places his face dead-center inside her ample cleavage. Violently, she rips off his T-shirt and smashes his head back down on the pillow.

CHIEF

Be gentle with me.

EXT. BEACH - SAME NIGHT

Pete and Dave sit by a campfire on folded lawn chairs sharing a bottle of the Chief's brew and a joint. Pete PLAYS THE HARMONICA while Dave

sings:

DAVE

(singing)

"... These vagabond shoes are longing to stray...!"

PETE

Man, I love that song. Every time I hear it, I get a feeling from the pit of my stomach right down to the tip of my weiner.

DAVE

Yeah. That ain't much of a trip, though, is it, Pete?

(looking around)

This place is great, ain't it? Pass that bottle over here, Romeo. Dave takes a big swig. By now, both he and Pete are pretty ripped. Dave takes a big hit off the joint. The surface of the sea begins to bubble and some unrecognizable shape begins to emerge. Dave looks at the joint, then back at the water.

DAVE

I think I'm hallucinating. Pete?

PETE

Yeah?

DAVE

Do you see white bubbles coming up over there?

PETE

No.

(beat)

Mine are green.

A PRODUCTION NUMBER begins where Dave comes out of the water as KING NEPTUNE accompanied by EIGHT LITTLE KIDS IN FISH HEAD OUTFITS and TWO CANS OF TUNA WITH THE LIDS OPEN AND DANCING LEGS. After the NUMBER COMES TO AN END, Dave looks at the joint and then at Pete.

DAVE

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINBOW BAR & GRILL (L.A.) - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. RAINBOW BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Bernie sits alone in a booth with a pizza and cocktail in front of him.

He is despondent. A WAITRESS passes.

BERNIE

(short-tempered)

Hey, sweetheart. There's cheese on my pizza. I didn't order it with cheese.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry, sir, but all pizzas come with cheese.

BERNIE

Hey, so do all feet, but that doesn't mean I want 'em on my table. Get it out of here.

She takes the pizza, reluctantly. MARIO, the club owner -- a middle-aged man in an expensive suit -- approaches.

MARIO

Bernie, what's the matter with you tonight? You're not yourself.

BERNIE

All kinds of problems, Mario. Nikki took off for Palm Springs, I don't know if she's ever coming back. I owe money I don't have...

MARIO

Well, gee, Bernie, you're a vile, conniving, unscrupulous man. Use those qualities.

BERNIE

Mario, thanks for the vote of confidence.

(snaps his fingers; he has an idea)

Wait! If I could just forge Dave's signature... You got any of his old bar bills or credit card receipts laying around?

MARIO

Let me check with the help.

(calls out to his waitresses)

Hey, listen up. Has anybody here got anything at all with David Lee Roth's signature on it?

BERNIE'S POV

DOZENS OF FEMALE PATRONS come out of the woodwork and expose to Bernie various body parts -- breasts, buttocks, thighs, abdomens -- all with David Lee Roth's signature scrawled across them.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

We PAN DOWN the beach. Dave and Pete have made camp overnight on the white sands of this gorgeous tropical beach. The sky is its bluest, the water crystal pure and clear -- it's an exquisite morning. Dave is in the water to his waist, splashing water on his face and shoulders. Pete is behind him, on shore, near the tent the two of them have spent the night in. Or what's supposed to be a tent. Actually, it's nothing but a centerpole, some ropes and stakes, and a piece of loose canvas flapping in the breeze. There are clothes and supplies strewn all over. Pete is rummaging through them, searching for something.

ANGLE - PETE

still rummaging.

PETE

(to himself)

Some vacation.

(calls out)

Say, Dave? You seen my cowboy boots?

DAVE

No, man, I haven't.

PETE

Okay if I wear yours?

DAVE

Sure, go ahead.

Pete begins putting on Dave's boots.

PETE

'know, Dave, I hate to bring this up first thing in the morning, but our original destination was supposed to be the Club Tropico. Room service, women under three hundred pounds, air conditioning...?

Pete, fully dressed and wearing Dave's boots, walks into the water carrying two bottles of beer.

PETE (cont'd)

(wading next to Dave)

I think we oughta move on. What do you think, Dave?

DAVE

Pete, what if there is no moving on? What if this is the last stop?

(mock Rod Serling)

What if we're locked in a deadly struggle against time? Trapped in a world determined to bend us, without pity, according to its own will?

What if this is the final encore? What if?

PETE

What if you just answered the question, Dave? Was that a yes?

DAVE

That depends. What'd I say?

PETE

(looking back toward the shore)

Hey, there's Stu.

DAVE

I didn't say that.

DAVE & PETE'S POV - STU'S HUT

Stu stands on the porch smiling broadly and waves at Dave, giving him the thumbs-up sign. The Chief's hand suddenly comes through the doorway, grabs Stu by the ear and yanks him back into the hut.

ANGLE - DAVE & PETE

PETE

Looks like Stu finally lost the old cherry last night, huh, Dave?

DAVE

Looks like he lost the whole fucking fruit salad to me.  
O.S. we hear the SOUND OF JET SKIS. A wave of water crashes over Dave's and Pete's heads.

WIDER ANGLE

On the water, two bikini-clad beauties pull their jet skis to shore.

DAVE

(with a twang)

Well, thank you, Jesus.

The women are both gorgeous and shapely. One is nearing forty, a brunette. Her name is KATI DUGUAY. The other has long blonde hair; she appears to be younger, twenty or twenty-one. Her name is MONIQUE. The CAMERA FOLLOWS as they make their way to the beach, walk their skis onto land and leave them lying on the sand. They wring the water from their hair as Dave and Pete walk over to them.

MADAME DUGUAY

(nicely; in French)

Who are you guys, and what do you happen to be doing here?

PETE

(can't understand a word)

Dave, you took French in high school. Find out who they are and what they're doing here.

Dave indicates no problem, he'll take care of it.

DAVE

Bon jour. Je suis David. I took French in high school. Who are you, and what are you doing here?

PETE

What was that -- third year, fourth year French?

MADAME DUGUAY

(in English, French accent)

Happy to meet you. My name is Madame Kati Duguay. This is Monique, my niece.

PETE

Nice.

MADAME DUGUAY

No. Niece.

DAVE

(with a wink)

Nice niece.

MADAME DUGUAY

Ahem... yes, well, my husband is president of one of these local islands. We're out on our small boat for the weekend.

ANGLE - A MAGNIFICENT VESSEL

Her "small boat," bobbing at anchor on the horizon.

BACK TO SCENE

PETE

That's bigger than the neighborhood I grew up in.

DAVE

(to Madame Duguay)

See, Pete had a deprived childhood.

PETE

Yeah, but I was an honor student.

DAVE

Sure. He was always saying, "Yes, Your Honor. No, Your Honor. Nolo contendere, Your Honor..."

Pete chuckles, then turns to the ladies.

PETE

Anyway, we're on our way to the other side of the island.

DAVE

(still into his joke)

"Yeah, I was here last week, Your Honor..."

Pete gives him a look, then continues.

PETE

And that's when the bolt of lightning struck Dave in the head.

DAVE

(still at it)

"... statutory what, Your Honor?"

Pete shoots Dave another look. Dave takes a big swig of his beer.

DAVE (cont'd)

(to the ladies)

As you can see, our lives are in serious danger.

The women giggle.

MONIQUE

(French accent)

Oh, you two are such fun. You both are so... so... how you say?

DAVE

(helping)

Handsome? Young?

PETE

Witty? Intelligent?

DAVE

Dazzling? Dynamic?

MONIQUE

(still giggling)

No. Retarded.

DAVE

Yeah, that's it.

As the two women hop on their jet skis:

MADAME DUGUAY

Why don't you young boys come out to the boat? We'll sail to the presidential palace, have dinner there, then you can take my husband's plane to wherever it is you're going.

MONIQUE

Aunt Kati, are you sure? There's something about the blonde one that frightens me.

MADAME DUGUAY

That's what makes it fun, sweetheart.

(to Dave & Pete)

Au revoir.

They take off on their skis.

ANGLE - DAVE & PETE

As they wade out of the water onto the shore, the boots Pete's wearing make a SLOSHING SOUND.

DAVE

All right -- dinner at the palace.

(then)

Oh, and Pete?

PETE

Yeah?

DAVE

That's the last time you're borrowing any of my fucking shoes, man.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a FEMALE FOOT plunging into a tubful of water with a loud SPLASH. PULL BACK to reveal Bernie and THREE OF THE GIRLS FROM THE RAINBOW. Bernie and one girl are in a bubbling jacuzzi. The second girl is just stepping in. The third girl, towel wrapped around her, is at the mirror, preening. The bathroom's decor -- gold fixtures, Italian marble floor, high ceiling -- gives it a lavish, ancient Rome look.

BERNIE

You know who I bought this house from? I bought this house from Gregory Peck. He didn't want to sell it, but I offered him so much money...

GIRL #1

Who's Gregory Peck?

BERNIE

Did I say Gregory Peck?... Kirk Douglas. Kirk had me here for dinner. I took one look at the place, had to have it. That's the kinda guy I am.

GIRL #2

Who's Kirk Douglas?

BERNIE

Why did I say Kirk Douglas?... Sweetheart, what's the last album you bought?

GIRL #1

Rod Stewart.

BERNIE

Well, how 'bout that for a coincidence? That's what I meant to say all along.



GIRL AT THE MIRROR

(turns from her preening)

Wow, Rod Stewart used to live here?

BERNIE

Would I lie to you?

Then, from over the INTERCOM:

BUTLER'S VOICE

Excuse me, sir. Those two...

(clears his throat)

...gentlemen are here to see you again.

BERNIE

Those punks? Tell those jerk-

offs...

Jerry and Benzedrini enter. Benzedrini comes up behind Bernie, wraps a towel around his throat. Jerry, fully dressed, climbs into the hot tub and straddles Bernie.

BERNIE (cont'd)

(changes attitude immediately)

... how very, very happy I am to have them in my home. How ya doin', fellas?

JERRY

Kolan... time's up.

BERNIE

Well, how 'bout that for a coincidence? I happen to have a document here that I think will make you two very happy.

(to the Girl At The Mirror)

Sweetheart, you want to hand me my jacket?

GIRL AT THE MIRROR (#3)

Get it yourself, Bernie. I'm busy.

She continues preening.

BERNIE

All right.

Bernie reaches over to a wooden valet near the jacuzzi, removes a folded contract from his sports jacket, and hands it to Jerry.

JERRY

(looking at the paper)

This ain't money.

BERNIE

It's better than money. You guys can read, can't you?  
Jerry looks sheepish, hands the contract to Benzedrini.

BENZEDRINI

I'm reading it. It ain't money.

BERNIE

No, no! Don't you understand? I'm turning over one-third of all David Lee Roth's future earnings. To you. To wipe my slate clean. Gentlemen, this piece of paper is worth millions.

JERRY

Millions? Don't we need his permission for that?

BERNIE

(to Jerry)

You've got it. Look, you can read his signature right...

(he catches himself, turns to Benzedrini)

You can read his signature right there.

BENZEDRINI

Y'know, we could book him into the lounge at Caesar's.

BERNIE

Dave loves Vegas.

JERRY

Five, six shows a day.

BERNIE

He's a real workhorse. I'm tellin' ya... he's the next Suzanne Sommers.

BENZEDRINI

Sounds good. So when can we check out our boy?

Bernie takes two plane tickets from his jacket, hands them to the guys.

BERNIE

Soon as you can get down to the airport.

BENZEDRINI

Great, the tropics. My tan could use a little work.

(to Bernie)

Listen, Kolan -- this Ross kid better be good or his next performance is gonna be as a side order of breakfast sausage.

BERNIE

It's unorthodox, but you're his managers.

The thugs walk out, Jerry leaving puddles of water behind him.

JERRY

(to Benzedrini)

I don't know what's the big deal about them hot tubs. I don't feel particularly relaxed.

As Jerry and Benzedrini exit, Nikki enters, carrying two suitcases.

NIKKI

(surprised, but under control)

Bernard!

BERNIE

(panicked)

Sweetheart! Uh... uh... I can explain. See, these girls are all malaria victims and I...

NIKKI

You don't have to explain.

BERNIE

I thought you were at your sister's.

NIKKI

I was. She and I just came back for a couple of things, and I think this is a perfect time for you to meet her.

(calls behind her)

Sis!

From the hallway, Nikki's "sister"-enters -- a long-haired, shiftless, handsome MUSCLE-BOUND MAN, wearing tight leather britches and an enormous bright-colored codpiece. A series of bubbles rises from between Bernie's legs.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL YACHT - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Sailing the azure sea with Dave kicking back in the crow's nest.

EXT. BEACH - CLOSE SHOT - OUTDOOR LOUDSPEAKER

Playing ANOTHER ORIGINAL SONG OF DAVE'S. PULL BACK to reveal...

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL ISLAND PRIVATE BEACH - DAY

Dave and friends, in assorted swimwear, lounging and frolicking happily in the sun amid a colorful collection of every conceivable beach toy, conveyance, and recreational vehicle imaginable (sea planes, jet skis, big wheels, parasails, kayaks, motorized two-seat hang-gliders, etc.)

ANGLE - DAVE AND PETE

sitting casually on one pontoon of a sea plane parked on the beach. Pete is smoking his usual cigarette, wearing his shades, a colorful Hawaiian shirt with collar up and sleeves cut off, and high-top sneakers with black socks. His nose is covered with white sun-block. Dave's got on big balloony karate pants that cinch at the waist and at the ankles. The

MUSIC FADES UNDER.

DAVE

Whoa, I don't believe it.

PETE

What? What?

DAVE

(indicating the sun-block)

Hey, New York -- some monster seagull just took a huge shit right in the middle of your face!

PETE

No, Dave. This is a special hi-protein avocado-'n'-quaalude tanning mousse. They only sell it in California.

Pete's eye catches something out on the water. He nudges Dave, who looks out at it too.

EXT. BOSTON WHALER - DAY

A boatload of gorgeous, half-undressed young women. They are giggling and waving toward shore.

DAVE AND PETE

Dave is waving happily.

DAVE

(waving them over)

Oh, girls? Girls...?

THE WHALER

The Girls are still smiling and waving.

NYMPH #1

(sweetly)

No, thanks! We're lesbians!

They all nod, still smiling. The boat sails on.

DAVE AND PETE

They can't believe what they've heard. Their faces drop. Meantime Madame Duguay approaches, wearing high heels and a white gauze dress.

DAVE

(to Pete)

Say, here comes Bachelorette Number One. She's a homemaker from Tunafish, Wyoming, who enjoys knitting, landscaping, and those skimpy little slingshot underpants that make the twentieth century such an enjoyable place to pass through.

MADAME DUGUAY

That's not true, Dave. I hate knitting.

(moves closer)

And while we have a moment, I'd like to ask you a favor. Please, while you are my guests, try to behave with the proper respect.

(begins sensually and slowly to undress)

I am the President's wife. I'm accustomed to certain standards, and I'm easily offended. So I hope that you will do your best to maintain a level of dignity befitting a woman of my position.

(practically nude, she hands her clothes to Dave)

Here. Could you hold these for me, please?

ANGLE PETE

Can't believe it.

ANGLE - MADAME DUGUAY, DAVE & PETE

Dave stares, too, until a WHISTLE blows.

MADAME DUGUAY

Oh-oh, my husband.

Dave immediately snaps into action, handing the dress and bra to Pete, who gives him a sarcastic look.

PETE

(to Dave)

I find your heroism very moving.

BACK TO SCENE

PRESIDENT DUGUAY approaches. He's an old man in a military uniform who does not appear happy. He looks at his nearly naked wife, then at Pete, then back at his wife, whom he addresses:

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

(miffed)

My dear, this is an outrage. Having our guests hold your clothing for you. We pay a servant for that!

(to Dave and Pete)

Welcome, young travelers. My home is your home. This beach is your beach. This... this...

(a senile pause)

DAVE

This land is your land, this land is my land?

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

(to Madame Duguay)

Oh, here you are, dear. I've been looking all over for you.

(wagging his finger at her)

Guess who left the cap off the toothpaste all night? This morning -- crust on the nozzle!

(walks away; mumbling to himself)

I hate crusty nozzles...

MADAME DUGUAY

(to Dave)

He's a good provider.

She puts her towel down on the beach and lies on it provocatively.

MADAME DUGUAY (cont'd)

So, shall we -- how you say -- go for it?

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL YACHT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Dave's face. He's in ecstasy. PULL BACK to reveal Dave, his body is swaying back and forth as if he is making love to a woman. PULL BACK FURTHER to reveal Dave is standing over Madame Duguay squeezing suntan lotion onto her back in a suggestive manner.

Monique approaches, stops and watches Dave in amazement.

DAVE

(to Monique innocently)

Nice day for a stroll.

Offended, she turns and walks away toward the dock. Dave catches Ed's eye and uses a jerk of the head to call him over. Ed approaches and Dave mimes for Ed to take over. Ed, happy with this task, starts in on a vigorous back rub. Madame Duguay, eyes closed and verging on sleep, doesn't even notice.

Dave approaches Monique, who watches him walk toward her. Once he arrives at the docks, though, she directs her gaze out at the horizon. Dave sits next to her on the dock, looks out into the distance, too.

DAVE

(looking at her ass)

It's pretty, this part of the world.

Monique looks at Dave, rolls her eyes in disdain, then looks back at the horizon.

DAVE

Well, it is. But it's also dangerous.

MONIQUE

You are referring to yourself?

DAVE

No, I'm serious. Ever been out here at night? Ever seen those lights moving slowly out there along the horizon? Ever wonder what they might be? I have.

MONIQUE

(getting interested)

Tell me what they are.

DAVE

Most people aren't even aware of 'em, y'know. And if they are, they just think they're sailboats off in the distance.

(leaning a little closer)

They go back and forth, and in and out, night after night after night. Only a few of us know what they really are.

MONIQUE

What are they? I want to know.

DAVE

(meaningfully)

Motorcycle sharks.

MONIQUE

(drawing back)

You are crazy.

DAVE

No, no. They are. A lot of people laugh at me when I tell 'em. But one day, all those headlights out there are gonna get together and come roaring onto shore.

(lowering his voice)

And the people who laughed, Monique, are the first ones who're gonna disappear.

MONIQUE

(mesmerized)

I don't want to disappear.

DAVE

(leaning closer still)

I don't you to either, sweetheart.

He grabs her behind the neck, pulls her to him for a kiss. But, before their lips meet, a BELL SOUNDS in the distance. Dinner time!

MONIQUE

I'd better dress.

She runs off, leaving Dave emptyhanded. Dave shrugs, returns to where Ed is still massaging the back of the sleeping Madame Duguay. One hand at a time, Dave takes over the massage and Ed departs, covering his crotch with his pith helmet as he walks away. Madame Duguay stretches and yawns, then opens her eyes and turns to address Dave:

MADAME DUGUAY

(with a wink)

If you thought I was asleep there when you got fresh, I want you to know I wasn't.

She kisses her fingertips, touches Dave's lips with them.



CUT TO:

EXT. THE PRESIDENTIAL palace - establishing - night

INT. THE PALACE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The President, casually attired, sits at the head of a table that appears to be nearly the length of a football field. His wife, Madame Dugbay, sits at the opposite end of the long table. Also on hand are Monique, Dave and all his friends, as well as a handful of other, older, distinguished-looking GUESTS, MALE and FEMALE. The President raps his water glass with his fork for the attention of the assembled and the

GLASS BREAKS.

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

(stands up, with difficulty)

Honored guests...

(senile pause)

Where the hell am I?

MADAME DUGUAY

Dinner, darling.

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

Oh, yes.

(belches)

This is indeed a special occasion. So... a toast.

He raises his wineglass high (as high as he can raise it). Down the length of the table, everybody else does, too.

PRESIDENT DUGUAY (cont'd)

(with great solemnity)

Here's to swimmin' with bow-legged women!

The men sip their wine, the women don't. Madame Dugbay turns to Dave:

Embarrassed,

MADAME DUGUAY

The President has been taking a medication for a cough.

DAVE

Must be good stuff.

ANGLE - JULIUS

He is admiring his fancy silver soup spoon. He breathes on it, polishes it down, then slips it in his inside jacket pocket when he's sure nobody's looking. Then he glances over at his wife.

Darla's wearing a turquoise lame micro-mini-skirt, sequined stockings, orange day-glo spike heels with open toes and rhinestones on the heels; her top is nothing but two gold plastic clam shells held together with some sort of cord; the outfit is topped off by a green feather boa. She's also wearing sparkly cat's-eye sunglasses and a headband with battery-powered lights that flash on and off.

JULIUS

(irked)

Say, Momma, take off those glasses. They make you look cheap.

ANGLE - PETE AND ED

eating. There's a loud FART. They stop and look around for the culprit.

ED

Who did that?

PROPER-LOOKING DOWAGER

Oh, excuse me. That was my nine o'clock ass gas.

PETE

(checks his watch)

Oh, Jesus, I'm fast.

ANGLE - DAVE, STU & MONIQUE

Dave is munching hungrily on a piece of meat and eyeing Monique at the other end of the table. She is trying to remain lady-like, but she ends up sucking her carrot. She catches herself and, embarrassed, leaves the table. Dave notices Stu is pecking at his food.

DAVE

Stu, you lonely?

(thinks about it for a beat)

Stupid question.

STU

Think I'll ever be able to fall in love again?

DAVE

Well, sooner or later every human being does. So, I'd say you've got a decent shot at it.

STU

She was so sweet, Dave. She even gave me...

(can't look Dave in the eye)

... a turn on top.

DAVE

Yeah, the chief was a fox, all right... several foxes. But you know the truth of it is... Love is overrated. I was in love once. Know what I found out? Love means having to say you're sorry every five minutes. Love is playing with yourself while someone is lying next to you, passed out. I'll tell ya -- don't worry about women. Overall, I go along with the guy who said, go out and buy some poor sinner a drink and wink at a homely girl. You gotta sail through life with a smile on your mug and a song in your heart. Does that help you out, Stuey? You feel better now?

STU

Yeah, thanks, Dave.

PETE

(leans in)

Stu, you oughta have him write that down on a little card, so you can carry it around with you.

Madame Duguay taps Dave on the shoulder.

MADAME DUGUAY

(openly flirting)

You know, Dave, it occurs to me there are parts of my palace you haven't been in yet.

Dave looks directly at her.

DAVE

Such as?

MADAME DUGUAY

(opening her legs suggestively)

Well, I could take you downstairs to see my burning furnace.

DAVE

Well, gee, I'd love to, but my fire hose is off-duty right now.

MADAME DUGUAY

Maybe if you climb in through the upstairs window, it might motivate you to put that fire out down below.

She flagrantly displays her ample cleavage.

DAVE

No, truly, my fire hose is very tired.

MADAME DUGUAY

Please... Dave... it's an emergency.

DAVE

Hey, what can I tell you, my fire hose is in love with your niece, okay?

BACK TO SCENE

President Duguay stands.

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

Dinner is served.

MADAME DUGUAY

No, dear, we just ate.

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

In that case, let's go to the strip joint. It's Saturday night.

MADAME DUGUAY

It's Tuesday night.

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

I'm the President!! They'll strip tonight!!

CUT TO:

INT. BURLESQUE HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE on a RED-HOT STRIPPER doing her thing in time to hard-driving, EROTIC MUSIC played by a COUPLE of solid GUITAR PLAYERS who are standing off to one side of the stage. The stripper's nipples are on fire.

Literally in flames.

PULL BACK to reveal the whole gang -- including Madame Duguay, TWO DOWAGERS and their STUFFED-SHIRT HUSBANDS and the President, who is asleep throughout the entire performance. There is a "closed" sign on the door with a spear shot through it. The group is sitting along the runway, LAUGHING, WHISTLING, having a great rowdy time.

There are TWO DANCERS onstage. One leans over and lights Dave's cigarette with her flaming breast. Dave thanks her and blows it out.

ANGLE - SECOND STRIPPER

who approaches Dave and squats, knees apart, right in Dave's face. All she's wearing is a red G-string, which is practically making contact with Dave's nose.

DAVE

Remember, the red zone is for the loading and unloading of passengers only.

She sticks her tongue out at Dave.

DAVE (cont'd)

Whoa, sweetheart. Don't stick that thing out at me unless you intend to use it.

She shrugs as if to say, "All right, then," and grabs Dave's arm and licks the length of it. She pays particular attention to his fingertips, then suddenly bites Dave's index finger hard about halfway down and drags Dave onstage with it.

PETE

(laughing)

Don't worry, Dave. Fred Flintstone only has four fingers, and it hasn't hurt his career.

WIDER ANGLE

Everybody in the audience APPLAUDS the proceedings. LOUD CHEERING. A SPOTLIGHT hits Dave and an ORIGINAL SONG OF DAVE'S BEGINS TO PLAY. Dave begins to sing with it and dance casually. It builds into a big rock number and crescendoes further into a full-blown strip-tease. Dave is taking it all (well, almost all) off. The audience eats it up.

ANGLE - PETE

He's enjoying the act, seated next to the Gassy Dowager. She FARTS again.

pETE

(looking at his watch)

Geez, is it eleven o'clock already?

Madame Duguay's hand goes between his legs. Pete's face registers shock, then interest, then pleasure.

MADAME DUGUAY

I see your rocket is ready for lift-off.

PETE

well, conditions do seem favorable for a launch.

As she kisses his face:

MADAME DUGUAY

Ten...nine...

As she kisses his chest:

MADAME DUGUAY (cont'd)

eight...seven.

Pete's hand vigorously shoves Madame Duguay's head OUT OF FRAME.

PETE

Threetwoone... blast-off!

BACK TO SCENE

Everybody's going nuts. When Dave's finished, the Two Strippers throw a robe over him and give him big hugs and kisses.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL BOAT - NIGHT

It's dark, docked for the night.

EXT. DECK OF THE BOAT - NIGHT

Monique is on the deck alone, deep in thought. Dave walks up to her.

DAVE

I had a feeling you'd be here.

MONIQUE

Why?

DAVE

Because you weren't in your bed.

MONIQUE

You mean you came searching for me?

DAVE

Well, I wasn't exactly searching.

I just sorta peeked in and...

MONIQUE

Oh, come on, Dave. You must get all the girls you want.

DAVE

No, I don't get all the girls I want. I only get the girls who want me.

MONIQUE

Okay, I have to admit, I'm one of those girls. I'm totally attracted to you. I dream about being naked in your arms. I dream of having your throbbing piston of love make bounce-bounce on my honeypot. But...

but...

DAVE

Come on, sweetheart, you can talk to me. Don't giftwrap it.

MONIQUE

... but I'm just not ready yet.

DAVE

Well... we have nothing but time.

Dave is very conspicuously LIGHTING A CIGARETTE LIGHTER. He holds the flame for a beat until at a distance in the ocean... a series of BRIGHT SMALL LIGHTS APPEAR BOBBING ON THE HORIZON in front of Dave and Monique.

MONIQUE

(pointing to the lights)

Dave, they're here.

DAVE

Who?

MONIQUE

The motorcycle sharks. Coming after us, just like you said.

She moves closer to him.

DAVE

Did I say that? I was exaggerating a little.

MONIQUE

So then you think I'm safe.

DAVE

Now I didn't say that.

They kiss passionately. Then, CAMERA CRANES up and overhead and holds on the little lights on the horizon.

CLOSEUP - LIGHTS IN THE HORIZON

Pete, Ed, Stu, Darla and Julius, freezing on a raft, paddling toward shore, waving FLASHLIGHTS at the yacht.

JULIUS

Him and his fucking motorcycle sharks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DONGO ISLAND AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. ISLAND TERMINAL - CUSTOMS DESK - DAY

Jerry and Mister Benzdrini are waiting in line at Customs. They are wearing vacation clothes -- Madras shorts, loud Hawaiian shirts, porkpie hats. Jerry carries a golf bag. Mister Benzdrini wears a camera around his neck.

JERRY

Now, this is just thinking out loud, but if this Reese kid is as hot as that Kolan told us, maybe we could make a movie star out of him, too.

BENZDRINI

Movie star? What're you talking? You got any idea what kind of sexually-twisted, brain-dead mutants he attracts?

JERRY

(thinking it over)

You're right, Marty. We'd need parental guidance for sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL ISLAND AIRPORT - WAITING AREA - DAY

The President, standing with TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS, waves to the group (accompanied by Monique and Madame Duguay) who are headed for an ancient WORLD WAR II FIGHTER PLANE (with "Air President" printed on the side) parked in the B.G.

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!

(turns to walk away; addresses his aides)

I hope they had a good time.

AIDE #1

I'd say so, sir. Your wife is -- how shall I put it? -- rather the complete hostess.

PRESIDENT DUGUAY

(sincerely)

Yes. And faithful, too.

ANGLE - MADAME DUGUAY & PETE ON RUNWAY

MADAME DUGUAY

Oh, Pete, your eyes -- they are as brilliant as the moonlight sparkling on the ocean, they are the window to your soul, the reflection of your deep and captivating emotions.

PETE

Wow, Madame Duguay, you like my eyes that much?

MADAME DUGUAY

Not really. But it sure beats talking about your tendency to ejaculate prematurely.

ANGLE - DAVE & MONIQUE

MONIQUE

I'm going to miss you, Dave.

DAVE

Why don't you come along with me for the rest of the trip?

MONIQUE

Oh, Dave, I would love to. But I cannot. I must return to France in the morning.

DAVE

You're going home? What is it? Your family?

MONIQUE

No, that is not it.



DAVE

What? You have to get back to your job?

MONIQUE

No, that's not it either.

DAVE

Some problem with my reputation?

MONIQUE

No. Nothing like that at all.

DAVE

Well, what then?

MONIQUE

Tomorrow I begin the seventh grade.

Dave's face falls.

EXT. PRESIDENT'S PLANE - DAY

Bouncing, attempting a take-off, but barely making it air-borne, the SPUTTERING, dilapidated, zebra-striped airplane finally takes off, dropping hunks of itself onto the runway.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

The plane is in flight. Dave ducks inside and squeezes into the navigator's seat, next to the PILOT, a depraved-looking, unshaven alcoholic wild-eyed bum. Dave sizes him up.

DAVE

So are we on course or what?

PILOT

Well, that depends. Where are we going?

(laughs)

Just kidding, just kidding. Ever since my wife left me, I got nobody to torment. So -- where to?

DAVE

The north side of Dongo Island. We're staying at the Club Tropico. You know it?

PILOT

Club Tropico? That place is shit. I'll tell you where you oughta stay...

He tears a piece of wire from a hole in the instrument panel where a gauge is missing, then uses the wire to tie down the plane's steering wheel and throttle.

DAVE

(can't believe it)

What the hell are you doing?

PILOT

Automatic pilot.

The pilot finishes with the wire, reaches into the glove compartment.

PILOT (cont'd)

Let me show you this travel brochure here. This is where you should be staying.

0002000006340000F471 62E, He pulls out a small leaflet, hands it to Dave.

INSERT - LEAFLET

A photo of MISTRESS MINDY, a bondage queen dressed in leather, holding a whip.

DAVE (V.O.)

(reading from the leaflet)

"White female, twenty-three, advanced discipline and latex torture sessions. Call Mistress Mindy..."

BACK TO SCENE

PILOT

(grabbing the brochure)

How'd that get in there? Gimme.

DAVE

No, no, you're right. Mistress Mindy sounds pretty interesting. How well do you know the lady?

PILOT

She spanked me once, at an office party -- that's it. We're just friends.

DAVE

Hey, relax, man. According to Doctor Ruth, that's perfectly normal.

(beat)

But then, look at Doctor Ruth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DONGO ISLANDS - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Beautiful beaches, splendorous hotels. Half-naked girls littering the beaches. Everything is breathtaking and magnificent.

DAVE (V.O.)  
(over the P.A.)

Attention, attention all vacationers. As we begin our descent, please stow all carry-on children under the seat in front of you. And please return your stewardesses to their original upright positions. Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. DONGO INN - LATER THAT DAY

A facsimile of the motel in which Norman Bates killed his mother... only the paint job is worse. Dave and his entourage stand in front with their luggage, their mouths wide open in disbelief. Adorning the front porch are a SLEAZY HOOKER, a SURFER KID, and a BAG LADY passed out on the steps.

DAVE

This place is great!!

They all start filing into the hotel under a sign which reads "Dongo Inn." A CAT HOWLS and dashes off into the shadows.

INT. DONGO INN - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Worse. Spider webs everywhere. The coffee shop with a sign that says it's closed by order of the health department. The only humans visible are TWO MORE WHORES, a DRUG-PUSHER-TYPE and the SCUZZY-LOOKING BAND from the Burlesque Club.

DAVE

(proudly)

My people!

Dave stops at the reservation desk. The hotel proprietor, JOSE, rests on a hammock talking quietly on the phone. He's heavy, greasy and unshaven. He holds up one finger to indicate that in just a second he'll be off the phone.

JOSE

(into phone)

Lucinda, Lucinda -- what is the big deal? So you missed your period. Next month you can have two. I'll call you back. I have customers...no, really.

Jose hangs up, gets to his feet and flips up a sign that reads "Under Renovation."

JOSE (cont'd)

I am Jose. Welcome to the beautiful and serene Dongo Inn. I assure you your stay will be a relaxing and pleasurable one.

(extends his hand)

It is indeed an honor to have you here.

He shakes Dave's hand.

DAVE

It's an honor to be had, Jose. We're the Roth party of eight. The airplane pilot phoned ahead and made our reservations.

JOSE

Oh, yes. My cousin.

DAVE

That maniac pilot is your cousin!

JOSE

Indeed he is.

(raises both arms)

Can't you smell the family resemblance?

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - DAVE'S ROOM - DAY

It should be condemned. Jose opens the door.

JOSE

(really pitching)

And for you, of course, I save the best for last. My friend, this is the fantasy suite.

DAVE

So this is the fantasy suite, huh?

Dave enters.

ANGLE - HOLE IN ONE WALL

It's huge, big enough for a human to walk through. one does. Pete enters from his room.

PETE

(climbing through) the hole)

Yeah. You gotta fantasize you've got walls.

(to Jose)

Listen, pal, you told me my room was the fantasy suite.

JOSE

(without missing a beat)

Oh, it is. In there, you have to fantasize you have plumbing.

(turns toward door)

Happy Minute on the veranda starting at four. Enjoy your stay, my friends.

Jose exits. Dave and Pete exchange a look.

CUT TO:

EXT. DONGO INN - VERANDA - LATER THAT DAY

Dave is looking out at the distance through binoculars. Pete sits next to him, trying to peel a mango. Ed leans back in a lounge chair, enjoying the sun.

DAVE

(ala Jacques Cousteau)

Ah, zee tropics. The lush, warm, beautiful tropics...

DAVE'S POV - THROUGH THE BINOCULARS - CLUB TROPICO BEACH

crowded with beautiful women, cabanas, etc. A sign reads: "Private beach for use of the Club Tropico members only. Trespassers will be shot."

Dave continues his Jacques Cousteau imitation, his words corresponding to the women's body part's he's seeing.

DAVE (V.O.)

Zee primordial masses, majestic peaks, and romantic coves...

The binoculars PAN an OBESE COUPLE emerging with great difficulty from the sea.

DAVE (V.O.)

Oh-oh, zee hippo senses danger.

BACK TO SCENE - EXT. VERANDA

Dave drops the binoculars, still looking out toward the beach in a daze.

DAVE

Paradise, Pete.

PETE

Paradise?

(spits out a piece of mango rind)

Wake up, will you? It's a garbage dump.

Pete throws the mango over the side. We hear a voice from the beach:

MALE VOICE (BUM)

Hey, you Yankee American pig dogs!

THEIR POV - THE BEACH BELOW

The only thing on the Dongo Inn beach is garbage, rubbers, dead fish and a filthy, decrepit, half-dressed TROPICAL BUM, who is holding the mango that Pete just threw over the rail.

TROPICAL BUM

(to the guys)

In this country we do not have many laws. Sleep with a man's wife, a week in jail. Sleep with his cow, two weeks. But if a man litters the beach... life!

DAVE

Hear that, Ed? Two weeks for doing it with a farm animal.

ED

(indignant)

Hey, c'mon, man. That was six months ago in Vermont and you know it!

Julius enters.

JULIUS

Bad news, fellas. Jose not only booked us here, he cancelled us at the Club Tropico. We're stuck.

DAVE

That's okay. I like this place. Except there's one thing missing.

PETE

You mean, besides toilets that actually flush?

DAVE

Women. There's no beautiful women here. I need a beautiful woman by my side. I see myself as a couple. I say, let's get all dressed up and go fall in love.

CUT TO:

EXT. RITZY HOTEL - NIGHT (Fiesta Americana)

CLOSE ON A NEON FLAMINGO. PAN DOWN to reveal Dave and the entourage in front of the hotel awning. They're dressed in the same clothes they had on earlier. The DOORMAN gives them a look of serious disapproval and refuses them entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECOND RITZY HOTEL - SAME NIGHT (Embarcadero)

A DOORMAN is talking with some girls and doesn't notice as Dave and the gang sneak through a BIG OYSTER SHELL which serves as the entrance to the club.

INT. SECOND RITZY HOTEL - (Christine's) - CONTINUOUS CAMERA TRACKS as the MAITRE D' leads the group through the club.

MAITRE D'

Follow me, please.

DAVE

I told you someone would recognize me.

EXT. SECOND RITZY HOTEL - (Christine's Back Door) - NIGHT

The gang being shown out by the Maitre d'. He goes back inside and closes the door.

DAVE

(to the entourage)

Team, remember -- where there's a will, there's usually an employee's entrance.

EXT. CLUB TROPICO - (Beach Club Hotel) - SAME NIGHT

They walk past a beautiful beach club.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPLOYEES ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Dave and the gang sneak in under a sign which reads, "Employees Entrance."

INT. CLUB TROPICO - BALLROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT (Roxy)

A very exclusive gathering -- lots of beautiful young women with old bald men. The entourage enters from the kitchen; everybody's dressed in a different hotel employee uniform.

ANGLE - DARLA

in a maid uniform, at the buffet table, supposedly to serve the people who are waiting with their plates extended toward her, but she's too busy eating. In the B.G., we see Stu in a bellhop's uniform, also eating.

ANGLE - PETE

in a waiter's uniform carrying a tray filled with glasses of champagne. Pete goes up to an ELDERLY MAN with his BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE.

PETE

(to Elderly Man)

Champagne, sir?

Pete hands the man the tray and walks off with the man's Wife. ANOTHER  
EDLERLY MAN walks up to the first one and takes a glass off the tray.

ELDERLYMAN #2

Why thank you, Sylvan.

INT. CLUB TROPICO (RAINBOW BAR & GRILL) - KITCHEN

In the B.G., we hear the sound of a BAND PLAYING. Dave, wearing a tux,  
is approached by a SECURITY GUARD.

GUARD

What are you doing back here?

DAVE

(thinking fast)

I'm the new singer.

GUARD

Well, get your ass out on stage. You're late.

He pushes Dave out on stage.

INT. CLUB TROPICO - BALLROOM - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dave grabs a mike, AD LIBS a short greeting, starts conducting the band,  
'til he hears how horrible its version of "That's Life" is. He then  
gives them a few directions and they go into a FULL-BLOWN, FAST-PACED  
ROCK VERSION OF "THAT'S LIFE." At intervals in the song, Dave does a Las  
Vegas-style rap with members of the audience:

DAVE

(to an elderly Jewish woman at a table)

How you doin' tonight, young lady?

OLD JEWISH WOMAN

Oy, not too well. I have a kidney stone... I can't bring up my mucus...

DAVE

(turns to audience)

That's life...

He resumes the song.

CUT TO:



INT. CLUB TROPICO - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and Mister Benzedrini, dressed for dinner, descend the lobby stairs and notice Dave singing in the ballroom. Jerry takes out a picture of Dave.

JERRY

Look, Marty, it's him. The kid we own.

INT. CLUB TROPICO - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave continues singing "That's Life."

He stops at another table.

DAVE

How're you doing?

MAN

My daughter's a vegetable. We don't know whether to pull the plug.

DAVE

'That's life...

Resumes song.

ANGLE - ENTRANCE

Jerry and Mister Benzedrini enter and approach Julius, who is wearing a tuxedo. Jerry taps him on the shoulder.

JERRY

Hey, Maitre d'. Give us a table.

JULIUS

A table?

BENZEDRINI

Yeah, how about that one right down in front there.

JULIUS

(holding out palm, insinuating a tip)

'That's reserved.

Jerry takes Julius' hand and slaps Julius' face with it.

JULIUS

For y'all.

ANGLE - DAVE

stops at a table with FOUR BEAUTIFUL GIRLS. Dave sings his heart out to get laid.

ANGLE - JERRY & MISTER BENZEDRINI

as they watch Dave perform.

BENZEDRINI

(re Dave)

This kid stinks, and he's ruining the song. He's singing it too fast...he's changing the lyrics...

JERRY

It's a fuckin' disgrace.

Dave stops at their table, singing his heart out. He finishes the song, BIG APPLAUSE, then he sticks the microphone in the two thugs' faces.

DAVE

Where are you gentlemen from?

BENZEDRINI

Miami Beach.

DAVE

And what brings you to the Islands?

JERRY

(grabbing Dave's throat)

You, you fuck.

DAVE

(gasping)

That's life...

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB TROPICO - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry and Benzedrini have Dave pinned against the wall.

BENZEDRINI

Here's the plan, Ross. First, you're going to stop acting like an animal, we're going to cut your hair and you're going to learn to sing at the right speed.

DAVE

Now, let me get this straight... you're my new managers?

JERRY

Yeah, and if you don't do what we say, we're going to bury you in the sand with nothing sticking out but your ass.

DAVE

I'm not going to listen to this shit.

BENZEDRINI

Shit? You want to talk shit? Your show is shit, and that's what shit is.

Dave doesn't say a word, but a look of lethal madness suddenly comes over his face. He lets out a LOUD KARATE YELL and prepares to attack. Jerry grabs Dave by the throat. Dave grabs Jerry by the fat of his belly and flings him across the room. Benzadrini reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a gun. Dave grabs Benzadrini by the few remaining hairs on his head, puts his head in the washing machine, pours in suds and turns the machine on.

Jerry gets to his feet and delivers a hard kick to Dave's balls. Dave waves it off with a hearty laugh, then grabs Jerry's foot, flips him backwards and onto the floor, rendering him unconscious. Dave waves his hand in front of Jerry's eyes to make sure he is out, then Dave grabs his crotch and doubles over in pain. Ed bursts in wearing a security uniform.

Don't worry, Dave, I'll take care of this.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NEXT DAY

A TEENAGED COUPLE walks their bikes across the beach.

MALE TEENAGER

Look, Debbie, a place to park our bikes.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the two teenagers as they approach TWO HAIRY ASSES sticking out of the sand, and gently maneuver their bicycle tires between the cracks of the two asses.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Through a door we hear:

BERNIE (O.S.)

Down on your knees! Yeah, like that. Now hold it firmly and stick it between your legs...

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON Bernie's face:

BERNIE

(ecstatic)

More! More!! Spread your legs and jump! Move your hips, for christsakes...I want more...more...

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Bernie is coaching a DAVID LEE ROTH

LOOK-ALIKE. The pimply KID obeys and starts SINGING "JUST A GIGOLO" with a thick accent.

BERNIE

No, no, no, spread your legs more... up, down! Up, down!

KID

(frustrated)

I know I look like him, Mister Kolan, but I really can't sing.

BERNIE

So what? Neither can he. Now practice, practice, will ya?

The PHONE RINGS.

BERNIE (cont'd)

Excuse me, it's probably Johnny Carson.

Bernie crosses to answer the phone as Nikki's Poodle approaches the Kid, who squats down to pet it.

BERNIE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello, Johnny baby!...Dave?...Dave!!

Meantime, in the B.G., the Poodle has clamped its jaws around the Kid's genitals. He writhes around the room, batting desperately at the creature, trying to shake it off, SCREAMING IN AGONY.

BERNIE

(to the Kid off his screams; oblivious of the dog) )

That's it. That's better. Work on that.

As the Kid backs out of the room, his SCREAMS FADE to nothing.

BERNIE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello, Dave! Great to hear from you ...Hm? Everything's fine. How's it going with you?

CUT TO:

EXT. DONGO INN - VERANDA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A RADIO PLAYS JAMAICAN ISLAND MUSIC in the B.G. Dave is on the phone with Bernie. Julius and Stu are playing cards. Pete is checking out the girls on the beach through binoculars.

DAVE

(into phone)

What can I say, Bern? It's nice here. It's well...it's...  
Dave gestures to Pete, "What should I say?" Pete hands him a brochure  
about the locale that he finds lying nearby. Dave reads from it:

DAVE

(reading into phone)

It's "a cultural cornucopia of tropical delight. An island paradise  
unequaled anywhere in the hemisphere." You should come down and join  
us, Bernie.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNIE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BERNIE

(into phone; defensive panic)

Come down? What're you talking about? How am I gonna come down? I got  
work to do.

(feeling his oats; lighting a cigar)

What is that? Some more drugged-out rock star talk again? I'm supposed  
to drop everything and come running halfway across the world just 'cause  
you say so? Come down -- you come down; down to the planet earth before  
you make these ridiculous phone calls in the middle of my day.

ANGLE- DOORWAY

At this point, the DOOR to Bernie's room EXPLODES off its hinges. Ed  
stands in the doorway.

ED

Taxi's waiting, Bern. Dave'll be awfully disappointed if we miss the  
plane.

ANGLE - BERNIE

He looks from Ed to the phone receiver.

BERNIE

(into phone)

I'll get my jacket.CUT TO:

EXT. DONGO INN - VERANDA - CONTINUOUS

Dave hangs up the phone as we hear the JAMAICAN ISLAND MUSIC CONTINUE TO  
PLAY.

DAVE

I don't know what I'd do without ol' Edmund.

JULIUS

I gotta get me one of them.

DAVE

They're great, Jules. But they are expensive.

PEPE

(looking through) the binoculars)

Look at all the beautiful women.

(puts the glasses down)

We gotta get to 'em.

DAVE

No we don't. We're gonna get them to us. Yo, Julius?

JULIUS

Yeah, Dave?

DAVE

Can you get me five minutes on a local radio station?

JULIUS

Shit, yeah. But you think that's enough time, Dave? I mean, I never heard you finish saying nothing in no five minutes...

Displeased, Dave makes a face at Julius. Julius nods, takes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLUB TROPICO BEACH - LATER THAT DAY

Tourists bask in the sun as mellifluous JAMAICAN MUSIC comes from their RADIOS. Suddenly O.S. we hear DAVE'S LOUD HOWL come from the radio. The sunbathers are shocked into life.

DAVE (V.O.)

(over the radio)

We're young, we're ready, we're hot, we're sweaty. So get a good grip on things and guide yourselves gently but firmly down to the glorious "Boom-Boom Room" of the world-famous Dongo Inn. It's yours truly, David Lee, saying come on down and party with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. DONGO INN - NIGHT

The seedy hotel is decorated with CHRISTMAS TREE LIGHTS and other festoons. There are strip-club CHASER LIGHTS around the door and MAKESHIFT FLOODLIGHTS illuminating the grounds. PULL BACK to reveal that the roadways are packed with approaching automobiles all on their way to the big party.

DAVE (V.O.)

(continued from earlier) radio announcement)

Yeah, don't be making the scene with a magazine 'cause this is where it's happening on the island tonight. There'll be a special guest appearance by me, if I can talk myself into it. That's right, tonight's the night, 'cause it's a full moon and being near the equator does something to me...

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - FOYER - NIGHT

Droves of guests. Dave is standing near the door greeting the stream of incoming people.

DAVE

(quickly and impersonally)

How do you do?...How do you do? ...How are you?...Move it right along...Nice to see you...

TWO OVERDONE-BUT-GORGEOUS GLAMOUR GIRLS enter the hotel.

DAVE

(very impressed, he doesn't miss a beat) )

'Scuse me, can I talk to you for a minute?

(takes them aside; big phony smile)

How are you tonight?

FIRST GLAMOUR GIRL

(giggling)

Oh, great. We're on our honeymoon.

DAVE

Both of you?

SECOND GLAMOUR GIRL

Yeah, and here comes our husband now!

The Las Vegas-polyester character from the "Gigolo" video (call him MISTER PICASSO) enters. The girls are instantly all over him.

MR. PICASSO

Easy, easy. Take a number, will ya?

(spots Dave)

Dave!

DAVE

Mister Picasso, what a small world.

(they shake hands)

So you're marrying 'em two at a time now, huh?

MR. PICASSO

It's an old habit, know what I mean? I can't get it up unless my partner's got four legs...F'get about it...

The Wives lead Mr. Picasso away. Dave turns to Pete, who is talking to a good-looking middle-aged WOMAN sipping a glass of champagne.

PETE

...oh sure, I'm enjoying the vacation. But I did leave a classy girl back home. First time in my life I've ever had anything to do with a girl who had that -- real class, I mean.

(takes a sip of his drink as the woman nods)

Yeah, I was telling her the night I left as we were dry-humping against a dumpster behind the Seven-Eleven...

DAVE

(to Pete)

Hey, Cary Grant, let me give you a little lesson there. You gotta be nicer to people, man. That way, they remember you. They really do. Meantime, a clean-cut TEENAGED GIRL on vacation enters along with her STRAIGHT-LACED MOM. The girl is thrilled to spot Dave.

TEENAGER

(excited)

Hey, Mom, that's him! That's David Lee Roth!

MOM

(displeased)

That's him?

She marches up to Dave, slaps him hard in the face, then drags her daughter off. Dave turns nonchalantly to Pete.

DAVE

(calm)

See what I mean?

CUT TO:



INT. DONGO INN - NIGHT

Lots of people partying. Stu is off in one corner talking to a black man -- his name is LaMARR -- who's got a different FLASHY FEMALE on each arm. This guy's pretty flashy himself: double-breasted purple pin-striped suit; paisley shirt with spread collar; gold everywhere -- chains, and rings galore; a full-length white mink coat; the matching white mink hat sports a foot-long pink feather. Stu can't get over it.

STU

...jeez, LaMarr, I have to admit: I had no idea a man could make that much money off of women.

LaMarr takes offense at this. He looks around to make sure nobody's overheard, then leans down close to Stu, wags a finger in his face.

LaMARR

Shut up, motherfucker. I don't want people to know what I do.

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Dave and Pete are still greeting guests as Ed enters, carrying Bernie in his arms.

DAVE

Hiya, Ed. And Bernie! Good to see you. So you decided to pay a visit to a drugged-out rock star, after all!

BERNIE

(scared)

What "drugged out?" It must've been a bad connection, Dave. I didn't say "drugged out." I said, "Rugged, no doubt." You gotta be rugged to climb to the top of the charts like you, Dave.

DAVE

(graciously)

Hey, who cares what you said. Language is just something people use to cover up what they really mean. Know what I mean?

(to Ed)

Why don't you take Bernie up to his room. He looks a little jet-lagged.

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - BAR - NIGHT

From behind it, Jose is busily bartending. He's got his hands full as a big crowd is pressing him for drinks. Various voices from the crowd call out their orders:

FIRST VOICE

Pina Colada.

SECOND VOICE

Irish coffee.

THIRD VOICE

Long Island Iced Tea.

FOURTH VOICE

Bourbon and cola.

JOSE

(harried)

One moment, please.

Below the level of the bar, he quickly lines up a halfdozen glasses, rim to rim. he takes a bottle of something brown, and with one quick pass, fills the glasses. Then he adds whipped cream to the "Irish coffee"; ice to the "Iced Tea"; an umbrella and pineapple to the "Pina Colada"; and pours Bikini Cola into the "Bourbon and Coke." He puts the four glasses one-by-one on the bar, "identifying" each drink as he sets it up:

JOSE

Pina Colada...Irish coffee...iced tea...bourbon and cola.

Dave approaches Jose.

DAVE

So, Jose -- you did make the proper arrangements with that maniac pilot cousin of yours?

JOSE

Absolutely, Dave. He has already taken care of everything. Now the fun will begin, no?

DAVE

Now the fun will begin, jes.

INT. DONGO INN - BERNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bernie, not too pleased with the shabby surroundings, reacts as he hears

a KEY RATTLING in his door. The door opens, but only a couple of inches as the chain-lock has been secured.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(nice, sexy voice; through the crack in the door)

Hello?

BERNIE

Who're you?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

I just checked in, and the front desk told me this was my room. Who are you?

BERNIE

It doesn't matter. Now go away. This is my room.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Do you suppose I could use your phone and at least call down there?

BERNIE

No.

Bernie slams the door shut on her, then hears her WALKING AWAY. Unable to resist getting at least a glimpse of her, he unchains the door and peeks out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BERNIE'S POV - NIGHT

He sees the woman walking away, carrying an overnight bag. She's wearing a tight red dress which covers the most gorgeous ass in the Western world.

BERNIE (O.S.)

(he's smitten)

Wait...!

She turns around. She's exquisite.

ANGLE - BERNIE

BERNIE

When I said "no," what I really meant was "yes." I'm dyslexic. She smiles, approaches and enters Bernie's room. He smiles, too, checking out her can up close, and follows her in.

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - BERNIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MISS MULHOLLAND is a knockout in every department. He is completely taken with her.

MISS MULHOLLAND

(crossing to the phone)

Thanks so much. What a mix-up.

(picks up receiver; begins dialing)

I don't know what they'll be able to do though. The front desk said the hotel's completely full.

BERNIE

Well, I'd invite you to sleep here, but there's only one b...

(catches himself)

Hey, why don't you sleep here?

She puts down the receiver.

MISS MULHOLLAND

(grateful)

Oh, could I?

Bernie gets up, crosses to the door and re-locks it.

BERNIE

It's a little inconvenient for me, but you seem like a nice enough person.

MISS MULHOLLAND

Thank you. Well, if you'll excuse the cliché, I guess I should slip into something more comfortable.

She gets up, takes her bag into the bathroom.

BERNIE

You do that. I promise not to move a single muscle 'til you come back.

She enters the bathroom, closes the door behind her. While she's changing, Bernie is a whirlwind of activity -- he straightens the bed, sprays his mouth with Binaca, etc. Meantime, he's chatting with her, attempting to show off.

BERNIE

Y'know, I don't usually stay here. No, I stay at the Ritz-Carlton in

Monaco. But I'm playing it pretty low-key this visit. Too many people know me on the Riviera, know what I mean? In fact, I'm reluctant to tell you my full name, you'll think I'm showing off.

(chuckles at this)

Y'know, it was probably fate that threw us together like this, don't you think, sweetheart?

MISS MULHOLLAND (O.S.)

Well...I don't know if I believe in fate.

BERNIE

You're right. It was probably coincidence. Hey, forgive my bad manners. I'm sitting here doing all the talking, and I never even asked you your name. I'm Bernie.

BERNIE'S POV

The bathroom door flies open with a LOUD BANG. Standing there in terrifying splendor is Miss Mulholland, now decked out in intimidating dominatrix metal and black leather.

MISS MULHOLLAND

(vicious, with the Exorcist's rasp) )

My name is Mistress Mindy, motherfucker. But you are going to call me mommy.

Out of frame, she grabs his balls. Bernie winces.

MISS MULHOLLAND (cont'd)

And this is from Dave.

She gives her fistful of Bernie a wrenching twist.

CLOSE ON BERNIE'S FACE

He's in shock. His face contorts and his eyes bulge.

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Dave walking through the backstage area.

DAVE

Well, now that we've got Bernie tucked in for the night, what do we have in the way of stage effects and lights? Let me know what to expect.

PETE

(somewhat nervous)

Well, uh...come on, if you know what to expect, it wouldn't be any fun, would it?

DAVE

You got props, shit that lights up, something to that effect?

PETE

(covering)

Oh, we've definitely got something to that effect...

Dave and Pete stop as they see a HANDFUL OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS emerge from the restroom, including the FOUR BEAUTIFUL GIRLS DAVE SANG TO AT THE CLUB TROPICO. They're all giggling as they straighten their dresses, hike up their pantyhose, adjust their undergarments, etc. They start away.

Dave stares at them a beat, then:

DAVE

(to Pete)

Do you realize the geometric possibilities that are racing through my mind at this moment?

Dave starts after the girls.

PETE

Hey, Dave, don't get any big ideas. It's only ten minutes 'til you do the show.

DAVE

Pete, I know that. All I want to do is make some new friends.

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - DAVE'S ROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT of Dave passionately making love to ONE OF THE GIRLS he met backstage. The nightstand TELEPHONE RINGS.

CLOSE ANGLE - DAVE

still all over the girl as the PHONE CONTINUES TO RING. Finally:

DAVE

Get that, will you?

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal there's ANOTHER GIRL next to him.

GIRL #2

Get that, will you?

ANGLE WIDENS FARTHER to reveal a THIRD GIRL as she rolls over to a FOURTH GIRL, who is next to her, smoking a cigarette. (All four girls were seen backstage.)

GIRL #3

Get that, will you?

Girl #4 reaches over and answers the phone:

GIRL #4

(into phone)

Hello?... Just a moment, please.

(to the others)

It's for Dave.

They pass the phone across to Dave.

DAVE

(into phone)

Hello?... Hey, Julius, what's up?

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

JULIUS

(into phone)

Say, Dave. Listen to this.

Julius holds the phone receiver out toward the crowd for Dave's benefit.

The people CHANT: "DAVE, DAVE, DAVE, DAVE...."

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - DAVE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAVE

(into phone)

I'll be right down. But first, I gotta make a social call.

(hangs up; to Girl #2)

Take over for me, will ya?

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dave approaches Bernie's room, knocks on the door. No response. Dave

opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - BERNIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave enters and looks around.

DAVE

Bernie, where the hell are you?

Dave slams the door shut, and we hear a LOW GROAN. Dave turns around to see Bernie, who is hanging on the back of the door.

DAVE

Bernie, you better get dressed, check-out time is noon.

Bernie nervously tries to respond.

DAVE (cont'd)

What are you trying to tell me? Are you trying to tell me you fucked me

around? You think you could sell me off to two gorillas and I'd just forget about it? You can't treat people that way. What goes up, must come down. What goes around in circles, gets dizzy. Because just when you think you got the rat race beat, along comes a faster rat. And before you know it... Bang... Miller Time. Am I making sense, Bernie?

Look, I got a show to do. I'll see you in the morning.

Dave starts to exit, then stops and turns.

DAVE (cont'd)

And just to show you there's no hard feelings, when we get back to L.A., I'll personally have Ed drive you to the unemployment office.

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - BACKSTAGE - DAY

O.S. we hear the crowd wildly CHANTING, "DAVE, DAVE, DAVE..." Pete paces nervously. Dave approaches.

DAVE

How's it look out there?...

Pete pokes his head through the curtains.

PETE'S POV - THE BALLROOM

TWO YOUNG WOMEN are having a free-for-all, vicious, hair-pulling, face-scratching, all-out battle right in the balcony. It's wild and extremely violent. The crowd eggs the participants on. They tumble over the balcony and onto a table on the main floor.

BACK TO SCENE

PETE

(turns to Dave)

Nothing out of the ordinary.

Julius and Darla approach. Julius is reluctant to disturb Dave, but it's obvious Darla's got something on her mind.

JULIUS

Say, Dave? I hate to bug you just when you're about to go on, man, but the old lady's got something she says she has to talk with you about.

DAVE

What is it?

JULIUS

I don't know, she won't tell me.

DAVE

Darla? Anything wrong?



DARLA

(firmly)

Well, Dave, I don't mean to complain, but it's like this: I been in this damn movie an hour and ten minutes already, and I ain't had a single line yet. Not a single line!

JULIUS

Oh, momma, is that all the problem is? Shit.

He takes a small one-gram vial out of his pocket and lays Darla out a line of cocaine.

JULIUS (cont'd)

Why didn't you just say so? Shit.

Darla produces a straw and sucks up the whole gram. She inhales for what seems like ten minutes. When she's done, she gives Julius a shit-eating grin, then turns to Dave.

DARLA

Thanks, Dave.

Darla and Julius exit.

PETE

(with great solemnity)

Dave, before you go on, there's something I gotta know.

DAVE

Yeah, sure, what is it?

PETE

You'd be straight with me, wouldn't you?

DAVE

Absolutely, partner.

PETE

(longingly indicating the spot where Darla's cocaine had been) )

Well, it's like this...I've been in this damn movie an hour and ten minutes already...

DAVE

(cutting him off)

Get outta here.

Dave shoves Pete off toward the wings.

CUT TO:

INT. DONGO INN - BALLROOM - NIGHT

House lights dim, SPOTLIGHTS illuminate the curtain. crowd goes silent.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen -- back for his first appearance ever here in the fabulous "Boom-Boom Room" of the world famous Dongo Inn...let's give a warm Dongoloid welcome to...DAAAAVE!

The crowd erupts, CHEERING and APPLAUDING as the curtain parts and Dave steps forward, center stage.

ANGLE - STAGE

DAVE SINGS AND DANCES THE FILM'S BIG PRODUCTION NUMBER. The performance is fantastic -- particularly in the light of his having to accomodate the bizarre surprise props, sets and backdrops Ed and Julius have obviously stolen from the ritzy hotels we saw earlier. Things like the NEON FLAMINGO, PALM TREE, OYSTER SHELL, etc.

INT. DONGO INN - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

During the instrumental interlude, Dave makes his way to Pete, Julius, Darla, Ed and Stu, who are all sitting at a table up front.

DAVE

(to Pete; with a stage smile, but irritated)

Pete, I've seen this shit before. You guys snagged it from the other hotels, didn't you?

PETE

(unperturbed)

Yeah, we did. Looks cool, doesn't it?

DAVE

(sincerely)

Very.

He moves back to center stage for the number's big finish. The crowd is going nuts and reaching toward him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DONGO ISLAND AIRPORT

Usual small airport activity. A TOURIST BUS pulls up and the gang disembarks. Dave comes off last with the Four Girls who were in bed with him the night before.

GIRL #1

Bye, Dave. Thanks. Last night sure was fun!

GIRL #2

Yeah, it was. Say, Dave? Where can we get in touch with you if we ever come to L.A.?

DAVE

(oh-oh)

You girls, uh, plan on visiting Los Angeles?

GIRL #3

You never know.

DAVE

Okay, I'll give you my number. One of you got a pencil?

One of the girls produces a pen and prepares to write on some scrap of paper she took from her purse.

DAVE (cont'd)

Okay, now the numbers are a little different in the States from the way they are down here, all right?

(the girls nod)

Ready? Here's my number...

(beat)

...Eight.

That's all. She writes it down.

DAVE (cont'd)

You can get me from anywhere in the country with that.

INT. DONGO ISLAND AIRPORT - CUSTOMS DESK - DAY

The group has all passed through customs, except Dave and Bernie. The same Three Customs Agents who assaulted Stu earlier are just finishing inspecting Dave's luggage.

DAVE

(loudly; for the Agents' benefit)

Bernie, will you quit bugging me, man?! Of course, your breasts don't show yet. You just started getting the shots three days ago!  
The Customs Agents' eyes immediately widen with interest. Dave grabs his bags.

DAVE

(to Agents)

Thanks, guys.

Dave moves on. The Small Agent immediately stops Bernie with his riding crop.

SMALL AGENT

(rubbing Bernie's chest with the crop)

Anything to declare?

Bernie shakes his head "no."

SMALL AGENT

(still fondling)

U.S. citizen?

Bernie emphatically nods "yes."

SMALL AGENT

(with flagrant menace)

Are you traveling...alone?

Bernie is frozen with fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. DONGO ISLAND AIRPORT - CUSTOMS SHACK - DAY

Out back, Dave is leaning against the wall, smoking a cigarette, talking with Jose. The rest of the entourage -minus Bernie -- are nearby, too.

JOSE

Dave, my friend, how can I thank you? The party, your performance -- they caused me so much sensation, the hotel is now booked until the end of this century...

DAVE

I'm happy for you, Jose. Now I'm no expert at the hotel biz, but my guess is, sooner or later, you're gonna have to break down and get some plumbing.

They say goodbye to Jose and the group starts towards the runway.

ED

Hey, Dave, you want me to go back and rescue Bernie?

DAVE

Nah, he's got fifteen minutes before the plane.

O.S. we hear a LOUD SCREAM from the customs shack. As Bernie's SCREAMS

CONTINUE:

CUT TO:

EXT. DONGO ISLAND AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY

A 747 JET waits -- heat rising off the tarmac, sun setting in the B.G.

Dave and Pete walk toward the plane.

PETE

(loudly; over Bernie's screams)

Well, Dave, I gotta admit, this could possibly be the most fun I've ever had without air-conditioning. But...

DAVE

But the clock on the clubhouse wall says our time's up.

PETE

Yeah, so what next, Mister Jungle Stud?

DAVE

Well, I don't know about you, but... I need a vacation.

BERNIE'S SCREAMS TURN INTO DAVE'S VERSION OF "THAT'S LIFE" as the  
CREDITS ROLL over reprised stills from the movie.

FADE OUT.

the end