

# **GOING FOR BROKE ©**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES WILSHIRE DISTRICT - DAY

An older, two-story stucco structure fits between high-rises. A nameplate identifies, "Howard, Howard, Fine, and Howard Emetic Building".

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Two men in their thirties wander a ground floor hallway.

Tall SANDY SULLIVAN sports rugged-looks, dark hair, and sparkling eyes.

DOG, a large fat man, with a round, jolly face, wears an infectious grin.

Sullivan carries a guitar case.

A woman's SCREAM resonates down the hallway.

Dog runs to a door and forces it open. Sullivan joins him.

A pretty, bikini-clad WOMAN in her mid-20s, lies on an examination table.

Four gloved robotic hands attach to mechanical arms and sexually arouse her.

Electrodes cover various parts of her body. Wires lead from the electrodes to a wave-form monitor and a computer.

A SCIENTIST, 55, wears a lab coat and examines the data. He spots the men and shuts off the mechanical arms and hands.

The Bikini Woman stops her screams and glares at them.

BIKINI WOMAN

Can't a girl have a little privacy?

SCIENTIST

Fools. You have invalidated the entire experiment. Now, we must start from the beginning again!

She moans.

SCIENTIST

You have no respect for science.

He slams the door in their faces. A sign reveals, "Southern California Libido Research Institute."

Sullivan and Dog shrug, then continue down the corridor.

A sign reads, "Bernie Zeeman - Music Publisher And Circus Act Booking Agent". An arrow points up to stairs.

Dog knits his brow.

SULLIVAN

Okay, Dog. You promise to behave?

Dog opens his mouth, about to protest.

SULLIVAN

You know what I mean.

Dog and Sullivan climb the stairs and reach an office. Printed on the door: "Bernie Zeeman Enterprises."

The door bursts open.

A HAIRY MAN exits. He wears an animal skin outfit and resembles a jungle beast. A chain leash fastens at his waist. A MEEK MAN grips the leash.

MEEK MAN

(Truman Capote voice)

Make way for the Wild Man, please?

The boys step back.

The Hairy Man passes and growls at them. Dog retaliates and emits a loud dog bark.

The Hairy Man's eyes bug out. He yelps and whines in fright. Runs down the stairs in FAST-MOTION and drags his handler with him.

MEEK MAN

Whoa! Whoa! Heel, boy!

The Hairy Man and Meek Man TROMP through the downstairs hallway and out the front door.

A beat later, tires SCREECH, people SHOUT, and the metal CRUNCH of a car accident echoes.

Sullivan frowns at Dog, who offers a sheepish grin.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sullivan and Dog slink into a reception/waiting room area.

A weird group of people sit and wait: a FAT LADY, a black-and-white set of Siamese TWINS, a male LITTLE PERSON, FIRE EATER, and a dog TRAINER. A cute YORKSHIRE TERRIER curls at his feet.

The Fire Eater practices his craft. Dog scampers past and avoids a hot seat from the flames.

DOG

Hey, watch it!

The boys approach a busty SECRETARY in her late-20s.

Dog notices the Yorkshire terrier. Smiles and waves at the animal. It wags its tail. The Trainer scowls.

The Secretary exhales an impatient sigh. Her nasal voice resembles Fran Drescher.

SECRETARY

Well?

SULLIVAN

We've got a three-thirty appointment --

DOG

Sullivan and Dog, for Mr. Zeeman.

SECRETARY

Sullivan and... Dog?

DOG

He's Sandy Sullivan. And, I'm Dog. A living legend.

SECRETARY

Your name is Dog? D-O-G?

Dog pulls out his wallet.

INSERT - ID CARD

California ID, with the name "T.H.E. Dog" and a photo of Dog in a wide-eyed, comedic pose who waves at the camera.

BACK TO SCENE

SECRETARY

Huh. I thought you was an animal act. He housebroken?

DOG

Ma'am, we're songwriters. We've gone through every music publisher in the yellow pages --

SECRETARY

Let your paws do the walking, did you? Well, okay, have a seat.

The buxom Secretary stands and inhales a long, titanic breath. It SUCKS all the wind out of the entire room.

Her behemoth evacuation of the immediate air supply continues. The enormous pressure causes the walls of the room to BUCKLE and bow inward.

The others assume the "take cover" position.

SECRETARY

(screams)

Mr. Zeeman! Your three-thirty  
appointment!

The ear-shattering impact of the Secretary's powerful voice rivals the intensity of an enormous hurricane.

Loose papers FLY around the room like lethal shards. Hair blows about.

Everything SHAKES and resembles the trauma from a major earthquake temblor.

The strain on the young woman's blouse causes it to tear off her body. Her bra remains.

The clothing item flies across the room.

She attempts to cover up the bra with her hands.

ZEEMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you, Shirley... And, get  
somebody to fix the intercom, huh?

The Little Person approaches the secretary. Her blouse wraps around his neck.

LITTLE PERSON

(chokes)

I believe... this is yours.

The Secretary prepares to retrieve the blouse, but her actions will expose her again. She re-covers her chest.

Sullivan helps loosen the blouse, then dislodges the garment from the Little Person's neck. Holds the blouse out to the Secretary and hesitates.

SULLIVAN

Want me to give you a hand?

The annoyed woman raises an eyebrow and snatches the top from Sullivan.

SECRETARY

I can manage alone, thank you.

The Secretary turns and slips the blouse into place.

Dog finds a seat next to the Yorkshire terrier and Trainer.

He digs into his pocket and takes out a dog biscuit. Goes down on all fours and offers it to the Yorkie.

Sullivan watches from the Secretary's desk.

DOG

Come on, fella, it's good.

Dog demonstrates, bites off a piece of the biscuit, and chews it.

The Yorkie sniffs the remainder of the biscuit, then eats it. The animal wags its tail.

Dog wiggles his hips and wags an imaginary tail. The Secretary stares slack-jawed at this behavior.

SULLIVAN

He was orphaned at birth. Raised by a pack of wild basset hounds.

TRAINER

Leave my animal alone, you pervert.

Both Dog and the Yorkie growl at him. Dog chooses another chair. Sullivan joins his partner, nudges him, and points out the Fat Lady, who flirts with Dog.

The coquettish Fat Lady smiles and waves at Dog. He covers his face with his hand in embarrassment.

BERNIE ZEEMAN, 50, stocky and gray-haired, escorts a two-headed man out of his office.

A MACHO HEAD truck-driver type makes up the left head and side of the oddity. Tattoos on a bulging bicep.

A FLAMBOYANT HEAD, with facial makeup and colorful finger rings, dominates the right head and side.

FLAMBOYANT HEAD

(to secretary)

What a voice you have. Ever thought of going into Grand Opera?

(to Zeeman)

Really, Bernie. I couldn't consider an offer that low. I need to buy a whole new wardrobe. My clothes are so ghastly and out-of-style.

MACHO HEAD

You damn fruitpie. A job's a job.

FLAMBOYANT HEAD

Mustn't call names, dearie.

ZEEMAN

Boys, boys. Be nice, don't fight... So, you'll think it over, maybe you change your mind? Talk among yourselves. You know what they say --

MACHO HEAD

You're not going to say, "Two heads are better than one", are you?

The nervous Zeeman clears his throat. The Flamboyant Head of the two-headed man rests his hand on his hip.

FLAMBOYANT HEAD

You're such a brute when you get angry.

MACHO HEAD

Get your damn hand off my thigh.

FLAMBOYANT HEAD

This is my thigh.

The monstrosity attempts to fit through the door, but each side tries to exit first. They struggle against each other.

MACHO HEAD

Stop pulling.

FLAMBOYANT HEAD

Stop pushing.

The side with the Macho Head prevails.

FLAMBOYANT HEAD

Bitch.

They exit. Zeeman shrugs his shoulders.

ZEEMAN

Lovers' quarrel.

DOG

Those two should get a divorce.

SULLIVAN

Or a trial separation.

SECRETARY

These two are next. Sullivan and Dog.

The duo springs up. Zeeman gazes at them.

ZEEMAN

Hmm, thought you was an animal act.

Sullivan and Dog follow Zeeman into his office. Dog waves good-bye to the Yorkshire terrier.

INT. ZEEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sullivan removes a guitar from his case.

Dog pulls a piece of sheet music from a manila envelope and sets it on a piano.

Zeeman waits, drums his fingers on a desk.

DOG

This is called "Canine Prayer". A cocker spaniel who prays to be set free... You know, "God" spelled backwards is "dog".

ZEEMAN

And "stupid" spelled backwards is "diputs". Come on, I'm a busy man.

Dog assumes a position at the piano. PLAYS a blues tune. Sullivan STRUMS blues chords on his guitar.

SULLIVAN

(sings and wails)

"Free at last, free at last. Thank Dog Almighty, I'm free at last!"

DOG

(sings the refrain)

"Mea culpa, mea culpa"--

ZEEMAN

That's enough! What's with, "Dog Almighty"? You some kinda heathen?

SULLIVAN

Look here, Mr. Semen --

ZEEMAN

That's Zeeman.

SULLIVAN

We do heavy metal, too.

Dog strikes loud, dissonant chords on the piano. Sullivan's guitar twangs like a tortured cat. He messes up his hair to resemble a punk rocker.

SULLIVAN

(singing)

"I'm dead! I'm dead! Why you want my body, when you know I'm dead?"

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The upstairs door OPENS. Then a WHOOSH, followed by BUMPS of two rear ends that bounce down the stairs.

Sullivan, his guitar strapped on his shoulder, careens down the steps. Dog follows, close behind. They land in a heap at the foot of the stairs.

DOG

You'll be sorry when we win a Grammy Award.

ZEEMAN (O.S.)

May "Dog" forgive me.

Zeeman throws the guitar case and sheet music down to them.

DOG

Sandy... we should have stayed in Ohio. What a waste.

SULLIVAN

Wait a sec. If I hadn't dragged you out here, you'd never meet Benji and shake his paw.

ZEEMAN (O.S.)

Out! More dog acts I don't need!

The Yorkie YELPS, and the small canine flies through the air and bypasses the stairs.

Dog leaps off the floor. Catches the tiny animal in mid-flight, like a football receiver.

SULLIVAN

Nice grab. Don't spike him.

The dog Trainer tumbles down the steps.

He bounces toward Sullivan, who makes a half-hearted, feigned attempt to catch the man or break his fall. Instead, he turns to one side.

The Trainer smashes into the wall. Grimaces at the Yorkie.

TRAINER

You son-of-a-bitch.

DOG

Hey, don't get personal.

Dog holds the Yorkie in his arms. He covers the animal's ears, offended at the Trainer's curse.

TRAINER

Couldn't hold your water for five minutes, so you pee on his carpet?

He advances on Dog and the canine he holds.

A strange look transforms Dog's face. He enters a trance-like state. Growls at the Trainer.

SULLIVAN

Hey buddy, don't mess with dogs when this guy's around. He goes bananas when someone hurts a dog.

TRAINER

I don't care if he goes tomatoes!

The Trainer slugs Sullivan, who falls to the floor.

TRAINER

Now, gimme that mutt!

Dog continues to growl. The Trainer draws closer. He reaches for the Yorkie.

Dog sets down the animal. Grabs the Trainer by the arm. And swings him around and around, in FAST-MOTION. He flings the Trainer down the hall.

The Trainer slides along the floor on his rear end and heads toward a women's restroom.

Sullivan rushes to Dog, holds his head, and attempts to calm the big man.

SULLIVAN

Easy, big fellow. Shake it off.

Dog shakes like a wet canine.

The Trainer continues down the hallway.

The door to the women's restroom opens, and a LADY exits. The Trainer slides inside the bathroom.

Dog's shakes subside. He sighs.

SULLIVAN

You okay, Dog?

Dog nods. Sullivan pats the top of his head, like he's a giant puppy.

SULLIVAN

Good boy.

Women SCREAM from the restroom. The Trainer hurtles out of the restroom and lands on the floor.

TRAINER

(to Dog and Sullivan)

All right. You want the mutt? Go ahead. You take care of him.

The Trainer picks himself up, scoffs, and storms away.

The Yorkie claps its paws together and BARKS with happiness.

SULLIVAN

(sarcastic)

Thanks, buddy. You took two starving songwriters and turned them into two starving songwriters and a soon-to-be-starving dog.

Dog and the Yorkie pant at each other. The canine licks Dog's face.

DOG

Oh, boy.... What'll we call you?  
What do you think, Sandy?

SULLIVAN

Don't. You give a name to a pet,  
and it gets run over by a bus.

DOG

That never happened to Gwendolyn.

SULLIVAN

Gwendolyn?

DOG

My goldfish.

SULLIVAN

C'mon. Time to go to work.

INT. PHONE BOILER ROOM - DAY

Banks of phones line one wall.

SALESPEOPLE call numbers from yellow page directories.  
Acoustic panels separate them. SUPERVISORS monitor  
conversations.

Sullivan and Dog sit next to each other. A cacophony of  
one-way phone conversations.

SALESPERSON #1

Yeah, this is the copy machine man.  
Need to check the serial number on  
your machine. I'll wait.

SALESPERSON #2

Four-nine-seven-two? Uh huh,  
that's the --

Salesperson #1 refers to a sheet with model numbers.

SALESPERSON #1

The Savin three-oh-one, right?

SALESPERSON #2

We shipped four cartons of toner to  
another business in Kalamazoo.  
But, they changed copiers, so the  
toner won't work in that machine.

SALESPERSON #1

Rather than pay the shipping to  
have it sent back --

SALESPERSON #2

We can discount it to you, since we  
know you can use it.

SALESPERSON #1  
We'll send that right out to you.

SALESPERSON #2  
Yes.

SALESPERSON #1  
Yes.

DOG  
No?

SULLIVAN  
What do you mean, someone just  
called about this?

Sullivan leans away from his booth.

SULLIVAN  
Who's been calling Schenectady  
behind my back?

INT. SALES ROOM - DAY

A SUPERVISOR at a desk passes out paychecks to salespeople.

Sullivan and Dog review their checks.

SULLIVAN  
Fourteen dollars?

DOG  
A dollar-seventy-three?

SUPERVISOR  
Some of your sales didn't verify.

SULLIVAN  
Hey, what kind of dump are you guys  
running?

SUPERVISOR  
Bruno!

BRUNO, a large, muscular hulk of a man, tramps in.

SUPERVISOR  
The gentlemen have a dispute over  
their checks. Take them to our  
conference area and show them what  
kind of dump we're running.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Bruno tosses Sullivan and Dog through the entrance door,  
along with Sullivan's guitar case.

They tumble down the steps and land on the sidewalk, where  
the Yorkie waits, tied to a parking meter.

Sullivan dusts off his pants.

SULLIVAN  
 (to Bruno, who's gone)  
 And, let that be a lesson to you.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Late afternoon. Sullivan, Dog, and the Yorkie approach a high-rise apartment building. A van parks nearby.

Writing on the vehicle identifies: "Repossessions R Us."

Sullivan notices cardboard boxes inside the van.

SULLIVAN  
 Dog. It's our stuff.

A dumpy, middle-aged LANDLADY stumbles out the building's front door.

SULLIVAN  
 Hey, what's going on here?

LANDLADY  
 What happens when people don't pay?  
 I got a court order to sell your  
 junk at public auction.

Two MOVERS wheel a large platform dolly out of the building. Heavy straps fasten an old piano.

The Yorkie nips at their heels.

DOG  
 No. Not Aunt Edna's piano!

Dog dashes to the piano. Throws himself in front of the instrument. The Yorkie BARKS.

MOVER  
 Hey, get out of the way.

SULLIVAN  
 Take it easy, Dog.

DOG  
 No, no! You can't take it!

The movers release their grip, and the piano rolls.

Dog jumps onto the platform and clutches the piano. It picks up speed.

SULLIVAN  
 Dog! Get off!

Dog freezes. The piano zooms down the street incline.

DOG  
Sandy! Help!

Sullivan runs after Dog.

He reaches him, tries to slow the piano's path with his body. He winds up taking a ride on the keyboard.

The Yorkie scampers after them.

Sullivan and Dog hold onto each other and holler.

The piano barrels further down the incline and accelerates.

It rattles down the street, out-of-control. Weaves through traffic. PEDESTRIANS and vehicles clear out of its way.

Sullivan and Dog attempt to steer it. The piano spins.

They approach a park with a man-made lake in its center.

The platform hits a curb and stops. The piano and its riders PROPEL through the air. Into the lake.

Sullivan hangs onto the piano. It sinks.

Dog submerges. Resurfaces for air and spits out a stream of water. A remote-controlled boat just misses his head.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Sullivan and Dog wear their wet clothes while they dry in the warm sun. The Yorkie follows.

They stop at a bar. A sign reads: "Bartender Wanted."

SULLIVAN  
Here's a job.

DOG  
You're no bartender.

Sullivan shushes Dog and saunters into the bar.

Dog points for the Yorkie to stay. The animal obeys. Dog follows Sullivan.

INT. BAR - DAY

Half-a-dozen CUSTOMERS. A mean-looking BULLY leans on the end of the bar.

Two semi-nude, blonde female DANCERS gyrate on a small stage. They bump and grind to soft JAZZ from a jukebox.

COLONEL FULLER, a short, slightly-rotund Englishman in his mid-60s, stands at the bar. He feels no pain.

The Colonel staggers, lifts his glass and offers a toast.

COLONEL  
 (slurred speech)  
 To Trafalgar Square.

He toasts, and customers grumble, especially the Bully.  
 Sullivan and Dog approach the BARTENDER.

DOG  
 One coke, please.

The Bartender glares at them, issues a derisive snort, and  
 pours the beverage.

The Colonel toasts again.

COLONEL  
 To Piccadilly Circus. And the  
 Leeds Football team.

BULLY  
 The Rams would kick their asses.

COLONEL  
 I was referring to the true sport  
 of football, or soccer, as you  
 Americans call it. Not that  
 tedious struggle between  
 steroid-popping behemoths, who wear  
 protective padding.

He offers one more toast.

COLONEL  
 To Wembley Stadium.

BULLY  
 Sit your ass down.

Dog raises his coke glass and toasts.

DOG  
 To... the English bulldog.

The Colonel turns to Dog.

COLONEL  
 Bravo! Jolly good, sir. Let me  
 stand you chaps a drink. I am  
 Colonel Reginald Fuller, retired.  
 Everyone just calls me "Colonel".

BULLY  
 Everyone calls him "asshole".

DOG  
 This is Sandy Sullivan. And, I'm  
 Dog. A living legend.

COLONEL

Ha, ha! Good fellow. Dog, eh?  
Pleased to meet you. Barkeep,  
drinks for my friends.

SULLIVAN

None for me, thanks.

BARTENDER

If you're not gonna drink, why the  
hell did you come in here?

SULLIVAN

Well. You've got an ad for a  
bartender. So, I'm applying --

The Bartender bursts into loud laughter.

BARTENDER

You? What I'm looking for is  
someone to bring people into this  
place. Nice-looking, sexy broad  
with big tits. Get it?

DOG

Then, why doesn't the sign say:  
"Tits Wanted"?

One scantily-clad DANCER grunts and scoffs, offended.

She glances at her skimpy bikini top and admires her figure.  
Places her hands underneath her chest and shakes it.

DANCER

What do you think these are?  
Coconuts?

BARTENDER

Shut up, girl.

COLONEL

I should like another scotch and  
soda, barkeep. With scotch this  
time, please.

BARTENDER

Hey, I ain't seen no money yet.  
So, let's see some green, huh?

The Colonel takes out his wallet. Empty.

COLONEL

The man wants to see some green...  
Is there an Irishman in the house?

He chuckles at his joke. The Bartender doesn't appreciate  
the humor. He grabs the Colonel by the collar.

BARTENDER

You Goddamn limey deadbeat.

COLONEL

Are you besmirching the good name  
of a Colonel for the Cold Stream  
Guards, sir?!

The Bully at the bar swaggers to the Colonel.

BULLY

You English are yellow dogs.

Dog confronts the Bully.

DOG

I object. People always give  
yellow dogs a bad rep. What about  
'Ol Yeller, huh? What do you say  
to that?

BULLY

Screw you.

The Bully punches Dog in the nose and knocks him down. A  
fight breaks out.

Dog, Sullivan, and the Colonel square off against the  
Bartender, the Bully, and several customers.

At first, the trio takes a beating.

Sullivan grabs an empty beer keg alongside the wall. He  
rolls it at two men. They fall like bowling pins. Sullivan  
points at the Bully.

SULLIVAN

That guy kicks dachshunds!

DOG

What?!

Dog works himself into a frenzy. Howls and growls. He  
fights like a madman.

In FAST-MOTION, Dog grabs the Bully. Lifts him over his  
head. Gives him an airplane spin. And throws him into  
another attacker.

Dog drops down on all fours. Mule-kicks a third customer.

Dog jumps onto the man's stomach. The villain's false teeth  
pop out, roll around on the floor, and CHATTER.

The Colonel sneaks behind the bar. Throws glasses and  
bottles at his adversaries and keeps them at bay.

Sullivan grabs the empty beer keg. He uses it as a  
combination shield and battering ram.

EXT. BAR - DAY

An LAPD paddy wagon sounds its SIREN and drives off.

Dog stares through the barred window at the Yorkie, who attempts to follow the vehicle.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

A large holding cell. Sullivan, Dog, and the Colonel rest on a long cot.

A short, wrinkled old BUM wears a large, bulky coat and squats cross-legged in the middle of the cell. Opposite him, a HULKISH MAN leans against the wall.

DOG

You know how I get when I think someone's mean to dogs. Why'd you lie to me?

SULLIVAN

Don't think of it as lying. Call it, experimenting with reality.

Sullivan turns to the Colonel, whose eyes droop.

SULLIVAN

Don't take it so hard, Colonel.

The Colonel shakes his head at Sullivan.

The Bum in the center of the jail cell removes a harmonica from his coat. PLAYS a plaintive rendition of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

COLONEL

It's not being in jail that bothers me... I had a good position once --

The Hulkish Man lumbers to the Bum.

He snatches the harmonica and crushes it in his hands. The music ends, and the Colonel interrupts his story.

The Hulk returns to his position by the wall.

The Bum pulls a guitar from the bulky coat and continues to perform the spiritual tune.

COLONEL

I was a pilot, for one of the first private helicopter charters in this country... Till someone bought out the company eight years ago. Sacked everyone fifty-five and up.

The Hulk shuffles over to the Bum.

He grabs the guitar and smashes it against the concrete wall. The Colonel cuts off his narrative again.

The Hulk resumes his post.

The Bum produces a slide trombone from his coat. Resumes the spiritual and uses a mute on the instrument.

COLONEL

There's no pension to look forward  
to. No other company will hire me.  
They say I'm too old.

The Hulk seizes the trombone. Twists it into a pretzel. When the music stops again, so does the Colonel.

The Hulk retreats to his favorite leaning place.

The Bum reaches into the back of his coat. Brings out a keyboard. Rejoins the song at the appropriate verse.

COLONEL

I thought I had a chance to make  
quite a lot of money, in oil stock.  
Borrowed on everything. Yesterday,  
I was told the oil well went dry.  
Or, so the man said.

The Hulkish Man approaches the Bum and prepares to destroy the keyboard.

Dog hands him a pair of earmuffs.

The Hulk puts on the earmuffs, nods thanks to Dog, and returns to his location.

COLONEL

I hadn't had the heart to tell my  
daughter about it.

DOG

Gee. You make our problems sound  
like nothing.

SULLIVAN

Dog, our problems are nothing,  
'cause that's what we've got.

COLONEL

It's my fault you two are here.  
I'll see if I can get my daughter  
Patricia to bail out you blokes.  
Ah, here she comes. Now, everyone  
smile. And watch your language.

The trio attempts to clean up their appearance. Sullivan fusses with his hair, while Dog and the Colonel straighten their clothes.

A GUARD escorts PATRICIA FULLER, 30s, attractive, with intense eyes, toward the cell.

She stops at the cell. Stares at her disheveled father.

PATRICIA

Now, you're really in the crapper.

At these words, the Bum hits a sour chord on his keyboard. Outside the jail, the Yorkie HOWLS.

EXT. COLONEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest, one-story structure in a lower middle-class area.

INT. COLONEL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sullivan, Dog, and the Colonel relax in chairs. The Yorkie lies at Dog's feet.

Patricia strides into the room.

SULLIVAN

Miss Fuller... Patricia. Thanks for that delicious dinner. Haven't had a meal like that since I left my gray-haired mother in Ohio.

PATRICIA

You're welcome. The least I can do for father's hoodlum friends is feed them.

(to the Yorkie)

Come here, you. I've got some nice chicken bones for your throat.

The canine follows her into the kitchen. Dog spots an old spinet piano in the corner.

SULLIVAN

Thanks for putting us up for a while. You know, that oil deal sounds fishy to me. Dog and I should check it out.

DOG

Sandy, he's got a piano over there.

COLONEL

Spinet.

DOG

Naw, I could push it, but I don't think I could spin it.

SULLIVAN

Okay, Dog. Sing for our supper.

Dog plops down on the piano bench. Sullivan whispers to him. Dog nods.

Patricia steps in from the kitchen, followed by the Yorkie. Dog TICKLES the ivories, in calypso style.

SULLIVAN

(sings, calypso-style)

"Holly! Holly! Hollywood, I don't understand! Hol! Is a Hol, is a Ly, is a Wood, is a city I don't understand... I was raised up on the farm, with certain antiquated charm. Two remembrances I love was dee dirt below, an' dee sky above. But, den I come to Tinseltown, 'an dee place is upside down. Along dee Walk of Fame I go, wid dee dirt above an' dee stars below. So, Hollywood is upside down, wid a dirty sky an' a starry ground. I thought an' I thought an' I don't know why dey got dee stars in dee sidewalk and dee dirt in dee sky."

The Yorkie BAYS its approval.

The Colonel dashes into the kitchen and returns with a pair of salt and pepper shakers. He SHAKES them in rhythm, like maracas to accompany Dog at the piano.

SULLIVAN

(continues singing)

"In dee country an' in dee town, dey build dee houses on solid ground. From Great White Way to Golden Gate, you got stability in real estate. But, in Hollywood dey take such pride, to build dee homes where dee land she slide. Build dee houses upon dee stilt, where dee mud goes down an' dee houses tilt. And, Hollywood is upside down, wid a dirty sky an' a starry ground. I thought an' I thought, an' I don't know why, dey got dee stars in dee sidewalk an' dee dirt in dee sky! Dee stars in dee sidewalk an' dee dirt in dee sky!"

(used by permission of Jon Batson)

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. BUILDING - DAY

A new 12-story edifice glistens. A metal plate advertises: "Now leasing, First Six Floors Only."

Sullivan and Dog dress in jackets and ties. They enter.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator slides open. Sullivan and Dog emerge and head to a door marked "Tellumomma and Spumoni Brokerage."

DOG  
Tell-You-Momma?

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Sullivan and Dog strut into a small reception room. Frosted glass panels partition an inner office.

A female RECEPTIONIST, mid-20s, greets them.

RECEPTIONIST  
Can I help you gentlemen?

Dog glances around, to see if someone else came in.

SULLIVAN  
We want to buy some oil stock.

The Receptionist nods and enters the inner office.

Sullivan and Dog peek into the office. A beat later, the Receptionist returns with LUIGI TELLUMOMMA, 40.

RECEPTIONIST  
Here is our president.

DOG  
Mr. Tell-You-Momma?

LUIGI  
Tay-Loo-Moe-Ma. Call me Luigi.  
You interested in oil stock?

ANGELO SPUMONI, late-20s, hurries into the room.

ANGELO  
Uncle Luigi. We gotta talk.

LUIGI  
My associate, Angelo Spumoni.

ANGELO  
Cut the bull. Let's talk.

Luigi issues a nervous laugh.

LUIGI  
Heh, heh... Excuse us for few  
moments, please?

The two Italians retreat to the inner office.

RECEPTIONIST

I have to go tinkle. Be back in  
five minutes.

The young woman leaves the office.

Sullivan and Dog freeze. Then, rush to the inner office and  
put their ears against the frosted glass panel.

The two strain to hear. Sullivan scowls. Shakes his head.

Dog pulls a stethoscope from his jacket and puts it to use.

He pushes their heads together. Stretches the ear tube  
attachments. Places an earplug in each of their inside  
ears. They listen.

SULLIVAN

(whispers)

What's that sound?

INT. LUIGI'S OFFICE - DAY

Luigi slaps Angelo on the cheek.

LUIGI

You tell me to "Cut the bull", eh?  
I teach you some respect.

Luigi continues to slap Angelo on both cheeks.

ANGELO

But, Uncle Luigi --

LUIGI

Don't interrupt, ingrato.

Angelo puts up his hands and shields his face. This angers  
Luigi, who steps up the assault.

LUIGI

So! You raise your hand to your  
elder? Ti maledico!

ANGELO

Listen! I saw an old customer two  
days ago, while you were out. I  
forgot to tell you yesterday.

Luigi stops slapping Angelo.

LUIGI

Why not tell me in first place?

He slaps Angelo once more for good measure.

LUIGI

Now, talk. Parla.

ANGELO

We sold him two oil wells a while ago. Says he wants his money back.

LUIGI

Didn't you tell him, no refunds?

ANGELO

Yeah, but he threatened to go to the cops. Says we're crooks.

LUIGI

We are. Well, business been off the last few weeks. Time to move to new city. Maybe Frisco.

ANGELO

Banks close soon.

LUIGI

Too late today. Tomorrow morning, first thing, gather up all the cash. Meet me here at noon. Then, we take off. Now, get rid of those rubes outside. Go.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Angelo re-enters, and Sullivan and Dog back away.

Dog still wears the stethoscope. He presses the device onto a leaf of a nearby potted rubber plant.

SULLIVAN

What you think, Doc?

DOG

(fakes a German accent)

Well... I would say the plant suffers from lumbago of the nasal cavity, und arthritis of the roots.

The two inch toward the door. Dog grins at Angelo.

DOG

You must spray plant mit solution of distilled olive oil und watermelon vinegar.

ANGELO

Will that cure it?

DOG

Nein. But, it will make one helluva salad.

Dog and Sullivan open the door and rush into the corridor. The dull-witted Angelo scratches his head.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The usual activity around a police station.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Several desks occupy the room, with plainclothes and uniformed OFFICERS behind them.

Sullivan, Dog, and the Colonel sit with a LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT

Well, if this brokerage company isn't on the level, we'll find out. It'll take a few days --

SULLIVAN

They're skipping town tomorrow.

LIEUTENANT

Let me take down your statement, Mr. Fuller --

COLONEL

Colonel.

LIEUTENANT

Colonel Fuller... Did the company give you a certificate, stating exactly what you were buying?

COLONEL

Yes. But, after I was told the well went dry, I... burned it.

LIEUTENANT

Burned it, huh?... What about a receipt? Cancelled check?

COLONEL

They preferred cash.

The Lieutenant rolls his eyes and puffs out his cheeks.

A uniformed COP strolls past the group. He stops.

COP

Hey. Ain't you three the ones I arrested last night in that bar brawl? You in trouble again?

The Lieutenant rises. Anger on his face.

LIEUTENANT

Okay. That does it. Get the hell out of here, all of you!

INT. COLONEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sullivan, Dog, and the Colonel schlep into the room with glum looks. Patricia and the Yorkie enter from the kitchen.

PATRICIA

How'd the job interview go?

COLONEL

Oh, we'll see.

DOG

What interview?

Sullivan gives Dog a dig in the ribs. Patricia picks up a letter from a coffee table and gives it to her father.

PATRICIA

Looks like the property tax bill.  
I hope it's not due right away.

COLONEL

Don't worry, Patricia. I'll take  
care of everything.

PATRICIA

I know you will, Daddy.

She kisses him on the cheek.

PATRICIA

We'll manage to live somehow.

SULLIVAN

Ever consider living on love?

PATRICIA

Mr. Sullivan. My first impression  
was that you were an arrogant  
degenerate. Don't make it worse.

She leaves the room in a huff.

DOG

Sandy, you can really turn on the  
charm.

The Colonel opens the letter and reads. His jaw drops.

COLONEL

It's not a tax bill. It's a  
foreclosure notice.

He takes a deep sigh, paces around the room. Pounds his  
fist on the coffee table.

COLONEL

Blast! I'm not going to stand by  
and see my world shattered by a  
pair of brigands.

DOG

What are you going to do?

COLONEL

Kick their bleeding arses! How  
about it? Are you with me? Shall  
we give it a go? If we recover my  
funds, I'll give you a generous -  
finder's fee.

Sullivan and Dog exchange glances, then shrug their  
shoulders and smile at the Colonel.

The Colonel hurries into another room.

Sullivan and Dog share puzzled expressions.

The Colonel dashes back. He carries a pistol.

COLONEL

Can you handle one of these?

Sullivan takes the gun from the Colonel.

SULLIVAN

Sure. No problem.

Sullivan twirls the gun like a trick shot artist. Tosses it  
into the air and catches it behind his back.

He tries to flip the weapon to another hand, but drops it.

The gun FIRES a shot. The bullet shoots past Dog's head and  
singes his hair.

Wisps of smoke curl from his scalp. Dog whines, and his  
eyes widen.

Patricia hurries in from the kitchen. Sullivan gives her a  
sheepish smile.

COLONEL

Not to worry, dear. Just showing  
the boys my military souvenirs.

EXT. LAKEVIEW TERRACE - NIGHT

A rustic community. Newly-built, ranch-style homes on a  
terraced hillside. They overlook older, cheaper houses.

Poorly-constructed, shabby homes that need repairs, lie  
further down the steep incline.

An old automobile turns onto a dirt road.

EXT. BULLFROG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Twilight illuminates a run-down, rickety wooden house with a large garage. A barbed wire fence surrounds it.

The car parks. Sullivan, Dog, and the Colonel exit and walk toward the grounds.

A sign on a mailbox states: "No Space Aliens Allowed."

A metal plaque with a rusty doorbell attaches underneath the mailbox. A hand-painted sign beside it warns, "Ring this and you're dead."

Sullivan and Dog gulp.

COLONEL

He doesn't much care for visitors.  
Any volunteers?

Nobody offers.

Sullivan picks up a long stick. Approaches the doorbell.

He presses the doorbell button with the stick. A large fish net springs up from the ground.

Sullivan avoids the net, which traps the stick.

A loud ALARM blares. A series of floodlights bathe the area in bright light.

The trio dives into the nearby brush and hides.

Maniacal laughter fills the area. Dog and Sullivan share worried looks.

JEROME BULLFROG emerges from the house. Tall, 35, his hair cut an inch from the scalp, like an army recruit.

He dresses in military fatigues. Brandishes an M-16 rifle.

Bullfrog weaves through the yard. Reaches the barbed wire and drops onto his belly.

BULLFROG

Ha, ha! I caught one! I caught my  
very own alien spaceman!

Bullfrog crawls underneath the wire fence. Runs to the net. Illuminates it with a light taped under his rifle barrel.

BULLFROG

Freeze, Martian scum! I caught  
one, I caught one!

He uses the rifle barrel, lifts the net, and reveals the stick underneath it.

BULLFROG  
I caught a stick. An alien stick.

COLONEL  
Jerome?

Bullfrog whirls around, ready to fire.

BULLFROG  
You got five seconds to identify  
yourself, or I turn you into tomato  
paste.

COLONEL  
It's Colonel Fuller.

The Colonel rises from his hiding place. Bullfrog shines  
his rifle light on him.

BULLFROG  
Colonel! Good to see you again.

The Colonel draws closer to Bullfrog, who still points the  
rifle at him. Bullfrog eyes the fish net and stick.

BULLFROG  
That stick yours?

COLONEL  
Not really. I'd like you to meet  
two friends of mine.

The Colonel motions for Sullivan and Dog to come out of  
hiding. They do, with reluctance.

Bullfrog trains his weapon on them.

BULLFROG  
Freeze, puke heads! How long you  
known them, Colonel?

COLONEL  
Just a couple of days, but --

BULLFROG  
How do you know they're not aliens?  
Are you a hundred percent sure  
they're human?

He focuses on Dog.

BULLFROG  
All right, snot face! How do you  
figure Earned Run Average? Let's  
hear it!

DOG  
Who? Me?

BULLFROG

Yeah, you, ya squid! Standard baseball knowledge. Something every red-blooded human in America should know. Loud and clear!

DOG

(nervous)

Uh. You look it up online?

Bullfrog imitates a game show buzzer.

BULLFROG

Wrong! Time's up!

SULLIVAN

That's ridiculous. Nobody knows how to figure Earned Run Average.

BULLFROG

Okay, Area Fifty-One Doofus. Now, something simple? Pledge of Allegiance. Now! I'm not waiting till the Zombie Apocalypse hits!

DOG

(still nervous)

Uh... I pledge allegiance to the flag... And... Uh --

BULLFROG

Go on!

DOG

And. If he hollers, let him go, eenie, meenie --

BULLFROG

Not good enough.

He cocks his rifle and prepares to shoot Dog.

COLONEL

Jerome, I assure you! They're both earthlings. And, good Americans.

BULLFROG

Hmmph... All right, step forward.

Bullfrog lowers his weapon.

Sullivan and Dog join the Colonel and Bullfrog.

BULLFROG

But, I'm keeping my eye on you two. Especially you, blubbergut.

DOG

Uh, yes sir.

COLONEL

Boys, I'd like you to meet...  
Jerome Bullfrog.

Dog can't control his impulse. He bursts into a fit of hysterical laughter. Bullfrog cocks his rifle.

SULLIVAN

(to Bullfrog)

Hey, don't pay any attention to him. His name is Dog.

Bullfrog hesitates, thinks for a moment. Then, laughs like a hyena. He motions for them to follow.

He leads the trio to a slit in the barbed wire and parts it with the rifle barrel.

BULLFROG

Follow me, single file.

DOG

How come?

BULLFROG

To avoid the land mines, of course.  
What a dweeb.

The visitors stick close behind Bullfrog.

INT. BULLFROG LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Early Pentagon. Model planes, swords, and weapons hang from the ceiling. Miniature tanks on window sills.

COLONEL

Still work for A.S.I. Helicopter?

BULLFROG

Nah. They fired me six months ago.  
Thought I might be stealing spare parts. Can you imagine that?

COLONEL

How is your... project coming?

BULLFROG

It's done. Want to see?

COLONEL

Yes. Actually, I'm interested in renting it, if it's functional.

BULLFROG

What the hell good would it be if it wasn't functional? Sure, it's functional. But, if it goes, I go with it. Come on.

Sullivan and Dog hesitate.

BULLFROG  
You too, Mutt and Jeff.

They join the Colonel and follow Bullfrog.

INT. BULLFROG GARAGE - NIGHT

Bullfrog flips a light switch.

The room brightens. A homemade helicopter on a wheeled platform occupies the entire garage.

It consists of parts from different aircraft. Various pieces of sheet metal attach to sections.

Sullivan and Dog both whistle. The Colonel gasps.

COLONEL  
You really built the bloody thing.

SULLIVAN  
You're not serious about using  
this, are you?

BULLFROG  
What's wrong with it?

SULLIVAN  
First of all, there's no doors.

BULLFROG  
Added weight you don't need. You  
use seatbelts.

SULLIVAN  
And, it looks like grandma's quilt.

BULLFROG  
Shows how much you know, cretin. I  
took the best parts and features  
from every copter and put them  
together. This baby can reach a  
hundred-and-fifty.

DOG  
What? No machine gun turret?

BULLFROG  
Couldn't find any.

COLONEL  
And, you're saying you won't let  
anyone else pilot this?

SULLIVAN  
You don't need a pilot for this,  
you need an undertaker.

BULLFROG

This is solid as a tank.

He bangs the side of the aircraft with his fist. Part of a metal panel springs loose.

BULLFROG

I'll take care of that.

He grabs a large hammer. Pounds the panel back into place.

BULLFROG

No substitute for a B.F.H. A big, friggin' hammer. Ha, ha!

COLONEL

Jerome. I have a business proposition for you.

He puts his arm around Bullfrog. Takes him off into a corner of the garage.

Sullivan and Dog inspect the homemade helicopter. Dog tests the strength of the construction.

DOG

Seems pretty solid.

SULLIVAN

So is a casket.

INT. COLONEL'S LIVING ROOM/TV - NIGHT

Dog relaxes on a couch and watches TV coverage of a rhythmic gymnastics competition.

Sullivan enters.

A young female GYMNAST performs in the ribbon apparatus category, swirls the ribbon around her body.

SULLIVAN

Dog, what are you watching?

DOG

Not sure. The lady's got some toilet paper stuck to her hand, and she's tryin' to shake it off.

SULLIVAN

You'd better get some sleep.

DOG

In a while. I want to watch the late movie.

Sullivan shrugs and exits.

Dog changes channels. Tunes into the opening credits of "Treasure of the Sierra Madre", starring Humphrey Bogart. Dog watches with interest.

Bogart, Tim Holt, and Walter Huston gather around a campfire in the mountains.

The picture on the TV screen INTERCUTS with Dog's reactions.

BOGART (V.O.)

I'm for dividing it up as we go.  
Make each guy responsible for his  
own goods.

Dog's eyes widen at this statement. In another scene, Bogart and Holt squat beside another campfire.

BOGART (V.O.)

Fred C. Dobbs don't say nothin' he  
don't mean.

Holt points a gun at Bogart, who laughs.

BOGART (V.O.)

I'll bet you a hundred and five  
thousand dollars you go to sleep  
before I do.

Dog scowls with disapproval.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. BUILDING - DAY

The 12-story building that houses Luigi's brokerage firm.

Sullivan, Dog, and the Colonel approach the front door. They wear bulky coats and carry paper bags.

Sullivan has an attache case at his side.

They file into the building, and a taxi stops at the curb.

Patricia hurries out of the cab and follows the trio inside.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

The three men wait by the elevators.

Patricia peeks around a corner and watches the group enter an elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Sullivan and the Colonel take two rubber masks from their bags. E.T. and Yoda.

Dog pulls an "Out Of Order" sign from his bag.

SULLIVAN

Only the first six stories are occupied, so we won't run into anybody on our way up.

INT. BULLFROG GARAGE - DAY

Bullfrog admires his custom-built helicopter. He stares hard and long at two open garage doors.

He attempts to wheel the copter through. Too wide to fit.

He thinks for a beat. Grabs a large hammer. And proceeds to destroy the garage wall between the doors.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

An indicator displays the sixth floor. Sullivan, Dog, and the Colonel prepare to exit.

The door slides open. Sullivan flips the emergency button. He turns to Dog.

SULLIVAN

Hang the sign and wait.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sullivan and the Colonel carry their masks, step out, and start down the hallway.

Dog hangs the "Out Of Order" sign on the floor indicator plate. He stations himself in the hallway and waits.

The Yorkie's head pops out from Dog's bulky coat.

Dog feeds a biscuit to the animal.

He shushes the Yorkie to be quiet. Tucks the animal back out of sight.

INT. LUIGI'S OFFICE - DAY

Luigi and Angelo count several stacks of wrapped bills on the desk.

Angelo attempts to sneak a bundle into his jacket pocket. Luigi recognizes this and grabs his hand.

LUIGI

Hey, wise guy. What you try to pull, eh?

He takes the wad of bills and slaps Angelo with it. The wrapper splits apart, and the bills fall to the floor.

Luigi picks up the loose money.

The door from the reception room opens. Sullivan and the Colonel enter. They wear the E.T. and Yoda masks.

The two men draw guns. Angelo's jaw drops.

SULLIVAN

Trick or treat.

Luigi laughs.

LUIGI

You serious?

The Colonel points his gun in the air. FIRES a shot. Parts of the ceiling plaster fall down.

SULLIVAN

Nice touch. Subtle.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Dog waits in the hallway beside the open elevator.

A SKINNY MAN, 50, enters. Eyes the "Out Of Order" sign.

SKINNY MAN

That's odd. I took this elevator  
five minutes ago. It worked fine.  
Where's the repair guy?

Dog shrugs. The Skinny Man enters the elevator.

SKINNY MAN

Huh. Someone left the emergency  
switch on.

The Skinny Man flicks the switch. The elevator door closes. Dog panics.

The door re-opens. The Skinny Man reaches and yanks down the sign. Waits for Dog to enter.

Dog looks around, confused. Then, dashes into the elevator.

INT. LUIGI'S OFFICE - DAY

Luigi and Angelo struggle, tied back-to-back to chairs.

The Colonel and Sullivan stuff wrapped money bundles into the attache case.

The Colonel retrieves loose bills from the floor, throws some in the case, and stuffs the rest in his pocket.

Sullivan focuses his attention on Luigi and Angelo.

SULLIVAN

Okay, where are your records?

LUIGI

Records? What records?

SULLIVAN

Your books. A list of all the people you cheated with this phony oil stock.

LUIGI

Books? Crooks don't keep no books.

Sullivan and the Colonel exchange shrugs.

COLONEL

We'll figure it out later.

SULLIVAN

Then, for now, this a... substantial interest penalty.

ANGELO

Hey, I remember you. You were here yesterday, with that plant doctor.

Sullivan takes a handkerchief from his pocket and stuffs it in Angelo's mouth. He does the same to Luigi.

Sullivan and the Colonel head for the door. Luigi yells, but the gag muffles his cries.

SULLIVAN

Didn't mommy tell you not to talk with your mouth full?

The masked men dash out the door into the reception room.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

The Colonel and Sullivan take off their masks and stuff them in their coat pockets.

Sullivan bends and pats the potted rubber plant.

SULLIVAN

You're looking much better today.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Sullivan and the Colonel reach the elevators. No elevator waits. No Dog, either.

SULLIVAN

Maybe he's already on the roof?

The two run to an "Exit" door.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Patricia stands by the elevators.

One stops at the lobby. The Skinny Man exits, and Dog remains inside. Patricia approaches him.

DOG

Patricia!

PATRICIA

What are you doing? Daddy said he was going on a business trip.

DOG

Can't talk now. Gotta go.

He pushes the floor button. Patricia squeezes in beside Dog, before the elevator door shuts.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Sullivan and the Colonel barge through the stairway door, onto the roof. Empty.

COLONEL

Bloody hell! And, where's Bullfrog?

They turn and retrace their steps.

INT. LUIGI'S OFFICE - DAY

Luigi and Angelo work loose from their bonds.

INT. 6TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator opens. Dog peers down the corridor.

PATRICIA

Dog. Are you crazy?

Sullivan and the Colonel rush in, out-of-breath.

DOG

Yoo hoo.

SULLIVAN

Dog! Where were you?

PATRICIA

Daddy, what's going on?

Luigi and Angelo stumble into the hallway.

Sullivan and the Colonel join Dog and Patricia in the elevator. Luigi brandishes a gun and levels it at them.

Sullivan pushes the button to close the elevator.

SULLIVAN

Sorry, all full. Next car.

The door shuts before Luigi can shoot. He and Angelo watch the floor indicator.

EXT. L.A. SKYLINE - DAY

Bullfrog's homemade helicopter FLIES through the air.

EXT. 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator door opens, and the group runs out. Patricia follows the men through a door marked "Roof."

EXT. BUILDING ROOF/HELICOPTER - DAY

The four burst through the stairway door.

Sullivan points up. Bullfrog's makeshift helicopter hovers above them and stirs a dust cloud.

The Yorkie exits from Dog's coat and jumps onto the roof.

The helicopter lands on the flat surface.

Sullivan boards the aircraft. Patricia and the Colonel follow. Bullfrog arches an eyebrow.

BULLFROG

What's she doing here? We only got belts for four!

COLONEL

(to Sullivan)

You and Dog can sandwich her in the back.

Sullivan's eyes light up.

SULLIVAN

(sensuous tone)

Mmm, sandwich.

PATRICIA

Shut up, you.

Dog chases after the Yorkie, but the animal scampers away from him.

BULLFROG

(to Dog)

Hey, Jabba! Get in! Hurry!

Dog hesitates, then climbs in the rear of the copter.

He tilts toward the Yorkie, who barks at the noisy aircraft and backs away.

DOG

Come on, boy. Don't be afraid.

The small canine won't enter the craft.

The stairway door opens, and Luigi and Angelo storm onto the roof. Luigi points his gun at the aircraft.

BULLFROG  
Forget it. He won't come.

DOG  
Wait, I'll go get him.

Luigi FIRES a shot at the group and misses.

BULLFROG  
Crap!

Bullfrog puts the helicopter into motion. The craft flies away from the building and into the air.

Luigi prepares to fire another round at the aircraft.

The Yorkie grabs his pant leg. Luigi's shot goes astray.

Bullfrog draws a pistol from his belt. Leans out and shoots at the two Italians in rapid fire.

Luigi and Angelo scatter and drop to the ground.

BULLFROG  
On your bellies, pencil necks!

COLONEL  
Look out!

The helicopter heads toward an adjoining high rise. Bullfrog pivots around. His eyes widen.

The aircraft swerves and avoids a collision. The occupants scream and holler at the near miss.

EXT. L.A. SKYLINE - DAY

The helicopter navigates between tall buildings and flies over rooftops. The passengers cheer.

COLONEL  
(sings)  
"Rule Brittania, Brittania rules  
the waves".

ALL BUT PATRICIA  
(sing)  
"Britains never, never, never shall  
be slaves".

INT. BULLFROG HELICOPTER - DAY

The WHIR of another helicopter interrupts the song. Bullfrog spots a police helicopter alongside him.

BULLFROG  
Alien spacecraft!

SULLIVAN  
Hey, it's the cops. Set us down.

BULLFROG  
We need to lighten the load.  
(to Dog)  
You. Jump out.

DOG  
What about a crash diet instead?

BULLFROG  
Throw out everything not nailed  
down!

SULLIVAN  
Are you kidding?!

POLICE PILOT (V.O.)  
You there! You are operating an  
unmarked, unlicensed aircraft,  
flying in restricted airspace.  
Identify yourself!

BULLFROG  
Stand clear! Bomb bay doors  
opening.

Bullfrog flips a switch. A trap door opens in the middle of the floor. The passengers back off.

Bullfrog grabs everything in reach, including guns, a rope, the two masks, and a small box of food and supplies.

He tosses the items through the trap door.

SULLIVAN  
I still say this is a mistake.

PATRICIA  
You have to land.

BULLFROG  
I'm the pilot! I ain't gettin'  
caught with this illegal chopper!

POLICE PILOT (V.O.)  
That contraband you are dumping out  
will be recovered.

EXT. L.A. STREET - DAY

The debris reaches the ground.

A MUGGER runs from his VICTIM. The rope wraps around him in FAST-MOTION. It trusses him like a calf in a rodeo.

A teenage BOY and GIRL draw close, to kiss. They pucker up and shut their eyes.

The E.T. and Yoda masks fall on their faces as they kiss.

The box of food and supplies lands on a Salvation Army BAND.

INT. BULLFROG HELICOPTER - DAY

POLICE PILOT (V.O.)  
You are all under arrest! You will  
be escorted to a police heliport!

BULLFROG  
Hold onto your jockstraps.

PATRICIA  
No! Stop!

EXT. SKY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bullfrog's helicopter lurches ahead of the police aircraft.

The police copter gives chase. The police FIRE shots that strike Bullfrog's helicopter. Patricia screams.

The pursuit continues.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

HEADQUARTERS ON RADIO (V.O.)  
Unit seven... Two-eleven in  
progress, sector twelve... Proceed  
at once.

The PILOT and OBSERVER shrug their shoulders.

EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

The police helicopter reverses field and flies off.

EXT. BULLFROG'S HELICOPTER - DAY

The makeshift helicopter heads into the desert.

Bullfrog pilots the aircraft into a dust storm.

The dust storm grows thicker. Strong winds BATTER the helicopter. Fluid leaks from the vehicle.

INT. BULLFROG'S HELICOPTER - DAY

Dog curls up in the back of the helicopter, asleep.

The Colonel rides alongside Bullfrog. Behind them, Patricia squeezes between Sullivan and Dog.

Dust covers the windows. Windshield wipers smear the glass and make visibility worse.

BULLFROG  
Good news and bad news... We lost  
the cops. But, we're lost.

PATRICIA  
What?

SULLIVAN  
I told you to set us down.

COLONEL  
Are we losing altitude?

Bullfrog reads the altimeter. Taps it with a finger. The  
needle flops down to "zero".

COLONEL  
Let's have a look.

The Colonel leans out.

PATRICIA  
Daddy, be careful!

The Colonel's safety harness rips and tears.

SULLIVAN  
Watch out, Colonel!

The harness breaks. The Colonel slides toward the opening.

PATRICIA  
Daddy!

Bullfrog unfastens his safety harness and sprawls across the  
front seat. He tries to grab the Colonel.

His leg hits the pitch control column. The helicopter dips  
down, toward the passenger side.

The Colonel tumbles out of the craft. Patricia screams.

Bullfrog slides out the same opening. His feet dangle. The  
helicopter lurches skyward.

Sullivan climbs over the front seat, grabs Bullfrog by the  
collar, and pulls him back inside.

The craft plummets.

Bullfrog tries to correct the course of the helicopter.

BULLFROG  
Can't hold her! We're going down!

Patricia screams again. Sullivan glances back and discovers  
Dog still sleeps.

Sullivan crawls over the seat and shakes Dog's shoulder.

SULLIVAN

Dog! Wake up!

DOG

(half-asleep)

What's happening?

SULLIVAN

We're about to be killed.

DOG

Oh.

He nods and returns to his nap. When the information registers, Dog wakes with a double take and yelps.

EXT. BULLFROG HELICOPTER - DAY

The aircraft struggles in the midst of a suffocating dust storm. It spins and continues to tumble.

The vehicle's trajectory parallels how Dorothy's house falls in "The Wizard of Oz".

The helicopter lands on the ground with a THUD. The dust storm obscures their location.

INT. BULLFROG HELICOPTER - DAY

Patricia's body stiffens. She cannot speak.

Sullivan checks himself for damage. Breathes a sigh of relief. Bullfrog clutches the controls with a tight grip.

Dog looks around, disoriented.

DOG

Are we in Oz yet?

Bullfrog attempts to attack Dog. Sullivan stops him.

SULLIVAN

Take it easy, Bully.

Patricia regains her faculties.

PATRICIA

What about Daddy? He's probably hurt. We have to find him!

BULLFROG

I can't even find my foot.

SULLIVAN

Try your mouth.

BULLFROG

Listen, fart face. First, we wait till the storm passes. Then, we look for the Colonel. If we try now, we could walk off a cliff.

DOG

In that case, you better go first.

Bullfrog scowls at Dog. The group settles down.

Dog reaches in his pocket. He takes out a dog biscuit, hides it from the others, and chews on it.

EXT./INT. BULLFROG HELICOPTER - DAY (LATER)

The windstorm subsides. A thick layer of sand covers the top and sides of the helicopter.

BULLFROG

Ok, yellow bellies. I'm going out.

He steps outside. Then, yells and disappears.

Sullivan leans out and locates Bullfrog. Buried in sand to his waist.

Sullivan helps Bullfrog out of the sand.

DOG

Where are we?

SULLIVAN

I don't think the Colonel took too much of a fall.

Dog climbs out of the helicopter with Patricia.

PATRICIA

Why?

Sullivan points upward. The helicopter sits at the bottom of a 50-foot-deep canyon with steep, sandy walls.

Dog whimpers. Sullivan consoles him.

Patricia's face turns red with rage. She chokes Bullfrog.

PATRICIA

You idiot! Putting us into this hellhole! Losing Daddy!

Sullivan pulls Patricia away from Bullfrog.

SULLIVAN

Calm down. Who knows? Maybe the Colonel is still around here.

Sullivan cups his hands to his mouth.

SULLIVAN  
Colonel!... Colonel!

The canyon walls create an ECHO effect.

PATRICIA  
Daddy! Are you here?!

BULLFROG  
Colonel Fuller!

DOG  
Hello! Is anyone there?!

The four listen. Only their own echoes. Dog's echo intrigues him.

DOG  
Yodel ay hee hoo!

BULLFROG  
That's it. You die, Martian.

Bullfrog storms after Dog. Sullivan restrains him.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The afternoon sun scorches the canyon.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Sullivan and Dog watch Bullfrog examine the helicopter.

BULLFROG  
The main rotor mast is cracked.  
And the hydraulic line's busted.

SULLIVAN  
No reception for cell phones...  
What about climbing this thing?

BULLFROG  
The rope got thrown out, dork.

Patricia scurries to them.

PATRICIA  
There's a cave over there.

BULLFROG  
Great. We won't die of exposure.  
Just starve to death.

Dog gulps hard. Bullfrog scrounges the helicopter.

Sullivan comforts Dog.

Bullfrog emerges from the craft. With a first-aid kit, blanket, paperback, and a water canteen.

Dog turns his back to the others and sneaks a dog biscuit from his jacket.

BULLFROG

It's all we got. We'll have to ration the water.

SULLIVAN

What's the paperback?

BULLFROG

"Robinson Crusoe".

PATRICIA

I'll never see Daddy again.

SULLIVAN

We'll never write another song.

BULLFROG

I've read my last issue of "Guns And Ammo".

Dog reflects. His face whitens.

DOG

I've seen my last cocker spaniel.

Hysteria overtakes him. He runs circles, in FAST-MOTION.

SULLIVAN

Easy, boy.

Sullivan and Bullfrog hold Dog.

SULLIVAN

Shake it off, big fella.

Dog shakes like a wet hound and calms down. He sighs.

PATRICIA

He's a real lunatic.

SULLIVAN

Not a real lunatic, but an incredible simulation. He's very sensitive about dogs. When his mom was pregnant with him, a dalmatian rescued her from a burning house.

BULLFROG

Who cares if they never see a dog again?

DOG

No!

The statement upsets Dog again. He freaks out and runs off. Sullivan and Bullfrog can't stop him.

Dog runs to one of the steep canyon walls. Climbs in FAST-MOTION, on all fours, like an overweight pooch.

The others watch his effort.

SULLIVAN

Go, Dog! Go! Go! Go!

Dog continues his frenetic climb.

Halfway up, he loses traction. His wheels spin. He struggles, like on a treadmill that travels too fast.

Dog digs his fingernails into the dry, mud-caked canyon wall. And slides downward.

SULLIVAN

No, Dog! No! No! No!

Bullfrog positions himself underneath the plummeting Dog, like a baseball player about to catch a fly ball. He waves his arms.

BULLFROG

I got it! I got it!

Dog lands on Bullfrog. A dirt cloud obscures everything.

The dust clears. No Bullfrog.

SULLIVAN

He don't got it.

BULLFROG

(muffled)

Get... the hell... off me.

Dog looks beneath him. The soft earth buries Bullfrog up to his neck.

BULLFROG

Want to get me out of here?

SULLIVAN

I don't know. You look pretty good down there. Like a bowling ball with ears.

EXT. CANYON - DAY (LATER)

The helicopter rests against the canyon wall.

Dog stands on top of the aircraft. Forms the base for a human ladder.

Sullivan perches on Dog's shoulders, Bullfrog on Sullivan's shoulders.

Patricia climbs up the three men. Tries to stand on Bullfrog's head.

SULLIVAN  
How's it look?

PATRICIA  
About thirty feet short.

SULLIVAN  
Can you get a foothold anywhere?

BULLFROG  
Besides my face?

PATRICIA  
Is that what it is? I thought I stepped on a ripe cantaloupe.

DOG  
Could you hurry up? Please?

Patricia extends her hand to reach a narrow ledge.

BULLFROG  
Oh, oh.

SULLIVAN  
What's the matter?

A loud FART. Sullivan wrinkles his nose.

SULLIVAN  
Yecchh.

DOG  
Whew...

Sullivan reacts to the odor, and his body sways.

The others who make up the human ladder try to adjust to the movement. Instead, they create an even wider wobble.

The group wavers back and forth.

Patricia loses her balance. She falls. The rest tumble to the ground, in a cloud of dust.

Sullivan, Dog, and Patricia all glare at Bullfrog.

BULLFROG  
Well, you eat five bean burritos for breakfast and see what happens.

EXT. CANYON - DAY (LATER)

Late afternoon. They construct a makeshift rope, from helicopter harnesses and seatbelts, along with torn strips of clothing tied together, including Patricia's bra.

Bullfrog makes a loop at the end.

He tries to lasso a rock formation near the rim. Loose soil and pebbles rain on him. He fails.

Bullfrog brushes off the dirt, and Sullivan grabs the line.

SULLIVAN

Let me try. I was a Boy Scout for twelve years.

He wanders to another part of the canyon wall. Dog and Patricia follow. Bullfrog stays put.

Sullivan squints at the canyon rim. Shields his eyes from the sun and heaves the homemade rope.

The three attempt to follow its flight, but the intense sunlight blinds them.

The rope drapes over jutting rocks and falls back down the canyon wall, several feet from the trio.

A miniature landslide occurs. They turn their heads away from the debris.

The do-it-yourself rope drops directly above Bullfrog. The loop falls over his head.

Sullivan yanks on the rope.

The noose tightens around Bullfrog's neck. More dust and stones tumble down.

The dust, falling stones, and blinding sunlight prevent them from noticing that the rope strangles Bullfrog.

SULLIVAN

Hey. I hooked onto something.  
Bully. Give us a hand.

Bullfrog responds with a suppressed gasp. Gags and chokes.

SULLIVAN

Okay, sorehead, we don't need you.  
Dog, hold this tight.

Dog holds the line taut. Sullivan shinnies up the rope.

The tension on the rope increases.

Bullfrog's neck STRETCHES and elongates, to ridiculous, outrageous proportions.

SULLIVAN

It's working. I'm gonna make it!

Patricia swivels to avoid the dust shower and sunlight. When she recognizes Bullfrog's predicament, her eyes widen.

PATRICIA

Dog! Let go! He's choking!

Dog releases his grip. He and Patricia rush to Bullfrog.

They attempt to loosen the noose around Bullfrog's neck, but it's bound too tight.

Dog reaches above Bullfrog's head and yanks on the rope. Sullivan rockets skyward.

The rope strains, then rips and breaks. Sullivan plummets to the ground.

EXT. CANYON - DAY (LATER)

The helicopter lies on its side. Two metal landing skids on the underside of the aircraft angle upward.

Several large rubber belts from the engine fasten together.

Each end of the jerry-rigged belt attaches to the tip of a landing skid. It resembles a massive slingshot.

Bullfrog rests in the sling part of the apparatus. Sullivan and Dog yank him backward.

Patricia stifles a laugh.

BULLFROG

Hey, guys. I was kidding when I said it might work. Really.

SULLIVAN

Don't be so modest, Bully. We know you can do it.

DOG

Yeah, what have you got to lose?

BULLFROG

My life?

SULLIVAN

Geronimo!

Sullivan and Dog release the sling. It SNAPS forward and Bullfrog soars through the air.

A faulty angle of trajectory.

Bullfrog crashes into the canyon wall's soft dirt. His body lodges halfway and legs protrude. He flails to get free.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

All gather around a stack of scrub brush. Bullfrog sports a bandage over an eyebrow.

He tears pages from the paperback, sets them ablaze with a cigarette lighter, and feeds them into the brush.

The group warms themselves by the small campfire.

Sullivan counts money from the attache case.

BULLFROG

We got enough mesquite for a couple more fires. Then, we burn what we can of the copter.

He reaches into the first-aid kit. Produces a flare gun.

Bullfrog grunts and tramps out of the cave. The others hear the flare gun CRACKLE. He re-enters.

SULLIVAN

There's eight-hundred-forty thousand dollars here... We might end up using it for a fire.

BULLFROG

Listen, squid. Nobody's burning my money. We'll divide it up. Each responsible for their own share. Burn yours, eat it, or stick it up your butt, for all I care!

DOG

Fred C. Dobbs, from "Treasure of the Sierra Madre". He talked just like you.

BULLFROG

Miss Patricia is the Colonel's survivor. So, we'll give his share to her.

SULLIVAN

Not the time to talk about survivors, Bully.

PATRICIA

I don't care about money. I want to get out of here and find Daddy.

SULLIVAN

Look, Bully. We said we'd try to find those people who got cheated and give their money back. All the Colonel wants is what he invested. He agreed to pay you for your services. We're not thieves, we're vigilantes.

BULLFROG

I think maybe you are a Martian. Know how ridiculous you sound? So, the three of us get two-hundred grand each. Give her the rest.

PATRICIA

Shut up.

BULLFROG

Okay. Then, I'll bet you eight-hundred-forty thousand dollars, I'm the last one alive.

DOG

Fred C. Dobbs.

PATRICIA

I'm exhausted and sleepy. On that happy note, I'm turning in.

The group agrees. They bed down together. All share the single blanket.

Sullivan turns to Patricia.

SULLIVAN

I'm more than willing to share some mutual body warmth.

PATRICIA

Don't be a total degenerate.

She turns her back on him.

DOG

Better than a partial degenerate.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Buzzards SQUAWK and circle the canyon.

Dog munches on a dog biscuit in secret, shirt drenched in sweat. He enters the cave.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Dog, Bullfrog, and Patricia rest, with backs against the walls. Sullivan lumbers in. All appear weak and weary.

SULLIVAN

No more cactus plants. There's nothing out there to eat.

PATRICIA

It's just one day, but I'm hungry.

SULLIVAN

I'm open to suggestions.

BULLFROG  
Cannibalism.

Bullfrog leers at Dog.

BULLFROG  
Eat the one who'll make the biggest  
meal. Makes perfect sense.

DOG  
I've got an idea. Why don't you  
cut off your fat head and eat it?

SULLIVAN  
Hey! We're not going to eat  
anyone... Unless it's a last  
resort.

Dog's eyes widen. He sneaks into a dark corner of the cave.  
Takes out another dog biscuit and munches on it.

Bullfrog cocks his ear and listens. Runs to Dog and grabs  
his hand, which holds what's left of the biscuit.

DOG  
Hey!

BULLFROG  
Yeah! I thought I heard someone  
eating.

SULLIVAN  
Me too. All this time, I figured  
it was just an acid flashback.

Bullfrog snatches the biscuit from Dog and takes a bite.

DOG  
That's my last dog biscuit.

Bullfrog spits out the biscuit.

BULLFROG  
Bleechh! Dog food!

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Buzzards no longer circle. They line up on the canyon rim.

INT. CAVE - DAY

All four sit in the cave.

PATRICIA  
I read if you put pebbles in your  
move, you can create more saliva.

SULLIVAN  
Wouldn't Fred Flintstone get mad?

Patricia stifles a laugh. Dog's eyes bug out.

DOG  
I can't stand it!

He takes off his shoes. Pulls out the leather tongues. And chews on one.

Dog offers Sullivan the other tongue.

SULLIVAN  
That's okay. Never liked tongue.  
Save it for your dessert.

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

Darkness surrounds the desert canyon.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Bullfrog, Dog, and Patricia sleep.

Sullivan wakes up with a yawn. Patricia rolls over.

A button on her blouse unfastens at a strategic location. Part of a breast pokes through.

SULLIVAN  
Hmmm...

Sullivan wriggles his way toward Patricia.

His hand inches closer to her blouse button. Hesitates.

Patricia awakens, sees Sullivan, then slaps him. Tucks her breast inside and re-buttons the blouse.

PATRICIA  
I was almost ready to tolerate you.

SULLIVAN  
No, no. I just wanted to re-button  
your blouse.

Patricia shakes her fist at him.

PATRICIA  
I'll re-button you!

Dog stirs, but remains asleep. Bullfrog dreams.

BULLFROG  
Thanks, Mom. Tuck me in.

Sullivan offers a sheepish grin, then leaves.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Mid-morning. Sullivan rushes back into the cave.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Sullivan wakes Bullfrog, then Patricia. Motions to them. The three exit the cave and leave Dog, who sleeps.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Sullivan leads Bullfrog and Patricia to a small hole.

SULLIVAN

Just saw a prairie dog go in there.

BULLFROG

Can't be much meat to him. But, better than nothing.

SULLIVAN

Don't mention this to Dog. The way he feels about members of the canine family.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Dog wakes up and discovers he's alone. Heads to the cave opening. Stops to listen.

INTERCUT CANYON/CAVE

BULLFROG

Tell him. It's for his own good.

PATRICIA

Dog's as weak as the rest of us.

BULLFROG

It's not a real dog. Just got "dog" in the name, that's all.

Dog perks up his ears.

SULLIVAN

I still don't think he'll care too much for the idea.

BULLFROG

Do it when he's asleep. Better that way. He won't know what's happened, till it's too late.

Patricia peers into the prairie dog hole.

PATRICIA

How would you kill him? You threw the guns out.

SULLIVAN

It'd be pretty sloppy, anyway.

BULLFROG

We still got part of that rope we made. Put the noose around his neck and strangle him.

Dog's eyes reveal shock and fright.

SULLIVAN

(sarcastic)

Why don't you just get a club and bash the poor fella's brains in?

Dog grabs his neck and head in a defensive posture.

PATRICIA

We've got wood for one more fire.

Bullfrog rubs his hands together in anticipation.

BULLFROG

Dogburger for lunch.

PATRICIA

I'm not sure I could eat him.

SULLIVAN

Meat's probably tough, too.

Dog scowls, insulted by the remark.

BULLFROG

The fat'll fry away. Just poke a stick through him. Cook him like a pig in a barbecue.

Dog gives an angry snort.

DOG

Harumph!

SULLIVAN

No. It's not fair to Dog. I'm going to tell him.

Dog stomps out and faces the group.

DOG

Gonna eat me for lunch, eh?!

Patricia tries to intervene, but Dog ignores her.

PATRICIA

He's gone completely insane.

Dog points at Sullivan.

DOG  
(to Sullivan)  
My meat will be tough, huh?!  
(to Bullfrog)  
And, you just try to poke a stick  
through me!

BULLFROG  
He's flipped.

PATRICIA  
Wait! Shut up, everybody! Listen.

Everyone hushes. A distant helicopter WHIRRING breaks the silence. Everyone except Bullfrog freezes.

BULLFROG  
It's a chopper. Must be the cops.

DOG  
I don't care. We're saved!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A helicopter approaches, hovers, and descends.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

The quartet watches and cheers. The helicopter lands.

BULLFROG  
It's not the cops. Good.

A young PILOT shuts off the engine and exits. Luigi and Angelo step out, armed with guns.

The four raise their arms and surrender.

LUIGI  
Buon giorno. I thought hiring this  
pilot was mistake. Patience pays  
off... Aspetto. Wait. Where's the  
old man?

BULLFROG  
We dropped him off.

ANGELO  
Where's the cash?

Luigi looks at Bullfrog's disabled helicopter and chuckles.

LUIGI  
Give us the money, and we fly you  
out of here.

Sullivan groans, then leads Angelo into the cave.

Dog growls at Luigi. The Italian bares his teeth and grins.



A puzzled Angelo attends to the unconscious Luigi. Cheers come from a distance. Angelo peers down into the canyon.

ANGELO'S POV - CANYON FLOOR

Bullfrog and Patricia operate the giant, improvised slingshot. They load it with rocks and propel them, one at a time, toward Angelo.

BACK TO SCENE

Angelo FIRES a shot toward Patricia and Bullfrog.

Sullivan rushes Angelo and kicks the weapon out of his hand. The gun falls into the canyon.

Angelo and Sullivan struggle. The Pilot climbs out the still-running helicopter and chases Dog.

Sullivan prepares to slug Angelo, but a rock from the slingshot STRIKES him and knocks him out.

BULLFROG (O.S.)

Sorry about that, Sullivan!

Angelo joins the Pilot. The two men chase Dog around the copter. The Pilot signals Angelo to change directions to trap Dog.

Dog recognizes the strategy and jumps into the vehicle.

INT. LUIGI'S COPTER - DAY

Dog tries the controls on the instrument panel. Grabs the pitch control column.

EXT. CANYON RIM - DAY

The aircraft raises a few inches and wobbles. The landing skid strikes the Pilot and knocks him out.

Angelo grabs Luigi's gun. He points the weapon at Dog.

ANGELO

Now. Get out of there!

The helicopter touches down and Angelo forces Dog out.

Sullivan regains consciousness.

SULLIVAN

Yo, Angelo. Have you stopped beating your dog?

ANGELO

Hah?

Dog's countenance clouds over. He drops down on all fours. Mule-kicks Angelo into dreamland.

EXT. CANYON RIM - DAY (LATER)

Bullfrog mans the controls of Luigi's helicopter. Patricia sits behind him and buckles her seat belt.

Outside the vehicle, Sullivan holds Luigi, Angelo, and the Pilot at gunpoint.

Dog takes the money from their wallets.

SULLIVAN

Just so you boys aren't tempted to rent a machine gun.

(to Pilot)

You're probably not involved with them. But, we can't take chances.

PILOT

That's ok. I got paid in advance.

Sullivan pulls a bill from Luigi's wallet. Stuffs it into the Pilot's shirt pocket.

SULLIVAN

Here's a tip. Soon as we know we're safe, we'll let someone know where you are. Arrivederci.

Dog and Sullivan jump into the craft.

The helicopter ELEVATES. Luigi shakes a fist at them.

INT. LUIGI'S COPTER - DAY

Bullfrog pilots the aircraft and glances behind him.

PATRICIA

Bullfrog, put your seat belt on.

SULLIVAN

What are you looking for?

BULLFROG

Where's the loot?

Dog lifts up the attache case.

BULLFROG

Give it here.

DOG

No.

PATRICIA

Put on your seat belt.

SULLIVAN

Bully. Watch where you're flying.

BULLFROG  
I want my share. Give it to me!

DOG  
No.

Bullfrog crawls over the pilot's seat.

SULLIVAN  
What are you doing?!

PATRICIA  
Get back there and fly this!

BULLFROG  
It's okay on its own for a minute.

Bullfrog advances on Dog, who clutches the attache case.

BULLFROG  
Give me that case, you fat turd.

DOG  
No. You're like Fred C. Dobbs in  
"Treasure of the Sierra" --

BULLFROG  
You're gonna be a buried treasure!

PATRICIA  
Stop it!

BULLFROG  
You mangy mongrel.

Bullfrog and Dog struggle with the case.

Dog gives him a belly bounce. Bullfrog reels backward,  
falls over the pilot seat and hits the instrument panel.

EXT./INT. LUIGI'S COPTER - DAY

The aircraft tilts. Bullfrog tumbles out the opening.

Sullivan tries to reach him. Bullfrog slides down the side  
of the aircraft. He grabs hold of a landing gear skid.

SULLIVAN  
Hang on, Bully!

DOG  
Who's gonna fly this thing?

PATRICIA  
Do something!

Sullivan gapes at the instrument panel. The craft swerves.

SULLIVAN

Your dad's a pilot. You fly it!

PATRICIA

It's not inherited.

DOG

Try this one, Sandy.

Dog points to the pitch control column. Sullivan pushes it. The helicopter does a rapid nose dive. Occupants scream. Bullfrog grips the skid. The aircraft continues to descend.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A small farm, with a house and barn appears in view.

EXT. LUIGI'S COPTER - DAY

The landing gear buckles and CREAKS.

BULLFROG

Oh, crap.

EXT. BARN - DAY

A Mexican FARMER uses a water hose to slop hogs in a pig pen, alongside the barn.

He spots the helicopter, and his eyes bug out.

INT. LUIGI'S COPTER - DAY

Patricia screams. Sullivan attempts to control the craft. Dog sits in the center of the helicopter and prays.

DOG

Now, I lay me down to crash.

EXT. BARN/LUIGI'S COPTER - DAY

The Farmer drops his water hose and runs off.

The landing skid breaks. Bullfrog plummets and falls into the muddy pig pen. Slides on his stomach.

The helicopter flies through the open hayloft. The main rotor blade SHEARS off. Chickens scramble out of the loft.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

The runaway rotor blade PLOWS through a cornfield. Mows down several rows and cuts cornstalks. Ears of corn fly in all directions.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The Farmer dashes to the barn. His WIFE runs to his side, along with two young SONS. They look on, wide-eyed.

INT. HAYLOFT - DAY

The half-full loft buries most of the helicopter. A cracked tail section snaps off.

Sullivan rolls out of the vehicle. Bits of hay stuck in his ears and hair.

Patricia slides into a stack of hay up to her neck.

Dog surfaces from another hay pile. He wears a nest on his head. A hen perches on it.

The chicken flies off and reveals an egg in the nest. A chick hatches and chirps.

SULLIVAN  
Congratulations, Dog. You're a  
father.

An angry rooster scurries to Dog. SHRIEKS at him.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The stunned Mexican family watches, mouths open.

Bullfrog rises from the pig pen, onto his knees. Mud covers him, head to toe.

A pig stares at Bullfrog and OINKS its displeasure. The animal wheels around and kicks mud in Bullfrog's face.

Sullivan stumbles to the hayloft opening.

SULLIVAN  
Bully. No time to make mud pies.  
Who's your new girlfriend?

Sullivan's eyes glaze over. He strains to locate the Mexican family, who continue to look in amazement.

SULLIVAN  
Excuse me, folks... Could you  
direct me... to the nearest Old  
MacDonalds?

Sullivan faints, collapses, and sprawls across the opening.

EXT. FARM - DAY

The sun rises and illuminates the small farm.

INT. FARM BEDROOM - DAY

Sullivan lies in bed. Patricia and Dog sit nearby.

Sullivan wakes up, unnoticed. Closes his eyes and pretends to be asleep. Tosses, turns, and groans.

Patricia and Dog scurry to him.

SULLIVAN  
(feigns delirium)  
Momma, no. I don't want to join  
the Knights of Columbus. No,  
Momma, help me.

DOG  
It's okay, Sandy.

PATRICIA  
He's hallucinating.

DOG  
He'll be sorry he slept through it.

SULLIVAN  
Momma, I'm scared. Hold my hand,  
Momma, hold my hand.

Patricia holds Sullivan's hand and comforts him. He pulls her down to him. Strokes her hand.

SULLIVAN  
Momma. Oh, Momma.

Patricia breaks away from Sullivan. He grins.

PATRICIA  
Get your hands off me, you faker.

SULLIVAN  
Where are we?

PATRICIA  
Back in the U.S., where we crashed.  
You were out twelve hours.

SULLIVAN  
How's Bully?

DOG  
He cleaned up real nice.

PATRICIA  
We gave these people some money.  
They sold us their car. We can  
drive back across the border. See  
if we can find Daddy.

DOG

They're fixing us a big meal. You  
feel well enough to eat?

Patricia stares at Sullivan and scoffs.

PATRICIA

Oh, he's well enough.

DOG

I didn't know you were afraid of  
the Knights of Columbus.

INT. FARM DINING ROOM - DAY

The four guests help the two Sons set the dinner table. The proud Farmer displays the food to be cooked, then takes it into the kitchen.

The Wife shows them a large, fresh turkey. They approve.

SULLIVAN

Remember your Mom's stuffing  
recipe?

DOG

Remember it? Heck, I wrote it.  
Hey, Senor.

Dog rushes into the kitchen.

INT. FARM KITCHEN - DAY

Dog approaches the Farmer.

DOG

Yo stuffo el gobble-ito, okay?

FARMER

(broken English)  
Okay... You fix. Me go.

The Farmer leaves. Dog noses around and grabs ingredients from shelves.

Two large containers rest beside the turkey. One holds rice. The other stores corn kernels.

INT. FARM DINING ROOM - DAY

The Farmer and his Sons take their places at the table, alongside Patricia, Bullfrog and Sullivan.

The Wife rushes into the room and faces her husband.

WIFE

(scolds him)  
Ese hombre esta haciendo un  
desastre.

FARMER

No lo molestes.

The Farmer waves a hand at the Wife and dismisses her. She glares at her husband and returns to the kitchen.

INT. FARM KITCHEN - DAY

Dog, a scoop in his hand, stuffs the turkey with uncooked rice. The angry Wife enters.

WIFE

Por favor, deje de.

DOG

Don't worry, I've made this a million times.

Dog loses his attention and doesn't watch what he's doing. He dips the scoop into the container filled with corn kernels by mistake and stuffs the turkey with them.

WIFE

(argues)

Esta es mi cocina!

Dog barks at her. The Wife stomps off. Dog scowls.

DOG

What's the matter with her? She think I'm going to screw up?

He fills the bird with more corn.

INT. FARM DINING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

All kinds of good food adorn the table.

Dog joins Patricia, Sullivan, and Bullfrog, with the Farmer and his Sons alongside them.

The Wife SCREAMS and runs in from the kitchen.

WIFE

(panics)

El pavo esta embrujado!

SULLIVAN

What's the matter?

PATRICIA

I think she says. The turkey is... haunted?

Dog rushes to the kitchen. Sullivan and the others follow.

INT. FARM KITCHEN - DAY

Dog glimpses through the oven window.

The turkey bounces around. Its skin pulsates. Sullivan peeks inside.

SULLIVAN  
I think it wants out.

Dog puts on kitchen mittens and opens the oven door.

The turkey leaps out. Patricia and the Wife yell. The others flinch back.

BULLFROG  
Ah! It's still alive! An alien!

Bullfrog runs out of the kitchen.

The bird bounces around, in haphazard directions. It spins, then and heads toward the dining room.

Dog attempts to catch the turkey.

SULLIVAN  
Grab it!

Dog tackles the bird. He holds on, determined.

The turkey jerks upward.

Stitches on the bird's tail end burst open. Popcorn SHOOTs out its rear.

The popped kernels fly toward the others, who dodge them and scatter around the kitchen.

Dog maintains his grip on the bird. He tilts the fowl up and attempts to catch the popcorn in his mouth, which propels from the turkey's behind.

The turkey slips from his grasp. Flies across the room.

Bullfrog re-enters the kitchen. He holds a shotgun.

BULLFROG  
Pull!

Bullfrog FIRES the shotgun. It hits the flying turkey. The bird EXPLODES.

Popcorn flies out in all directions.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Sullivan, Dog, Patricia, and Bullfrog pile into an old, beat-up truck. Sullivan starts the vehicle and drives off.

They wave goodbye to the Mexican family, which stands by the front door and munches from a huge bucket of popcorn.

EXT. ROAD/INT. TRUCK - DAY

The old truck SPUTTERS and backfires down the rural highway.

BULLFROG

This piece of crap won't last five miles. Pull over, and we'll split the money.

DOG

What?

SULLIVAN

It's under the back seat. We got to cross the border soon.

PATRICIA

You'd better pull over.

SULLIVAN

Why are you siding with him?

PATRICIA

I'm not. Look behind you.

Sullivan checks the rear view mirror. A police car approaches. Its lights flash.

Dog and Bullfrog spot the police car.

BULLFROG

Floor it!

Bullfrog reaches with his foot and presses the accelerator to the floor. The old engine coughs and STALLS out.

Sullivan gives Bullfrog a dirty look.

The truck coasts to a stop. The patrol car stops behind.

A THIN COP and LARGE COP hustle out. The Thin cop swaggers to the truck driver side.

THIN COP

License and registration.

SULLIVAN

What's wrong, officer?

THIN COP

Busted tail light.

Sullivan sighs. Hands over his driver's license.

Bullfrog reaches into the glove compartment. Passes the registration to the Thin Cop.

The officer inspects both documents.

THIN COP  
Any of you Rodriguez?

The four eye each other.

THIN COP  
That's what I thought. Okay, out.

BULLFROG  
Sullivan! Didn't you get them to sign it over?

SULLIVAN  
I thought you did.

They pile out of the truck.

A two-seater sportscar pulls behind the police car and stops. Luigi and Angelo hurry out.

LUIGI  
Officers. Arrest them, they stole our money.

DOG  
How'd you guys get out?

ANGELO  
Special effects.

SULLIVAN  
(to police)  
Hey, don't listen to them. They're a couple of stock swindlers.

BULLFROG  
They're a couple of assholes.

SULLIVAN  
That too.

THIN COP  
That's enough! We'll all go to headquarters, find out what's what.

Angelo grabs the Thin Cop from behind. Luigi seizes the officer's gun.

LUIGI  
Everybody freeze!

Angelo snatches the Large Cop's pistol.

LUIGI  
Where's the money?

Silence. Luigi presses the gun to Patricia's temple.

LUIGI

Give us the money, or do I make  
swiss cheese with her head?

BULLFROG

You're bluffing.

SULLIVAN

Shut up.

Sullivan shuffles to the truck. Lifts up the back seat,  
takes out the attache case, and hands it to Luigi.

LUIGI

Angelo, handcuff the cops. Lock  
them in their back seat. Take the  
keys. And smash the radio.

Luigi releases Patricia, keeps his gun trained on the  
others, and goes to the old truck.

He grabs the keys from the ignition.

Angelo handcuffs the two officers together, pushes them to  
the patrol car, and shoves them in the back.

He opens the driver's door, slides in, and removes the  
ignition key. Hesitates and listens to the police RADIO.

ANGELO

Uncle Luigi! Come!

Luigi backs away from the four and toward the police car.  
Angelo turns up the radio volume.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Repeat: Twenty-eighteen Triumph  
Spitfire. Stolen two hours ago,  
Centerville. Notify border patrol.

Luigi motions to Angelo, who smashes the radio.

SULLIVAN

Car thieves too, huh? Tisk, tisk.

LUIGI

Maledetto! Ok, take the junker.  
We go into Mexico.

Angelo removes the sportscar keys. He gets into the truck,  
Luigi follows.

The vehicle SPUTTERS down the road. The two laugh.

BULLFROG

You sure they ain't from Mars?

Bullfrog shakes his fist at them. Then, he turns and faces  
the others.

BULLFROG

If we divided the money in the first place, this never would happen. They'd have to shoot me, before I gave up my share!

SULLIVAN

Sounds like a good idea.

DOG

Dividing the money?

SULLIVAN

No. Shooting him.

PATRICIA

There's nothing you can do about it. You can't follow them. They took the keys to both cars.

BULLFROG

Who says we can't follow them? We'll catch 'em in ten minutes.

He glances at the tiny two-seater sportscar.

PATRICIA

We can't all fit in there.

BULLFROG

Damn alien machine!

Bullfrog scrambles into the driver's side of the police car. Sticks his head underneath the dash. Fiddles with wires.

The engine STARTS. Bullfrog grins.

BULLFROG

Whoever heard of a mechanic who can't hot-wire a car?

EXT. ROAD - DAY (LATER)

The two handcuffed cops occupy the two seats of the sportscar. Stripped to their underwear.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The police patrol car cruises. Inside, Bullfrog and Dog wear the officer's uniforms.

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

Angelo and Luigi drive the truck away from the border patrol and into Mexico. The old car limps along.

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER - DAY (LATER)

The police vehicle stops. A BORDER GUARD checks out the uniformed Bullfrog and Dog.

BULLFROG

Uh, just going across for lunch.

DOG

Yeah. That new restaurant down the road. You know, the fast-food Japanese place. MacSushi's.

The guard waves them on.

Bullfrog drives the patrol car across the border. The guard gawks at the police vehicle and scratches his head.

EXT. PUEBLO DEL PHLEGM - DAY

A small, backward village. Adobe huts and a few stores, which include a cantina, general store, and livery stable.

VILLAGERS navigate lumpy dirt streets on horseback or walk. A handmade sign identifies the town: "Pueblo Del Phlegm."

EXT. GENERAL STORE/INT. TRUCK - DAY

The old truck parks in front of the store. Angelo waits. Several TOWNSPEOPLE gape at Angelo and the truck.

Luigi bolts out of the store and enters the vehicle.

LUIGI

Private airfield, twenty miles away. We can fly to San Diego from there, catch a plane to Frisco.

Angelo starts the truck and floors the gas pedal. The engine COUGHS and clunks. The vehicle won't budge.

Luigi jumps out and lifts the hood.

The engine gives a violent SHAKE. It breaks loose, drops onto the street, and falls apart.

Debris scatters. Luigi throws up his hands in despair. Angelo addresses a villager.

ANGELO

You got a mechanic in this town?

LUIGI

This don't need repair. It needs a funeral.

(to villager)

Hey. Where can we rent a car?

The townspeople laugh.

VILLAGER

No one in Pueblo Del --

(clears throat)

Phlegm, owns car. We use horses.  
Bus stops each day, two o'clock.

LUIGI

Missed it by a half hour.

VILLAGER

Only way to next town is see my  
cousin Julio, down the block.

A police SIREN in the distance.

LUIGI

Time to see Julio. Help us push  
this heap.

Angelo recruits villagers to push the truck down the street.

The remaining townspeople scavenge engine parts and haul  
them away.

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - DAY

The police car with Bullfrog and Dog inside rolls into the  
sleepy town. Its siren BLARES.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

BULLFROG

Turn that crap off, fool.

DOG

Always wanted to run a police  
siren.

Bullfrog reaches over and turns off the siren.

BULLFROG

What a doofus.

POUNDING echoes from inside the trunk.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

(muffled)

Hey! Let us out!

INTERCUT ROAD/POLICE CAR

Bullfrog slams on the brakes. Dog goes and opens the trunk.

Patricia and Sullivan crawl out. She pushes Sullivan away.

PATRICIA

Take your hands off me.

SULLIVAN

It was dark in there. I was just trying to comfort you.

PATRICIA

I don't want to be that comfortable.

BULLFROG

We gotta catch those Martians. Act like you're prisoners.

Patricia and Sullivan pile in the back. Dog returns to his seat. The patrol car takes off.

Bullfrog increases the speed. The vehicle bounces up and down over the rough road.

PATRICIA

Slow down, will you?

SULLIVAN

Take it easy, Bullfrog!

BULLFROG

I'm driving this boat, damn it!

He whips the car around a corner. PEDESTRIANS cross.

SULLIVAN

Look out!

Bullfrog swerves the car away from the pedestrians.

The vehicle hits a massive bump. It leaves the ground and soars airborne.

The car lands in a gaping pothole, head on. The impact lifts the car's rear end up.

The vehicle cracks and SPLITS apart in the middle.

Both halves fall onto the road with a violent CLANK, Bullfrog and Dog in the front half, Sullivan and Patricia in the back.

DOG

Car's broken.

BULLFROG

Whaddya expect? It's American.

SULLIVAN

Let's spread out, look for any sign of those crooks. Ask around.

BULLFROG

We passed a cantina at that corner. Let's meet there in twenty minutes.

The four take off in different directions.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Dog, in the stolen police uniform, strides down an alley.

A small dog runs from a group of small CHILDREN. Mud covers the animal. Tin cans tie onto its tail.

The children chase the canine, laugh and yell.

CHILDREN  
(chanting)  
Eh! Perro! Perro! Perro!

Dog snarls at the children.

DOG  
Hey, you kids! Leave Perro alone!

The youngsters scatter. The tiny animal cowers at the end of the alley.

Dog approaches the canine with care. Frees the cans from its tail. The pooch wags its appreciation.

Dog wipes the animal's muddy face with a handkerchief.

DOG  
Poor little Perro.

The canine barks with happiness. Dog recognizes the Yorkie left in Los Angeles. He yells with glee.

DOG  
It's you! How'd you get here?  
And, you got a name now. Perro!

The Yorkie does a backflip. Dog hugs the animal.

Sullivan runs to them.

SULLIVAN  
(out-of-breath)  
What are you yelling about? You  
find them?

DOG  
No, I found Perro. The Yorkie we  
left behind in L.A.

SULLIVAN  
Holy dog dung. Lassie comes home.

INT. LIVERY STABLES - DAY

The old truck squeezes into a corner of the stable. Several horses in stalls.

Horses outfit one of two horse-drawn wagons.

A small motor scooter leans against a wall.

The Villager introduces Angelo and Luigi to JULIO, 30, tall and thin. They shake hands.

Luigi holds the attache case and examines the scooter.

LUIGI

It won't hold both of us... Look, we're in a hurry. Can't you drive us to the airfield in that wagon?

JULIO

No, senor. That wagon is for a wedding this afternoon. But, I will hitch the other wagon for you.

VILLAGER

Julio, they are in a hurry.

JULIO

But, the wedding --

VILLAGER

I hitch the other wagon in time for the wedding. Take this one. I watch your business.

EXT. VILLAGE MAIN STREET - DAY

Sullivan and Dog head down the street. Perro follows.

A woman SCREAMS, and the boys head in that direction.

They force open a door and peek inside.

A pretty, scantily-clad MEXICAN WOMAN, 40, sprawls on a cot.

The Mexican Woman undergoes sexual stimulation. Not by a machine, as in the opening. Four MEXICANS in stained lab coats tickle her body with long feather dusters.

A gray-haired MEXICAN SCIENTIST wears a butcher's apron, and records her responses on a clipboard.

The people in the room stop and stare at Sullivan and Dog. The Mexican Woman glares at them.

MEXICAN WOMAN

(in Spanish, with subtitles)

Don't just stand there. Grab a feather duster and join in.

MEXICAN SCIENTIST  
(in Spanish, with  
subtitles)

Just when things get interesting,  
some gringo screws everything up.

He slams the door in their faces. Hand-drawn letters  
identify: "Instituto Para El Estudia Del Whoopee."

Sullivan, Dog, and Perro continue down the street.

COLONEL (O.S.)  
A toast. To Westminster Abbey.

Sullivan and Dog exchange glances.

COLONEL (O.S.)  
To the spirit of Dunkirk.

The two men run into a cantina.

INT. CANTINA - DAY

A duplicate of the bar on Hollywood Boulevard, including the  
patrons. Everything in a Mexican motif.

The Bartender remains the same person from Hollywood, but  
wears a thin mustache.

The same two, semi-nude, blonde female dancers from the  
first bar wear black wigs with Spanish curls.

They shimmy to Mexican MUSIC from a live mariachi BAND.

One Dancer jiggles her chest at a customer.

DANCER  
(Spanish accent)  
What you think these are, maracas?

A suntanned Colonel leans against the bar. He drinks and  
toasts. Dog and Sullivan burst through swinging doors.

SULLIVAN  
Colonel!

COLONEL  
Sullivan! Dog!

The three jubilant men yell and hug each other.

COLONEL  
Why are you dressed like -- ?

SULLIVAN  
We'll explain later.

DOG  
What happened to you?

COLONEL

Once the dust cleared, I wandered around looking for you. How is Patricia?

SULLIVAN

She's fine. How'd you get here?

COLONEL

Hitched a ride to the border. Been waiting here, deciding what I should do next. And, I had money in my pocket from before. So --

The same actor who portrayed the huge Bully from the Hollywood bar, wears a sombrero. He edges up to Dog and pokes him in the belly.

BULLY

What you doing in Pueblo Del --  
(clears throat)  
Phlegm? Gringo cop!

Dog forces a nervous laugh. The Bully scowls at him. He yanks on Dog's uniform.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Bullfrog strolls by the store. A trio of Mexican TEENAGERS follow. He spins around.

BULLFROG

You guys got nose trouble?

The youths gawk at his police uniform.

Bullfrog spots a horse-drawn wagon that pulls out of the livery stable. Julio drives, Luigi and Angelo beside him.

Bullfrog's eyes widen. He races away from the teenagers.

INT. CANTINA - DAY

The Mexican Bully presses Dog against the bar. Two other customers flank Sullivan and the Colonel.

BULLY

Why you Americanos policias want to hassle us Mexicanos, eh?

DOG

Look, I'm not really a cop.

BULLY

I not really Mexicano. I Swedish.

The Bully laughs and pushes Dog. Patricia wanders into the cantina. She spots the Colonel.

PATRICIA

Daddy!

She runs to her father and hugs him. Bullfrog rushes in and peers through the cantina door.

BULLFROG

They're getting away! Come on!

COLONEL

Jerome! Let me buy you a drink.

BULLFROG

Colonel Fuller! Stop trading margaritas with these beaners and let's go after those alien squids.

The music stops. All the Mexicans freeze. Turn in unison to face Bullfrog, who realizes what he has said.

BULLFROG

Suck a duck.

SULLIVAN

Ever consider a diplomatic career?

COLONEL

I suggest we retreat.

The group attempts to back out of the cantina. Customers block their way.

Perro the Yorkie scampers into the cantina. He GROWLS. The Mexicans back up a step.

The delay allows Sullivan, Patricia, Dog, and the Colonel to join Bullfrog at the front door.

The Bully picks up a chair and raises it over his head. Before he can throw it at the growling Perro, Dog snatches the canine up into his arms.

Dog barks loud at the Bully. And runs out the door with the rest of the gang.

The bar patrons hesitate, then bolt after them. The Bartender follows in the pursuit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sullivan's band tears around the corner and follows Bullfrog, as he runs toward the livery stable.

Irate villagers trail several yards behind.

Bullfrog, Patricia, the Colonel, and Sullivan enter the open door of the livery stable.

Dog grabs a barber's pole in front of the store next door.

The villagers gaze at Dog. He yells, runs, and spins around the pole several times, in FAST-MOTION.

DOG

Wait for me!

The force from his antics flings him into the stable.

The villagers storm inside. SCREAMS and SHOUTS echo.

A horse-drawn wagon EXPLODES out of the livery stable.

Patricia handles the reins. The Colonel rides beside her. Sullivan, Dog, and Perro lie in the back bed of the wagon.

Several villagers chase them on foot.

Bullfrog rides the one-man motor scooter through the stable and onto the street. Other villagers pursue him.

A trio of Mexicans dashes out and joins the chase. The Bully and Bartender ride old swayback horses. The Villager sits atop a burro, which TROTS and lags far behind.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Angelo, Luigi, and Julio travel on a wide, bumpy, treacherous dirt road. Sparse cactus plants and desert shrubs line the sides.

The wagon rambles along at a slow pace.

Luigi notices the other wagon behind them, in the distance. It gains ground on them. He recognizes the passengers.

LUIGI

Madre di Dio. I do not believe it.  
(to Julio)  
Hey, you. Speed up. Pronto!

JULIO

Senor, I no want to damage wagon.

LUIGI

Screw the wagon. Get us to that airport and lose those guys. We'll give you a thousand dollars.

JULIO

Giddy yap!

Julio whips the horses, and they break into a gallop.

EXT. PATRICIA'S WAGON -DAY

Patricia urges the horses faster. Sullivan whistles, impressed with her horsemanship.

SULLIVAN

You really know how to drive this.

PATRICIA

Whoever heard of an Englishman's daughter that couldn't handle a horse?

Bullfrog and his scooter catch up to their wagon.

SULLIVAN

Bully! Try to slow them down.

Sullivan gestures, and Bullfrog zooms past.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Luigi catches sight of Bullfrog. The Italian makes his way to the rear of the wagon bed. Takes out a pistol.

Luigi SHOOTS at Bullfrog, misses, and empties his weapon.

LUIGI

Angelo! Throw me your gun.

Before Luigi turns, Angelo tosses the weapon. It bounces off Luigi's skull and onto the road.

Luigi stretches and smacks Angelo in the back of the head.

Bullfrog's scooter reaches the wagon.

BULLFROG

Pull over, Pancho.

Luigi spots a shovel and ax in the wagon bed. He snatches the shovel and jabs at Bullfrog's scooter.

Bullfrog grabs the shovel. The two men have a tug-of-war.

Julio slows the wagon and watches the struggle. Patricia's wagon draws closer.

Luigi loses his grip on the shovel. Bullfrog tries to use the implement like a lance in a jousting tournament.

The two wagons draw near.

SULLIVAN

Dog! Jump in their wagon! I'll follow you.

DOG

How about, I follow you?

SULLIVAN

If you can do it, I know I can.

The reluctant Dog leaps from one wagon to the other. His feet trip on the side of their wagon in mid-hurdle.

He reaches out and grasps the side of Julio's wagon. His feet hook onto Patricia's wagon.

Julio and Patricia keep their wagons side-by-side.

Dog forms a human bridge. Sullivan and Perro cross it and invade Julio's vehicle.

Luigi and Sullivan do battle. Dog tries to hang on.

Angelo scrambles to the wagon bed. Tries to join the fight, but Perro attacks. Angelo kicks the canine, who YELPS.

Dog hears Perro and jumps into Julio's wagon.

DOG

Hey! Don't you dare hurt Perro!

The berserk Dog growls. Bombards Angelo with belly bumps. Bass drum BOOMS punctuate the attack.

Sullivan grabs the attache case from under the wagon seat. Wrestles with Luigi for possession.

Bullfrog extends the shovel handle.

He hooks the handle through the attache case grip. Flings the case into the back of Patricia's wagon, like a fisherman lands a trout.

Bullfrog throws the shovel aside. Jumps from his scooter into Patricia's wagon.

He lands in the wagon bed, opens the attache case, and takes out the wrapped money bundles. Patricia looks back at him.

PATRICIA

What the hell are you doing?

BULLFROG

Dividing it. Don't wanna lose mine to those space aliens again.

Bullfrog turns to Sullivan and Dog in the adjacent wagon.

BULLFROG

You two want your shares now?

Sullivan can't speak, because Luigi chokes him. Dog struggles with Angelo.

BULLFROG

I see you're busy.

Angelo swings the ax at Dog. Misses with multiple attempts. He chops up several boards in the wagon bed.

Parts of the boards SPLINTER. Luigi and Sullivan dodge shards that fly at their heads.

Angelo advances on Dog with the ax. Perro nips his heel.

DOG

Sic 'em, boy!

Dog stomps on a loose board. The opposite end flips up and hits Angelo square in the chin. It knocks him down.

Dazed, Angelo loses the ax.

Sullivan's shoes stick on nails from two loose boards.

Bullfrog continues to count the money.

The boards attached to Sullivan's shoes give way from the wagon bed.

SULLIVAN

Help! Colonel!

The Colonel winds a rope end around a beam at the side of the wagon and tosses the other end to Sullivan, who catches the rope and holds on.

Sullivan topples onto the road and dirt-skis behind Patricia's wagon.

In Julio's vehicle, Dog and Perro struggle against Luigi. The groggy Angelo staggers to his feet.

The wrecked wagon hits a bump and splits in two. Julio, Luigi, and Angelo in front. Dog and Perro in the rear.

Sullivan slaloms to Dog, who grabs him. The two clutch onto the rope and each other. Perro clings to Dog's pant leg.

Julio maneuvers his half-wagon like a chariot. Luigi and Angelo struggle to keep their balance.

All vehicles CRASH into a large, wide hump in the road.

The jolt of the impact sends Sullivan, Dog, and Perro airborne. They wind up in the back of Patricia's wagon.

Bullfrog catapults out of the wagon bed. He loses his grip on the attache case.

The case flies out of his hands and drops into Dog's lap.

The two Italians bounce out of Julio's half-wagon.

Bullfrog collides with them and finds himself stuck in a tall acacia tree.

BULLFROG

No! My money! Stop that crate!

Angelo tumbles into the middle of a cactus patch, with painful results.

Luigi suffers worse luck. He lands on the back of a huge COUGAR, and the animal ROARS its displeasure.

The irate beast jumps like a bucking bronco. It transports the screaming Luigi far into the desert.

Sullivan surveys the damage.

SULLIVAN  
Hell of a speed bump.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE - DAY

The courthouse stands out in the downtown LA skyline.

SUPER: "Los Angeles County Courthouse"

INT. COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The five heroes sit at a long table. Bullfrog wears a sling on one arm, with crutches beside his chair.

A UNIFORMED GUARD escorts a female LAWYER, 35, inside the room, then leaves. The Lawyer faces the group.

LAWYER  
The D.A. has decided not to charge any of you.

COLONEL  
Thank God.

LAWYER  
Basically, you robbed a thief. Police refused to help you at the time. We located all the victims, and they got their money back.

PATRICIA  
So, we can go now?

LAWYER  
There's more. This wise guy and his idiot nephew. Not so stupid. They're wanted in eight states. Used a dozen aliases.

DOG  
I knew Tell-You-Momma was phony.

LAWYER  
There are substantial rewards coming to you.

COLONEL  
Really?

LAWYER

Over two million.

The five stare slack-jawed, shocked and surprised.

BULLFROG

Two million! I'm rich!

LAWYER

Well, Mr. Bullfrog. Unlike your friends, you did break several laws which can't be ignored.

BULLFROG

Oh, crap.

LAWYER

Operating an unlicensed helicopter, in restricted airspace. Failure to comply with police.

BULLFROG

But, you said no charges?

LAWYER

That's correct. The D.A. won't charge you. But, because of those violations, you're ineligible for any reward.

BULLFROG

But, my money. My money.

LAWYER

And, you'll have to pay back the equipment you stole from A.S.I. Helicopter.

SULLIVAN

Don't worry, Bully. We'll take care of you. Won't we, Dog?

DOG

Sure, we will.

EXT. SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The modern city basks in warm sunshine.

SUPER: "San Jose, Costa Rica - Six Months Later".

EXT. VILLA - DAY

A luxurious two-story dwelling. Two new automobiles park in the driveway, one a shiny red sportscar.

Patricia and the Colonel glide out the front door and saunter to the driveway.

Patricia wears a long, bright-colored evening gown. The Colonel dresses in a custom-tailored white suit with a Panama hat.

They climb into the sportscar and drive off.

EXT. PUPPY FARM/HOTEL - DAY

A picket fence borders a large stucco bungalow. A sign on the fence reads: "Dog's Puppy Farm and Canine Hotel."

Several tiny cottages connect to the building. DOGS of different breeds wander in and out of the cottages.

Dog emerges from the bungalow. He wears a white smock.

He removes the smock, which reveals a multi-colored, tropical silk shirt with pants to match.

DOG  
Come on, fella.

Perro the Yorkie prances out. He sports a gold ID collar, a little blue golf cap and sunglasses.

The two stroll to a tiny cottage.

DOG  
Hello there. We're off to lunch.

Bullfrog stumbles from the miniature canine cottage. Wears dirty overalls. Carries a broom and pooper-scooper.

BULLFROG  
Yeah? So what?

DOG  
Don't forget to give the beagle in cottage five his roast beef dinner.

BULLFROG  
Right... How much longer do I have to do this nonsense?

DOG  
You'll pay off your debt to us in another two years or so.

Bullfrog grimaces. Dog and Perro reach the picket fence. Dog opens a gate and the two skip through it.

Patricia and the Colonel pull up in their sportscar. Dog and Perro squeeze into the back seat, and it drives away.

Bullfrog scowls at the vehicle.

BULLFROG  
Ya know, it was Martians that brought dogs to this planet!

A group of dogs gathers around him and BARKS happily.

BULLFROG

I hate dogs.

EXT. SHAMROCK CANTINA - DAY

CUSTOMERS enter the stately building. The sportscar arrives at the front entrance and parks.

Patricia, the Colonel, Dog, and Perro sashay inside.

INT. SHAMROCK CANTINA - DAY

A fancy nightclub. WAITERS, WAITRESSES, and other EMPLOYEES include the circus people from Zeeman's office in the opening scene.

The Fat Lady sells cigars and cigarettes.

Siamese Twins take drink orders.

The Fire Eater waits on tables and concentrates on flambe dishes as his specialty.

The Macho Head/Flamboyant Head act as maitre d', but bicker about where to seat customers.

The two-headed man escorts Patricia, the Colonel, Dog, and Perro to a table that faces a raised stage platform.

A grand piano stands center-stage. The Little Person shuffles onto the stage and adjusts a microphone.

LITTLE PERSON (V.O.)

(into microphone)

Senores y senoritas!... Ladies and gentlemen!... Introducing the entertainment for this afternoon. The owner of Shamrock Cantina, Senor Sandy Sullivan!

Customers applaud.

A curtain in back of the stage parts.

Sullivan appears. Clad in a glittering green jumpsuit. A green electric guitar straps around his shoulder.

Sullivan waves to the table where Patricia and others sit. He blows a kiss to Patricia. She smiles and winks at him.

Sullivan signals to Dog. He joins Sullivan and plants his rear on a bench, behind the elegant piano.

The duo PERFORMS to a slow, bluesy tune.

SULLIVAN

(sings)

"Got real estate on leverage, all my deals are comin' through. My oil wells are pumpin', all my dreams are comin' true. When you're rich like me, it makes it hard to sing the blues. Got no mean ol' bossman, got no taxman at the door. Got no empty pockets, like I did when I was poor. So, I can sing the blues... But only heaven knows what for."

DOG

(sings)

"All the pretty stuff around me, I get to pick and choose. Since Lady Fortune's found me, I got no right to sing the blues."

SULLIVAN

(sings)

"I just lay around my mansion and watch the butler shine my shoes. When you're rich like me... It makes it hard to sing the blues."

DOG

(sings)

"Now, wealth can have its drawbacks, there's some things that you lose. 'Cause when you are a millionaire, it's hard to sing the blues."

SULLIVAN

(sings)

"So, I'm drivin' a Mercedes. In Jordache jeans and Gucci shoes. When you're rich like me... It makes it hard. It makes it hard. You should have my problems. It makes it hard to sing the blues."

(used by permission of Jon Batson)

Sullivan and Dog finish with an instrumental flourish.

Customers cheer and applaud. Many spring to their feet and deliver a standing ovation.

Patricia and the Colonel join in the applause.

FLAMBOYANT HEAD

Bravo! Bravo! Magnifico!

MACHO HEAD

Blaah. I think, they stink!

## FLAMBOYANT HEAD

You're quite the poet, you big oaf!

Perro the Yorkie adds kudos and WOOFs with approval.

The Fire Eater punctuates the whistles and acclamation with a huge flame that erupts from his mouth.

It sets off the fire alarm and the sprinkler system.

The alarm BLARES, and the water from the sprinklers drenches the customers.

Nobody seems to mind.

Dog gets up from the piano and takes a deep bow. He and Sullivan beam broad smiles and shake hands.

Sullivan unplugs his electric guitar and holds it above their heads as an impromptu umbrella.

The crowd continues to clap with enthusiasm.

FADE OUT.

THE END