

Kurtz of Goat Island

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ISLAND COAST - DAY

A 17th century, three-masted ship, flying the Jolly Roger, is anchored close to shore. Rugged CREWMEN unload treasure chests onto carts that descend a wooden ramp.

SUPER: "1696, OFF THE COAST OF MAINE"

INLAND - LATER

Sword drawn, brooding, bearded CAPTAIN KIDD oversees sweat-soaked fellow pirates as they lower treasure chests into a pit, in a clearing in the woods.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

In 1696, the infamous pirate captain, William Kidd, buried a fortune in gold, diamonds and emeralds off the coast of present day New England.

EVENING

Torches flicker while exhausted men pull up the ladder and begin shoveling excavated dirt back in. A ONE-EYED CREWMAN, terrified, approaches Kidd, unfurls a map, points off to the distance, silently explains something, pauses.

Crestfallen, Kidd's shoulders slump.

CAPTAIN KIDD

Are you sure?

The one-eyed crewman swallows hard, double checks the map, sheepishly nods.

ONE-EYED CREWMAN

Beyond a doubt, Captain. This ain't Goat Island.

Kidd boils, grabs and rips off an ear of the one-eyed crewman.

CAPTAIN KIDD

Then what blasted island is this?!

ONE-EYED CREWMAN

This be Oak Island, Captain -- I swear.

The one-eyed crewman crosses himself, winces. Kidd jabs the sky with his sword.

CAPTAIN KIDD

Everyone stop!

His crew instantly obeys. Kidd points at the pit.

CAPTAIN KIDD

Dig it up! Dig it all up -- now!
Load it back aboard. There'll be
no treasure on Oak Island.

An ORIENTAL CREWMAN steps forward.

ORIENTAL CREWMAN

But, captain, we-

Kidd slashes the air, an inch above the Oriental crewman's head, then slashes away the buttons from his vest.

ORIENTAL CREWMAN

We'll have it all back aboard
post-haste, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN KIDD

Not one farthing left behind. If
anyone ever digs on Oak Island, all
they will ever find is your brass
buttons.

The crewmen begin the excavation.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so the treasure was relocated
to Goat Island, so named for its
four-legged inhabitants and
namesake shape.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

"Namesake shape?" Are you high?
Have you ever seen Goat Island from
the air? It looks like a headless
kangaroo, not a goat.

Treasure chests are hauled up, thumped back onto carts.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Are you going to start in with that
again? It was named for its shape
in the 17th century, not today's.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Oh, thank you for the update,
Magellan. You know, you never pass
up the opportunity to humiliate me.
(She sniffs.)

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Before you start bawling, how about
running out and picking up some
coffee?

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

I'm not your errand girl.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 You're the new intern and interns
 go for coffee.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 (She sighs.) Okay, okay.
 From where?

Annoyed by the narrators, Kidd stews, casually inspects the tip of his sword. His crew stops working, rest on their shovels, stare at the camera, shake their heads in disgust.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Um, the Greek diner over on Jackson
 Street.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 That's six blocks away and it's
 raining!

Kidd erupts.

CAPTAIN KIDD
 Pick up the blasted coffee!

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 All right, all right, I'm going.

O.s., the sound of a door slamming shut.

CAPTAIN KIDD
 (to the Male Narrator)
 You know, the diner's closed on
 Saturdays.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Oh, I know; believe me, I know.

Everyone chuckles, then returns to their task.

EXT. FOREST - EARLY EVENING

SUPER: "GOAT ISLAND - THE NEXT DAY"

In a clearing lit by torches, within a lightly forested area, three crewmen tamp down soil, conclude the treasure's burial. Kidd looks on, approves.

CAPTAIN KIDD
 A fine job, lads. The devil
 himself couldn't make that treasure
 see the light of day.

The Oriental crewman mops his brow, cautiously approaches the captain.

ORIENTAL CREWMAN

Beg pardon, Captain, but me and the other two blokes there... well, we was wondering something.

Kidd raises a thick, inquisitive eyebrow.

CAPTAIN KIDD

And what might that be?

The other TWO CREWMEN join the Oriental man. One wears a dew rag, the second has a long ponytail and is eager to speak.

PONYTAIL CREWMAN

You see, Cap'n, we haven't been paid in a month and what with the treasure bein' now buried, we was wonderin' how you'll be able to pay us our due?

Kidd ponders, scratches his beard. O.s., the sound of muskets being cocked.

CAPTAIN KIDD

Well, I'll tell you, lads. Since the treasure is buried, I reckon I can't pay you three in gold or jewels. How about some lead?

O.s., the muskets fire. Struck, the three crewmen collapse, dead. Kidd laughs, exits.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A cluster of trees disintegrates into splinters when a charge of TNT explodes. Before the dust settles, bulldozers belching black smoke plow through the debris, followed by helmeted CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, shovels and picks in hand. Some yell directions and point.

SUPER: "GOAT ISLAND - 325 YEARS LATER. YOU DO THE MATH"

In the thick of the workers, Cable TV director, WALTER SLUSH, tall and scowling, grabs the collar of his reluctant, pudgy cameraman, ROUSSEAU.

He drags him towards the blast site. The words "Pulse Network" are emblazoned on the side of Rousseau's camera and on the back of Slush's vest.

SLUSH

Move, Rousseau -- you know, as if you actually have a purpose in life!

Rousseau picks up the pace. The two men pause, gag, when briefly engulfed by a cloud of smoke from the explosion. Slush pushes Rousseau onward.

BLAST SITE

A throng of shouting workers gathers around the blast crater, eagerly attempt to get a glimpse of what lies at its bottom.

WORKER #1

Do we have an environmental permit
to use dynamite?

WORKER #2

What dynamite? That wasn't
dynamite. That was, um... a
lightning strike -- c'mon!

O.s., a strong voice, with a British accent, rings out above the rest. It silences the others. This character will temporarily be referred to as The BRIT.

THE BRIT (O.S.)

Make way, mates, coming through!
Butcher's hook! Butcher's hook!

The Brit squeezes past WORKMAN #3.

WORKMAN #3

Butcher's hook? What the hell is
that Limey, Bowman, talking about?

The Brit pauses, addresses Workman #3. (The Brit will now be known as CLYDE BOWMAN.)

BOWMAN

Butcher's hook -- let's have a
look! Take a break from your
faffing, mate, and brush up on
your Cockney!

Workman #3 grabs his crotch.

WORKMAN #3

My Cockney is none of your
business.

Bowman taps the top of the workman's helmet with the business end of the huge metal detector he wields. He grins broadly, exposes horrible British teeth.

BOWMAN

Tickety-boo, mate!

Bowman jumps down into the pit.

BOTTOM OF PIT

Bowman deftly swings the metal detector back and forth over rubble. Squeaks, squawks and hissing static are audible. They rise and fall in intensity.

UPPER EDGE OF THE CRATER

The crowd of onlookers outside the crater looks on intently.

WORKER #1

Inca gold! It's gotta be. I can practically smell it.

WORKER #2

Nah! I'll bet it's one of those panna cotta warriors, like they found in China.

BACK TO SCENE

Bowman focuses on a smaller area. Louder beeping results. O.s., cheers erupt, followed by angry shouting.

Two men, brothers, BARRY and RICHIE LIMA wrestle, roll into Bowman, topple him. The Limas rise, exchange blows. Bowman, horrified, watches.

Richie, bearded, clearly the younger of the two, swings wildly, misses lanky, prematurely gray Barry. Barry kicks Richie in the gut, leaps, tackles him. They flop into the dirt. Worker's #1 and #2 rush in, separate them. Bowman lovingly shields his precious metal detector.

BOWMAN

Oh, my giddy aunt! If it isn't the two Lima brothers, Richie and Barry, fightin' for a change. Is that the fifth time today? I've lost the bloody count. And what is it this time, Richie? You two can't agree on what bloody day of the week it is?

Richie accusingly points at Barry, who spits in his direction.

RICHIE

We settled our fight over that earlier, Bowman.

BARRY

This one's worse! My idiot brother, Richie, doesn't believe that no two snowflakes are alike!

BOWMAN

Oh, blimey! That's the most serious issue of our time.

RICHIE

It's the principle of the thing, Bowman. Trillions of snowflakes fall each year. Nobody has checked to see if two are the same. With that many, there have to be plenty that are identical.

Bowman cringes, covers his eyes.

BOWMAN

Your enthusiasm for the topic is bloody stupefying.

RICHIE

Thank you.

BARRY

If you're so convinced, Richie, devote the rest of your life to comparing snowflakes. If you find two that are alike, you can submit a paper to the Journal of the Royal Society of Fucking Idiots.

Insulted, Richie lunges at Barry, grabs hold.

SLUSH & ROUSSEAU

on the edge of the crater, film the Lima brothers' altercation.

SLUSH

Rousseau, get a close-up of each of them, then pull back when they resume fighting.

ROUSSEAU

How do you know they'll resume fighting?

Slush smirks, cups his hands around his mouth.

SLUSH

Hit him, Richie!

BACK TO SCENE

Richie swings, Barry ducks, mockingly laughs.

BARRY

Was that supposed to be a punch, Richie, or are you just swatting flies?

O.s., the booming, Boston-accented voice of HAROLD KURTZ stops the altercation.

HAROLD

Enough!

Everyone in the crater halts, looks in the direction of the voice.

RICHIE AND BARRY

Yes, Mr. Kurtz.

UPPER EDGE OF CRATER

Harold Kurtz, a rotund man in his fifties, wears a white suit topped off with a Panama hat that immediately blows off from a gust of wind.

Stern and unfazed he remains focused on the Limas as his diminutive butler, KANWANDU, produces a replacement hat from a box and places it on Harold's head.

HAROLD

Thank you, Kanwandu. (to the Limas) I'm paying you two to act as foremen, not freshmen! Now find out what the hell Bowman's contraption has found.

An energetic young brunette woman in tailored field attire rushes to Harold's side, bumps into him. It is his daughter, MINDY KURTZ.

MINDY

Don't fret yourself into a case of hives, Daddy. I'll take care of this.

Despite Harold's dismissive look, Mindy charges down into the blast crater. Harold reddens, calls after her.

HAROLD

Mindy!... Mindy! Oh, that daughter of mine.

BOTTOM OF CRATER

At the bottom of the crater, Mindy loses her footing, falls and lands at the feet of the Lima brothers. Slush and Rousseau, still filming, join the group.

RICHIE

Mindy, how flattering -- you falling for me.

BARRY

You're not her type, Richie; you have two legs. Mindy's into the
(MORE)

BARRY (cont'd)
four-legged types, like Benny, her
goat.

MINDY
Neither one of you chowderheads is
exactly Casanova.

Mindy gets to her feet, kicks Richie and Barry in the shins.

MINDY
Bowman, get over here!

Bowman complies. Mindy grabs a shovel from a worker,
strikes the ground where Bowman's detector got a reaction.
The resulting sound of hollow metal draws everyone's
attention. Rousseau keeps filming.

HAROLD KURTZ'S

eyes widen. He takes a step closer to the pit's edge,
stumbles. Kanwandu grabs his sleeve, keeps Harold from
falling in.

BACK TO SCENE

RICHIE
This could be it! The Ark of the
Covenant -- it's here, right where
the Masons buried it, with help
from the Illuminati and the Druids.

BARRY
Is that all? Didn't the Dogon
people and the Knights of Malta
pitch in?

MINDY
The Ark? That's bullshit. It's
got to be Mayan; all the evidence
so far points to it. I spent three
years at Cornell studying art
history and archaeology. Unlike
you, I know what I'm talking about.

HAROLD (O.S.)
You flunked both, Mindy.

Bowman sets down his detector, scrapes at the dirt with his
hands.

BOWMAN'S POV

His digging reveals something smooth and white.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone in the pit crowds in, oohs and aahs arise.

HAROLD (O.S.)
What is it, Bowman?

BOWMAN
You want to see it, mate? Have a
Captain Cook! You know, come down
and have a look!

Slush and Rousseau struggle to maintain proximity to the
find.

SLUSH
Bull rush in there, Rousseau!

ROUSSEAU'S CAMERA'S POV

A shaky close-up: frenzied bare hands scrape away soil and
rocks, bang on metal. O.s, cheers are heard.

BACK TO SCENE

RICHIE
Treasure! We're all going to be
stinking rich... but, um, in a
socially responsible way, of
course.

Harold joins the rejoicing group, falls, soils his white
suit. Barry helps him up.

HAROLD
Everyone but Bowman, back away!

Mindy gives Harold a sneer.

HAROLD
Mindy, you can stay. Go and join
Bowman, dear.

The two further excavate, suddenly pause.

BOWMAN
It's ancient all right. I'd say
circa 1950.

BARRY
1950 B.C.!

RICHIE
That's incredible!

BOWMAN
A.D., you turnips.

Mindy sighs, stands, slouches. Bowman puffs.

BOWMAN

Ark of the Covenant, aye? More like the bloody washing machine of the covenant. Circa 1950. Constructa is the make. My toothless granny back in Devonshire had one. Did a great job on her undies, she told me.

Moans arise, the crowd in the pit begins to disperse.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

A buried washing machine, circa 1950? Could this prove a connection between time-traveling ancient aliens and 1950s housewives? Ancient astronaut scholars say, yes.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

They always do. Here's your coffee, bigshot. You owe me three dollars.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

They weren't closed?

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

I broke in and got it myself.

While Bowman continues to dig, Slush and Rousseau approach stunned Harold. Slush pokes Harold's belly. Mindy brushes his finger away. Harold's hat blows off, is replaced by Kanwandu.

SLUSH

We've got to talk, Harold -- and not about the weather. Pronto, topside.

Slush and Rousseau exit the pit.

MINDY & HAROLD

are downcast. Mindy quickly perks up.

MINDY

We didn't look inside it, Daddy. Maybe...

She takes a step back towards Bowman, is pulled back by Harold.

BOWMAN (O.S.)

I did! Anyone interested in a Leave it to Beaver t-shirt?

HAROLD

Let's go see what's on Slush's mind.

They begin the climb up the blast crater wall. Kanwandu follows.

TOPSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Harold attempts to speak first, but can't get a word out before Slush dominates the conversation. Slush pokes Harold with every utterance.

SLUSH

You made a big, fat promise at the end of season one last year, Kurtz!

ROUSEEAU

You want me to keep filming?

Slush shoves Rousseau.

SLUSH

God no! Turn the damned thing off, imbecile. (Slush turns back to Harold.) You made your promise and this is what you deliver? A washing machine? Whirlpool is one of our advertisers. Why couldn't it at least be a Whirlpool?

HAROLD

I can't control what Bowman finds.

SLUSH

Well, you better find a way. Last season your ratings peaked at 3.5, at the half-way mark and only went down after that.

MINDY

We nearly matched that in the finale.

SLUSH

(to Mindy)

That was only because that runaway bulldozer smashed into the observation tower that fell over into the swamp!

BENNY, the goat, joins the foursome, bleats loudly. Slush tries to kick it, is foiled by Mindy, who hugs and strokes it.

MINDY

Don't you kick Benny!

SLUSH

Listen up, Harold. The Pulse Network is funding this little sandbox project of yours to the tune of \$15 million a year. I can make that end with a two-line text to Mr. Raunch. If you want to continue being on Cable you've got to get results. That means treasure -- not buttons, not washing machines, (looks at Mindy) not the charred remains of an annoying goat that disappears in the middle of the night. (Slush looks back at Harold.) Got it?

Harold nods. Slush knocks off Harold's hat with the back of his hand, stomps it to pieces, turns to Rousseau and pokes him.

SLUSH

Rousseau -- we're out of here.

Slush and Rousseau depart. Kanwandu produces another hat, Don's Harold's head with it, mumbles something unintelligible.

HAROLD

What, Kanwandu?

MINDY

At the moment, not much, I'm afraid, Daddy. Let's walk, maybe we'll come up with an idea.

The sullen father and daughter start walking, with Benny. She is lost in thought. They are unfazed by an o.s. explosion followed by a burst of flame behind them, from an exploratory hole, that topples a crane.

Mindy pulls a wallet-sized photo from her breast pocket, looks at it, smiles, is lost in a daydream.

PHOTO

A smiling, ruggedly handsome man in his thirties holds an old statuette.

BACK TO SCENE

She puts away the photo, is entranced.

HAROLD

Mindy, I have a confession. For all intent and purposes I am broke.

MINDY

That's nice.

HAROLD

Nice! What's nice about it?

Mindy snaps out of her reverie.

MINDY

Oh, broke?! How can that be, Daddy? Between your other business ventures and what the Pulse Network paid so far... I just don't see how.

Harold stops, averts his eyes, ashamedly nods.

HAROLD

I'm afraid so. As you well know, I took your dear mother's deathbed advice and shorted Amazon stock when it was twelve dollars a share.

Harold removes his hat, mops his brow with a handkerchief he pulls from his jacket.

MINDY

Wow. Even I knew that was a bad idea.

Benny bleats, nudges Mindy for attention.

MINDY

But what about the other businesses you owned? They must have done well. Didn't you invest in some big-budget movie production?

HAROLD

Yes, I backed John Carter.

Harold shrugs. They resume walking. Behind them, several construction workers, on fire, are hosed down by Richie and Barry.

MINDY

Nobody's perfect. The movie industry is a minefield. How about that chain of restaurants?

HAROLD

Freebies? Letting people eat and drink as much as they want at no charge turned out to be a poor business model.

They come to another stop; he takes Mindy by the shoulders.

HAROLD

Mindy, I'm at the end of my rope. I'm nearly out of money, and hats.

(MORE)

HAROLD (cont'd)

I need the Pulse Network's cash more than ever. I know the treasure is here. I've never been more certain of anything in my life! But I've also come to the realization that finding it is beyond me. I'm sorry to drop the burden on you, Mindy, but I have no other choice. You don't have a love life and your career path is nonexistent (she pouts), so you have to take charge and find the treasure of Goat Island.

He releases Mindy. She dries her eyes.

MINDY

I can do it, and I will do it. You'll see, things will turn around. I'll make your fortune back for you.

Workers #1 and #2 walk by them, pause. Worker #1 holds up his cell phone, shows it to Worker #2, points at the screen.

WORKER #1

Look at that! My Amazon stock is up another hundred dollars a share today!

Harold is stunned. The workers walk on.

MINDY

I'll call for a brain-storming meeting at the bunker this evening.

HAROLD

Make it early, Mindy; every second counts.

EXT. THE BUNKER - EARLY EVENING

The 'bunker' stands in a clearing by the woods. It is a large, repurposed military Quonset hut. The lights are on and raised voices can be heard o.s. A dozen pick-up trucks and SUVs are parked outside. Benny mills about.

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

A long boardroom table dominates one side of the single space within the structure. The table is surrounded with office chairs.

Besides Mindy and Harold, the other seats are occupied by Clyde Bowman and RABBI SHPILKES, spiritual leader of the group. Frazzled, he nervously twirls his wispy beard with

both hands while humming a pleasant tune.

BAR

Everyone else is whooping it up at the bar located at the far side of the room.

BACK TO SCENE

HAROLD

Mindy, it's about time we got this meeting started.

MINDY

I suppose. Everyone had a pretty rough day. It might be a good idea to let them blow off some steam.

HAROLD

If we don't get started now, no one is going to remember what we discuss. Rabbi, maybe they'll listen to you. Say, why aren't you over there with the others?

Momentarily lost in thought, the rabbi stops twirling his beard, lifts his head.

RABBI

The bar doesn't have Manischewitz. It's unfortunate, I'm a big fan of their Elderberry wine.

HAROLD

Yeah, probably not a big seller in Maine. Mindy, (he points to the bar) now!

Mindy rises, skulks to the bar.

BAR

The antique, wooden bar is packed with construction workers and the crew that was present at the washing machine fiasco. Beers and shots are tossed down with abandon.

Voices are raised. Richie, beer in hand, pokes Barry in the chest, sloshes beer onto him, as Mindy joins them.

RICHIE

And I'm tellin' ya for the last time, Barry, hot dogs are way more popular than hamburgers!

Barry gives the comment a second's worth of thought.

BARRY

No way, Richie, burgers are. How many national hot dog chains do you see? None! And that's because god only knows what in them: snouts, salivary glands, sweat glands, foreskins, eyeballs, nut sacks. Stuff only Andrew Zimmern eats.

RICHIE

You don't see national chains because there aren't enough hot dogs to go around. They get eaten too fast! (to Mindy) Am I right, or am I right?

Mindy grabs a pitcher of beer off the bar, smashes it into Richie's head, silences everyone at the bar. Richie is stunned, soaked, but conscious.

MINDY

The bar is now closed! Management, get over to the conference table. Everyone else, clear out and sober up. Tomorrow could be our big day!

WORKER #1

Yeah, maybe we'll find the dryer that goes with the washing machine.

Grumbles and laughs as everyone leaves the bar.

BUNKER EXIT DOOR

Slush and Rousseau enter, struggle to get past those exiting.

CONFERENCE TABLE

The Lima brothers tussle over the same chair, get seated, are joined by Mindy and EARL GRAY, a distinguished looking, over-dressed man. Slush and Rousseau, who films, approach, but do not take seats.

Harold rises, motions for Mindy to join him at his side. Hesitantly, she does so.

OUTSIDE THE BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The workers scatter on foot and in several of the vehicles. One particularly chubby one lingers, steps into the building's shadow, where he pulls off a phony nose and mustache, then removes padding from under his shirt.

He looks around, makes sure he is alone, then disappears into the nearby woods, trips over a tree root.

BACK TO SCENE

Harold looks on proudly as Mindy prepares to speak.

MINDY
Thank you all for attending this
crucial meeting.

An inflated beach ball strikes and bounces off her forehead.

MINDY
Rabbi Shpilkes, we could all do
with an opening prayer, if you
would be so kind.

The rabbi rises, fusses with his skullcap, nervously clears his throat, raises his hands above his head, looks to Mindy.

RABBI
What's so crucial about this
meeting?

HAROLD

evidences frustration, impatience.

HAROLD
We'll get to that shortly, Rabbi.
Please just say something
generically uplifting.

BACK TO SCENE

RABBI
Sure, sure, whatever you say,
Harold.

RICHIE & BARRY

Richie taps Barry on the shoulder, leans in close.

RICHIE
Why do we have a rabbi? No one
within a hundred miles of here is
Jewish.

BARRY
He's also a CPA. He does Harold's
taxes. Saved him a bundle last
year by using accelerated
depreciation on the construction
equipment.

RICHIE
We live in an age of accounting
miracles.

BACK TO SCENE

In Hebrew, the rabbi rattles off a rapid-fire prayer, abruptly stops, flops back into his seat.

HAROLD

Are we officially blessed now,
Rabbi?

RABBI

It should hold us for a while.

HAROLD

Thank you. I would like to begin
this meeting by saying I have made
the unalterable decision to pass
the proverbial baton and make Mindy
the new supervising manager of Goat
Island Treasure Venture, Inc.

A moment of stunned silence is followed by shouts of
disbelief.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Clyde Bowman chomps on a wheel of cheddar cheese, spits
some out.

B) Richie and Barry eat circus peanuts from a bag, spit them
out.

C) Earl Gray sips tea from an elegant china cup, stops,
pulls the tea bag from his mouth. He dabs the corners of
his mouth with a lace handkerchief he pulls from his sleeve.

BACK TO SCENE

HAROLD

Mindy, you appear to have
everyone's attention now. The
floor is yours.

Harold takes his seat. Slush and Rousseau move closer to
Mindy, who stares at the floor, takes a deep breath.

MINDY'S FLASHBACK

INT. CLASSROOM DAY

Mindy, age ten, is called to the front of the room. Her
knees shake.

TEACHER

Children, we have a new pupil
joining us today. Her name is
Mindy Kurtz. Mindy, please tell
the class about yourself.

Mindy stares, cannot get a word out, shrieks, runs out of
the room.

END FLASH BACK

BACK TO SCENE

HAROLD

Mindy dear, look up and speak,
please.

She complies.

MINDY

I, uh, appreciate my father's confidence in me and I hope to earn yours. (A stream of silly string hits her in the chest.) Leading all of you on this quest for Kidd's treasure is a tremendous responsibility, but just not for me. We are a team, and as a team we share a common goal and responsibility, too. Our goal is achievable, as we are all convinced the treasure is out there, somewhere on Goat Island. (Benny, o.s., bleats.) I cannot do this job alone. I need your full cooperation, and each of your individual talents.

RICHIE

digs in his ear with a letter opener.

BACK TO SCENE

MINDY

Together, my friends, we will make history.

The rabbi stands, blares out something in Hebrew, pounds the table. Heads turn in his direction.

BOWMAN

Odds bodkins, padre! That's some fancy chin wagging. Makes my bloomin' Cockney sound like Shakespeare.

BARRY

Bowman, what in hell is chin wagging? And Rabbi, what on Earth did you say? Your Yiddish-gibberish sounds like Richie gargling with rice pudding.

RABBI

(taps his stomach)
Just a little acid reflux. (he belches, sits)

Bowman, annoyed, throws a handful of cheese at Barry. It hits him in the face. Barry retaliates with circus peanuts.

SLUSH'S

eyes light up.

SLUSH

Get all of this, Rousseau. All of it!

BACK TO SCENE

The snack food fight continues.

MINDY

Please, please stop! This... This is... less than professional.

Everyone settles down. The rabbi picks up a circus peanut, takes a bite, approves.

RABBI

Very tasty. What are these, Barry?

BARRY

Circus peanuts, Rabbi. Care for some more?

He tosses over a handful. The rabbi pockets them.

RABBI

Are they kosher?

BARRY

Absolutely, in fact, they're kosherific.

GRAY

(to Barry)

Obviously, you have no idea what kosher even means. The rabbi wants to know if the circus peanuts have been blessed in accordance with traditional Jewish dietary laws. It's a simple-

Mindy pounds the table.

MINDY

Enough with the circus peanuts! I have an agenda, a list of goals that I want to make known to all of you. Accomplishing them will finally get this freight train-to-hell on the right track.

RICHIE

All right, you got our attention,
girl. Let 'er rip.

MINDY

First, I think we can all agree
that we have a saboteur among the
work crew. We have to root him
out.

HAROLD

She's right. The damage is costing
me a fortune and jeopardizes the
entire operation.

Everyone mumbles in agreement.

BOWMAN

How do you plan on exposing this
saboteur, dearie? Something
specific or just odds 'n sods?

MINDY

Well, perhaps I could hire a
psychic.

BOWMAN

Just what we need lassie, one more
pecan for this nut cluster.

MINDY

Moving on, we need to improve
productivity. The man-hours
expended relative to what is
ultimately found is absurdly high.

RICHIE

Are you saying we're lazy?

MINDY

No, incompetent.

RICHIE

That's more like it.

BOWMAN

rolls his eyes, shows disgust, strokes and kisses his metal
detector. Talks to it.

BOWMAN

Don't listen to her, Matilda.
You're doin' just fine.

BACK TO SCENE

MINDY

For example, the washing machine disaster came after hundreds of hours of research. Thousands of dollars were squandered.

Earl Gray fusses with his ascot.

GRAY

And exactly how do you propose to increase productivity, I might ask.

RICHIE

"Might ask?" She just did, Mr. Tea.

GRAY

You know I detest being called that, Richard. My name may be Earl Gray but my family has no connection whatsoever to the beverage. Your statement is childish.

RICHIE

childishly gives Gray the raspberries, sticks out his tongue.

BACK TO SCENE

MINDY

I'll answer that, Mr. Gray -- with technology. Are any of you familiar with "Archie" the archaeological robot designed by Dr. Hector Valdez of the University of Lake Titicaca?

O.s., snickering.

BOWMAN

I 'ave, dearie. It's a banker's lock.

MINDY

A what?

BOWMAN

A banker's lock -- you know, a crock. No robot can match what me and my sweet Matilda can do.

MINDY

Who?

BARRY

His damn metal detector. He named it Matilda. (to Bowman) You two sleeping together? She any good at finding something hard in the sack?

Bowman springs to his feet, points threateningly.

BOWMAN

You watch your gob around Matilda, Lima, or I'll bust it bloody.

BARRY

I might actually be intimidated Bowman, if I knew what that meant.

HAROLD

Sit down, Bowman. Cool off.

RICHIE

What's the matter, Bowman? You afraid of a little competition?

MINDY

Richie, it doesn't matter what Bowman thinks. I've already sent for a working model of Archie from IKEA. It should be here in a few days.

BOWMAN

Ha! A hundred bloody pages of assembly instructions, in Swedish I'll wager. I'm not doin' it, mate.

MINDY

You won't have to; I paid the extra ten dollars for assembly. And I am teaming it up with you.

Coincident with Bowman's jaw dropping is a squawk from Matilda.

BOWMAN

Teamin' me up? Bloody hell!

MINDY

That's right. Archie can learn from you and you can learn from Archie, if your ego will allow that.

Bowman fumes.

BOWMAN

Somethin' tells me there's iron ore.

EVERYONE

Huh?

BOWMAN

Iron ore -- something more! Are you twits ever going to catch on?

Mindy walks up behind Bowman, spins his chair till he faces her.

MINDY

That's right, there is something 'iron ore.' After thirty days I'll decide who stays and who goes.

Harold beams, Slush nods in approval. Earl Gray applauds without stop, laughs. Mindy turns Bowman's chair back to its original position, returns to the head of the table.

MINDY

Lastly, I'm putting in a call to famed archaeologist, Hank Flynn.

EARL GRAY'S

applause and laughter instantly evaporate. His face droops.

BACK TO SCENE

MINDY

I would like him to join our team for a while. We've become too insular. He's brilliant, accomplished and can offer some fresh insights.

GRAY

Hank Flynn? The same Hank Flynn whose photo you stealthily pine over, ten times a day?

Mindy momentarily looks away.

MINDY

... Maybe.

Gray huffs.

GRAY

I happen to know Hank Flynn is currently working on a dig, in Louisiana, I might add.

RICHIE

"Might add?" You just did, Tea Bag.

Gray waves off Richie's remark, reaches down brings up and thuds onto the table a heavy object wrapped in burlap. Oohs

and aahs erupt. Eyes widen.

GRAY

If you are thinking of replacing me as head archaeologist, think twice, young Kurtz. I have made a significant find. Jeopardize my position and I will dump this in the sea.

Mindy and Harold, shocked, briefly glance at each other. She pulls the photo of Flynn from her back pocket, gives it a quick look, returns it.

GRAY (O.S.)

That's eleven.

Mindy turns to Harold, speaks quietly.

MINDY

What should I do, Daddy?

Kanwandu places a hat on Harold's existing hat, as he ponders her question.

INT. CABLE TV CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The large, tiered, darkened room is illuminated by the flickering lights of computers, other electronic equipment and the pulsing neon sign on the wall that reads: Pulse Network.

Only two men occupy the room. One, bald, sits behind a modern, glossy black desk. He is PETER RAUNCH, the CEO of the Pulse Network.

The second, a nervous younger man with a bad toupee, is DARREN KLEPP, Raunch's assistant. Both men watch a live feed of the meeting inside the Bunker on a huge wall monitor. Raunch picks up a remote, freezes the action, smiles.

RAUNCH

Our boy, Gray, is really going all in with the prop you sent him, Klepp.

Klepp gulps, nods, is encouraged by Raunch's demeanor.

KLEPP

Indeed, Mr. Raunch, and he appears to have caught Mindy off guard.

Raunch stands, reveals his seven-foot height, scarecrow physique. He stretches, slowly works his way around the desk, close to Klepp.

Klepp rummages through documents on his clipboard, pauses as Raunch nears.

KLEPP

A highly uncomfortable situation for senior Kurtz, as well. Having publicly handed his daughter the reins only hours ago, he can hardly come to her rescue in front of everyone. It would humiliate her.

Raunch rests his bony hand on Klepp's shoulder, grasps his jacket's material tightly.

RAUNCH

And she's burning for Hank Flynn. Burning, burning, burning... Klepp.

KLEPP

Yes, um, burning, sir.

Raunch releases Klepp's shoulder, lightly slaps the back of his head.

RAUNCH

Gray's prop was your idea. I expect the next ratings report to show the improvement you promised. You know how I hate to be disappointed..

KLEPP

Yes, Mr. Raunch.

RAUNCH

And just in case ratings slip, as they did last season, I want you to show me our slate of possible replacement pilots.

KLEPP

Consider it done, sir.

BACK TO SCENE

Mindy composes herself.

MINDY

Earl, please don't jump to any conclusions. I was merely suggesting that a fresh set of eyes might offer an approach we haven't considered.

Earl warily accepts Mindy's explanation, takes his hand off the wrapped object. Mindy smiles, then quickly reacts.

MINDY

Barry -- grab it!

Barry, seated next to Gray, takes hold of the burlap-wrapped object, slides it in front of himself, then intimidates Gray with a closed fist.

Gray, perturbed, attempts no retrieval. Frustrated, he contemptuously gulps his tea.

BARRY

(to Mindy)

What do you want me to do with the thing?

MINDY

Let's save it for Dr. Flynn.

GRAY

What a bunch of immature babies. I feel as though I am back lecturing at Arizona State University. I hope you are happy, Mindy.

Rabbi Shpilkes stands.

RABBI

Mindy, Earl and the rest of you ham-and-mayonnaise eaters, let us remember the wise words of the prophet Shalizar at this stressful time.

BOWMAN

Really? Why? Did Shalizar have experience dealing with a Cable TV reality show that's going down the bloody tubes?

A general uproar ensues. Circus peanuts, pencils, paper, bits of cheese pelt everyone.

MINDY,

disgusted, turns to Harold.

MINDY

I'm calling Dr. Flynn in the morning. I don't care what anyone else says or thinks. This (she points) has to stop. As for now, I am out of here.

HAROLD

Where are you going?

MINDY

I have to pee!

BACK TO SCENE

Mindy storms out. Slush and Rousseau pursue.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Could Earl Gray's mysterious object lead to the discovery of Captain Kidd's treasure? Or could it be part of the treasure itself? And what of Mindy's abrupt, angry departure? Does she really have to pee?

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Never mind all that. I looked up Shalizar, that prophet Rabbi Shpilkes name-dropped.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

What an 'ambitious' newbie you are.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Shalizar is a Persian restaurant in Harrison, New Jersey. They specialize in shish kebab.

The rancorous meeting breaks up. Everyone starts to leave. When Earl Gray attempts to get his object back, Richie pushes him away.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

A camp fire smolders outside one of a group of tents in swampy grassland.

SUPER: "BURAS, LOUISIANA: THE NEXT DAY"

In the early morning light the calls of exotic birds and the buzz of countless insects fill the air. Dragon flies dart about.

INT. TENT

HANK and JANICE FLYNN, side-by-side in separate sleeping bags, sleep among piles of archaeological artefacts and equipment. Janice awakes at the sound of Hank's phone buzzing.

After six buzzes, she elbows him, checks her watch.

JANICE

Hank, wake up -- your phone! (she looks at her watch) Christ, it's only 5:30.

Hank, dark-haired, in his thirties, groans, sits up, checks his phone.

PHONE

A message reads: "Hank, after careful review of the complaint filed against you by the dismissed member of your current dig, we have no choice but to terminate your employment with this university. We wish you the best of luck. Dean Collins"

BACK TO SCENE

Hank turns off the phone, goes back to sleep. Janice picks up a hair brush, drags it through her long hair.

JANICE

What was that about?

HANK

Nothing, Janice.

She sets the brush down, looks at him inquisitively.

JANICE

Nothing? I find that very hard to believe.

Hank snores.

JANICE

That's your fake snore, Hank. Cut it out and tell me who called.

Hank's snoring stops. He farts.

JANICE

And that's your fake fart. Tell me.

Hank rolls in her direction, sits up.

HANK

Okay, you win. That was Dean Collins. I've been fired by the university.

Janice dismissively puffs, stands, starts to get dressed.

JANICE

Funny as a paper cut. C'mon, get up and get dressed already. We've got another long day ahead of us. Get Charlie up and have him start breakfast. Have him wake the others, too.

She swats mosquitoes, scratches bug bites. Hank rouses.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

(LATER)

A half dozen young WORKERS toil at an excavated site surrounded by lush greenery. Janice and Hank sit under a canopy, clean and inspect artefacts, attach I.D. tags.

KAREN, a particularly attractive female worker in shorts, enters, hands an artefact to Hank. He accepts it, smiles broadly.

HANK

That's an exceptional find, Karen.

KAREN

Thank you, Dr. Flynn. I really seem to have a knack for ar-kee... arkay... Oh, I can never say it right the first time!

HANK

Archae-ol-o-gy, Karen. You'll get it; it's tricky.

Janice, perturbed by the conversation, cranes her neck to see Karen's find.

JANICE'S POV

Karen holds a bent, rusted fork missing two tines.

BACK TO SCENE

JANICE

It's another fork, Hank.
Congratulations, we've now got enough to start our own Red Lobster.

Hank pays no attention to Janice's remark, twirls the fork, stays focused on Karen.

HANK

How have you managed to stay unbitten? The mosquitoes have me nearly drained.

Karen looks herself over.

KAREN

Oh, I have plenty of bites, Dr. Flynn. One on the inside of my thigh itches like crazy. (she shows him) See?

Hank takes a look.

HANK

Honestly, I don't see it.

Karen moves in closer to Hank, points to the exact spot.

KAREN

It's here, right here. Can't you see it? You can practically touch it with the tip of your tongue.

Janice observes.

JANICE

He sees! He sees! Karen, kindly go back to work. Maybe you can find another fork. We're falling behind -- and I need to speak with my husband.

Hank clears his throat, sits back. Karen, surprised, exits. Hank inspects the fork.

JANICE

Do you think I'm deaf and blind?

He shrugs.

JANICE

You've been ogling Karen the entire time we've been on this dig.

HANK

There's nothing to it; it's harmless. It's just a game. Guys like to look. When they stop, they're dead. If Chris Hemsworth was on this dig, you'd be asking him for a peek at his hammer.

JANICE

Oh?

She puts down the artefact she was cataloging, walks over to Hank.

JANICE

Harmless? A game? I know about the complaint that was filed. The intern you dismissed had every right to file it.

HANK

I can explain.

Neither Hank nor Janice notices that everyone on the dig is now standing around the outside of the canopy, observing their spat.

HANK

That intern was consistently making mistakes with her cataloging. Her
(MORE)

HANK (cont'd)
 errors compromised the dig. For
 cryin' out loud, Janice, she
 labeled a cannon ball as an
 'oversized bullet!' I had no
 choice but to confront her about
 it.

Janice throws a cup at Hank.

JANICE
 While she was taking a shower?!

O.s., the onlookers laugh, startle Hank and Janice.

JANICE
 Everyone back to work! This is
 private, well, it was intended to
 be... private, very private.

The crowd disperses.

JANICE
 Look, I have something I have to
 get off my chest.

HANK
 Aha! There we go. I know I'm no
 saint and apparently neither are
 you. Spill it.

JANICE
 I contacted Dean Collins. I got
 you fired.

Hank freezes, then pulls off his hat, slams it to the
 ground.

HANK
 You ratted me out? You ratted me
 out! I had one year to go to be
 tenured.

Janice returns to her seat, examines a pot shard.

JANICE
 You had it coming.

Hank, incredulous, picks up and drop kicks a clay pot,
 fractures it into a thousand pieces.

HANK
 You realize you've effectively
 ruined my career. Me, Hank Flynn,
 the guy who found the long lost
 chest of ancient, gold penis
 sheaths in Varna. The guy who
 found the olive pit in the rectum
 (MORE)

HANK (cont'd)
of Otzi the Iceman! What the hell
am I supposed to do now, Janice?

Janice never looks up from the shard.

JANICE
Pack.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY (ONE HOUR LATER)

In a clearing, Hank throws his gear into a beat-up van. Lanky CHARLIE, a team member, belatedly motions to assist. Hank waves him off, then produces his wallet, pulls out cash.

HANK
Charlie, I can offer you forty
bucks if you'll drive me all the
way to the airport.

He proffers the bills. Charlie starts to grab them, pulls back his hand.

CHARLIE
I wish I could, Dr. Flynn but Mrs.
Dr. Flynn said she wanted me back
in thirty minutes or less. The
airport is two hours away. If I'm
late she'll have me cleaning the
chemical toilets for the rest of
the week. I can only take you as
far as the bus stop on the service
road. Sorry.

HANK
Charlie, that bus stop is literally
in the middle of nowhere. It's
adjacent to a swamp. Three people
went missing at that stop last
year. All they found was a nose.
There's alligators every six feet!

Charlie shakes his head, gets in the van. Hank follows, gets in, slams the door shut.

BUS STOP - MINUTES LATER

The van comes to a stop. With the motor running, Hank exits, gets his gear, slams the door. The van turns around, goes back the way it came. Hank picks up a rock throws it at the departing vehicle.

With no sign of civilization and a relentless sun beating down, Hank picks up his gear, walks to the rusted bust stop sign. He sets everything down, cautiously looks around at the high grass and moss-covered trees that come up to the

dirt road.

An o.s. growl gets Hank's attention. Consumed with fear and nowhere to run, he makes a pile of his belongings, then stands on it. His phone rings -- he answers.

HANK/MINDY - INTERCUTTING

Picture of Hank in hand, Mindy lies on her bed while conversing.

MINDY
Dr. Flynn? Dr. Hank Flynn? Is
this you?

HANK
For the moment, yes.

MINDY
For the moment? I don't
understand.

Another o.s. growl has hank looking in all directions.

HANK
Just a little professional humor.
You'd have to be here to appreciate
it.

MINDY
Where exactly are you?

HANK
Rural Louisiana, working on a dig.
Who are you?

Mindy gives the photo another loving look, holds it to her chest. Her eyes flutter.

MINDY
My name is Mindy Kurtz. I am
calling you from Goat Island. Are
you familiar with it?

Hank looks to his left before answering.

HANK'S POV

Fifty yards away, two large gators emerge from the swamp, one from each side of the road. They walk towards the middle.

BACK TO SCENE

HANK
I can't say that I have.

MINDY

It's off the coast of Maine. Have
I called you at a bad time?

HANK'S POV

The gators turn in the other direction, move farther away.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank breathes a sigh of relief.

HANK

Um, no, I have some time to talk.

MINDY

Well, are you familiar with the
Pulse Network? It's a cable
channel. They're filming here on
Goat Island.

HANK

Oh, that's simply wonderful. I am
very happy for you. Truthfully, I
don't watch much television.

MINDY

That's not a problem. You see,
we're searching for treasure,
Captain Kidd's treasure to be
specific.

HANK

Okay. How do I fit in? I'm not a
treasure hunter per se.

HANK'S POV

The gators stop, turn, proceed along the road towards Hank.

BACK TO SCENE

HANK

That's not good.

Mindy, concerned, sits up.

MINDY

Dr. Flynn, I haven't even
propositioned you yet -- I mean, I
haven't proposed -- I haven't asked
you a question yet.

She winces, lightly pounds the top of her head, then points
her index finger to her temple, pulls the air trigger,
crosses her eyes.

Hank's eyes are focused on the gators.

HANK

Okay, tell me what's on your mind
-- quickly.

MINDY

Sure. Our current team hasn't had much success. Our staff archaeologist lacks leadership skills and is overly fond of ascots. All he is good at is finding buttons. We are floundering. As a result, we may lose the Pulse Network's coverage... (she chokes up). My father stands to lose everything if this project fails and-

HANK

And you need an experienced archaeologist with an established list of successes and management expertise to avert a crisis?

MINDY

That pretty much sums it up, Dr. Flynn. Would you consider coming up to Goat Island and at least have a look?

HANK'S POV

The two gators are getting closer.

HANK

While I'm sure I could be of some assistance, Mindy, you need to know... I'm on another dig, currently, and I'm not sure I can tear myself away. Right now I'm up to my neck in alligators, as they say.

MINDY

Up to your neck in alligators? I love that! Listen, I realize your time is valuable. Just come up for a look. I can cover your travel expenses and pay you \$5,000 -- just for an evaluation.

HANK

That sounds fair. I do have a question. Are there alligators on Goat Island?

Mindy, entranced with the photo, passionately kisses it, sticks it down the front of her jeans. Abruptly, she snaps out of her reverie.

MINDY

Why, no! But if it will get you to stay, I'm sure I can arrange for some to be brought in.

HANK'S POV

The gators are closing in.

BACK TO SCENE

HANK

No! No gators!

MINDY

Fine, no gators. How soon can you come up?

Hank eyes the gators.

HANK

That depends.

MINDY

Today is Friday. How does this coming Monday sound?

HANK

I'll try my best, Mindy. With a little help from above I should make it. What's the best way to get to Goat Island?

MINDY

Take the water taxi in Portland. It leaves at noon from the pier next to the Portland Lighthouse on Cottage Lane Road. Looking forward to meeting you, Dr. Flynn. Don't let those gators bite! (she laughs)

END MINDY/HANK INTERCUTTING

Mouths open, the two gators have reached Hank's pile of belongings. A third approaches. Hank closes his eyes.

HANK

Help, someone!

O.s., a faint humming sound intensifies. Hank opens his eyes, looks up. A flash of twinkling light, and Hank and his gear are gone.

EXT. SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

A gold, pyramid-shaped spacecraft of enormous size rises at fantastic speed, reaches a point high above Earth, stops.

INT. SPACECRAFT

The ship's interior is a blend of an ancient Babylonian motif and advanced technology. The four ALIENS milling about, tending controls, are nine feet in height.

They are attired in the manner of monarchs from millennia ago. KA, their leader, is the most imposing of all. His braided, beaded beard nearly reaches the floor. AHN, his comely wife, wears a gown of spun gold studded with dazzling buttons and jewels.

Three aliens approach a table on which Hank lies, unconscious, hooked up to monitors. They inspect him. Ahn appears pleased with their abductee, Ka less so.

KA

Ahn, it is four thousand years since we, the Anunnaki, departed Earth for our home planet of Nibiru. After all that time, I expected more of humankind.

AHN

Ka, my dear husband, you are too quick to judge from a sample of one. Having imbued humankind with the knowledge of agriculture, science and engineering over four millennia ago, along with portions of our own DNA, how could they have possibly evolved into anything other than an enlightened, tolerant and peaceful people, such as ourselves.

O.s., BAL, another Anunnaki, shouts an alert.

BAL (O.S.)

Nuclear-armed missile approaching!
Course adjustment implemented.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The pyramid-shaped craft narrowly evades a speeding ICBM.

BACK TO SCENE

Bal, at his controls, turns to Ka and Ahn.

BAL

"Tolerant and peaceful?" Ka, that was clearly an act of aggression. Let us teach Earth a lesson and raise the temperature of their atmosphere and oceans by one hundred degrees.

Ka strokes his beard, weighs the proposal.

AHN

Ka, certainly you are not considering-

Ka raises an index finger, silences Ahn.

KA

Too drastic, Bal. Perhaps it would be more interesting to gradually raise the temperature over time and see if humans can cooperate to meet the challenge. I will think it over.

Ka looks down Hank.

KA

At the moment, we have more important matters to attend to.

Ahn points to a specific part of her gown.

AHN

Like my missing button!

KA

Precisely, Ahn. How fortunate you noticed its absence before we reached Nibiru.

AHN

Yes, luckily we had only traveled for two thousand Earth years before I noticed. It's such a shiny button -- perhaps my shiniest. Would you not agree, Ka?

KA

Very, very shiny, indeed, Ahn. What say you, Bal?

BAL

looks up from his instruments, towards Ka and Ahn.

BAL

Most shiny. Invariably, that particular button drew my attention, Ahn.

PULU

the fourth Anunnaki, bird-headed, spreads his wings, praises the lost button.

PULU

Hail, Ahn's button! The shiniest button in the universe!

BACK TO SCENE

KA

(to Ahn)

It was fortuitous we intercepted the human's communications. The mentioning of the buttons and the island that is now named for goats, where we once resided, can only mean... can only mean... Ahn, I've lost my train of thought.

AHN

It means our search must focus there.

KA

Right, right! We'll do that. Place the human under our control with the Anunnaki Breath of Discipline.

Ahn nods in approval. She lifts Hank's head, lowers his jaw, pulls out and discards chewing gum, breathes into his open mouth.. Upon completion she recites a prayer in an ancient tongue.

INT. THEATER - DAY

The dark, fifty-seat room is partially illuminated as its entrance door swings open. Two silhouetted figures enter. The shorter one turns on the lights, reveals they are Peter Raunch and Klepp.

Raunch bumps into Klepp, causes him to drop the numerous files he carries. They spill onto the floor. Klepp cowers, attempts to pick up the scattered documents.

Raunch steps on them, intentionally scatters them further, as he proceeds to a front row seat. Disgusted by his assistant's clumsiness, Raunch sighs, places his hand on his forehead.

RAUNCH

Klepp, get on with the presentation of the pilot. I have better things to do than observe your inept janitorial skills.

Klepp pauses from document retrieval.

KLEPP

Yes, Mr. Raunch, at once.

Klepp looks up in the direction of the projection booth, waves.

KLEPP

Sidney? You in there? Roll 'em --
now!

The room partially darkens. Klepp starts to take his seat next to Raunch, earns a withering look. He slinks two seats farther away. The room goes black. Ten seconds go by -- nothing happens.

RAUNCH

Klepp, if I do not see something in ten seconds, only one person will leave this screening room with two working legs, and it won't be you.

KLEPP

Sidney!... Sidney, for god's sake start the projector and save my peculiar gait.

THEATER SCREEN

goes white, technical information appears, followed by the title: Chef on the Run.

RAUNCH (O.S.)

Klepp, what's the program's premise?

O.s., the sound of rustling paper.

RAUNCH (O.S.)

You're searching for the premise?
It's pitch black in here.

KLEPP (O.S.)

Yes, I know sir. I'll be able to read it.

RAUNCH (O.S.)

You can read in the dark?

KLEPP (O.S.)

I can, sir. I've learned to do a great many impossible things since I came to work here. Here it is, Chef on the Run.

In broad daylight a BURGLAR breaks into a home through the back door.

KLEPP (O.S.)

In each episode a known felon breaks into a home, works his way to the kitchen and, using only what is available, prepares a gourmet meal.

Upon entering the kitchen, the criminal rummages through the pantry and fridge.

RAUNCH (O.S.)
 Hmm... Is there a time factor?

KLEPP (O.S.)
 Oh, most definitely, Mr. Raunch.
 We put in a call to the police
 after thirty air minutes, allowing
 them ten minutes to get to the
 scene. We'll have a running
 countdown clock on the screen.

The felon preps and cooks at a furious pace, makes a terrible mess. In time, the meal starts to come together.

RAUNCH (O.S.)
 Can he make whatever he wants, or
 is there an assigned menu?

KLEPP (O.S.)
 It's assigned, but we do allow some
 leeway so the felon can have the
 opportunity to express his or her
 personal creativity.

As the chef/criminal finishes plating, a police siren is heard o.s. He hears it, panics, drops a frying pan, runs.

RAUNCH (O.S.)
 Who judges the meal?

KLEPP (O.S.)
 The responding officers and the
 homeowner, if available.

Police officers taste and respond positively to the meal. One, however, frowns and gives it a thumbs down.

The pilot ends; the theater lights turn on.

RAUNCH & KLEPP

Raunch is deep in thought. Klepp stands, carefully approaches his boss.

KLEPP
 The same chef continues week after
 week, until captured by the police
 or...

RAUNCH
 Or what?

Klepp sticks a finger in his shirt collar, loosens it.

KLEPP

Or is shot by the returning
homeowner. We leave a loaded
revolver in a prearranged place.

Raunch's eyes light up.

RAUNCH

Shot? Klepp, you may actually have
something here, but see what else
you can come up with. ... A loaded
revolver. You may want to consider
changing the program's name to Hot
Food -- Hot Lead.

Raunch chuckles, exits. Klepp remains, writes notes, pumps
his fist in the air.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY, middle-aged, tobacco chewing, spits out a stream of
juice onto the projector.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

SUPER: "PORTLAND MAINE - SUNDAY MORNING"

On a quiet street a small group of PEOPLE congregate at the
bus stop. A large tree is set back by a few feet. O.s.,
moaning his heard.

The frumpy, forty-ish WOMAN is the only one in the group who
responds after the third moan. Curious, she makes her way
to the base of the tree, looks up.

WOMAN'S POV

Hank sits, along with his bundles, on a thick branch. His
face is pressed against the tree's rugged trunk.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Mister, what are you doing up
there?

Hank's eyes open. Gingerly, he peels his face away from the
tree, senses and touches the deep impressions the bark has
pressed into his skin. A squirrel jumps into his lap,
pauses.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You got nuts, mister?

Hank starts to come around, is perplexed by the question.

HANK

Nuts? I beg your pardon.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Nuts, you must have nuts. Look down in your lap. There's a squirrel. He wants your nuts, if you have any.

Hank looks, sees the squirrel, yelps, flinches, scares it off.

THE WOMAN

is joined by a male COLLEGE STUDENT who sees Hank, then looks at the woman. They shrug. The student turns his attention back to Hank.

COLLEGE STUDENT

Dude, what are you doing up there? Some sort of protest? Keeping that tree from being cut down?

The student and woman quickly step aside as one bundle falls, hits the ground. It is followed by a second, then Hank, who, bewildered, looks around.

O.s., the sound of an approaching bus. Hank instantly goes from bewildered to frightened, grabs the student, cowers behind him.

COLLEGE STUDENT

Whoa, dude! What's with you?

HANK

Gators! Alligators! They're everywhere! Got to... uh, look out for... the gators. (looks about) Lots of gators here in... Louisiana?

The student brushes Hank off, distances himself.

WOMAN

This isn't Louisiana, mister. This here is Portland, well, the outskirts.

HANK

Portland, Maine or Portland, Oregon?

COLLEGE STUDENT

You see any riots going on? It's Maine, dude.

The bus arrives, comes to a stop. Hank breathes a sigh of relief, tries to act nonchalant.

HANK

Of course it is. It's obvious.
Either of you know where this bus
heads?

WOMAN

Downtown.

O.s., the BUS DRIVER shouts.

BUS DRIVE (O.S.)

I ain't posing for an oil painting,
folks. You coming or not?

Hank picks up his bundles, heads for the bus, is followed by
the student, the woman and several other people.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - DAY (TWENTY MINUTES LATER)

The bus comes to a halt at a stop adjacent to an expansive
park.

INT. BUS

Hank, the last person leaving the bus, grabs his gear, heads
towards the front, stops by the driver.

HANK

This the last stop?

BUS DRIVER

So the dispatcher tells me.

Suspicious, the driver looks Hank over.

BUS DRIVER

They don't allow vagrants to camp
in the park, buddy.

Hank is taken aback.

HANK

I'm no vagrant, buddy. And I'm not
camping in your lovely park.

BUS DRIVER

Oh, excuse me, "Mr. Assertive
Vagabond." Look, I'm supposed to
report guys like you to Community
Services.

HANK

I repeat, I am not a vagrant, or a
vagabond. I'm looking for the
water taxi that goes to Goat
Island. (he struggles to recall the
(MORE)

HANK (cont'd)
street) Cottage... something...
Cottage Lane Road! Do you know
where that is?

The driver looks off into the distance, points.

BUS DRIVER
About ten minutes along this path
through the park, until it ends.
Then go right for three blocks.
Enter the pedestrian mall. Go
about fifty yards and you'll see
the pier off to the right. It's on
Cottage Lane Road.

HANK
Thanks.

Hank grabs his stuff, exits the bus.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

BUS DRIVE (O.S.)
Don't be ashamed of being homeless,
pal. It happens -- and no camping
in the park.

O.s., the sound of the bus driving off.

Hank proceeds along the path. He pauses, checks his back
pocket, produces his wallet. He checks its contents and,
satisfied, returns it, resumes walking.

Suddenly, he feels a nudge from behind. Startled, he stops,
turns around.

HANK'S POV

BENNY THE GOAT chews, blankly stares at Hank.

BACK TO SCENE

Dumbfounded, Hank walks, but at a quicker pace, looks over
his shoulder every few steps. Benny pursues. Hank picks up
the pace, goes into a jog. Benny keeps up.

Onlookers stop to watch. Disgusted, Hank abruptly comes to
a full stop, gets a hard nudge from behind. He turns
around.

HANK'S POV

Benny has Hank's wallet in his mouth. The goat bolts.

BACK TO SCENE

Now ahead of Hank, Benny runs along the path. Pedestrians
jump out of his way. Dogs bark. Hank runs after Benny.

HANK

Give me back my wallet -- or I'll
turn you into one!

The fleet-footed goat continues on, builds its lead over Hank. It leaps over a construction ditch. Hank attempts the same feat, accidentally drops one of his bundles into it.

He jumps in to retrieve it.

FRONT-END LOADER

filled with dirt comes to the ditch's edge. Its OPERATOR is preoccupied with his cellphone.

BACK TO SCENE

The bucket-load of dirt begins to spill out.

HANK'S POV

Dirt cascading downward.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank grabs his bundle, gets out of the ditch in time. He looks for Benny, spots him and resumes his pursuit.

Benny slows down. He comes to a large, circular stone fountain, drops the wallet on its edge, takes a drink.

A SHADY-LOOKING MAN

spots the wallet, casually steps to the fountain while Benny drinks.

HANK (O.S.)

That's my wallet, deadbeat!

BACK TO SCENE

Benny looks up, sees the man's attempt to steal the wallet, bites his hand. Hank, in the distance, closes in.

HANK

Good goat! I take back what I said
about turning you into a wallet.

Benny picks up the wallet, takes off at full speed.

PEDESTRIAN MALL

The mall is filled with people, vendors and street performers. Benny wends his way through the crowd. Many of the people recognize him, greet him by name, pet him.

Hank clumsily pursues, knocks into pedestrians with his bundles, earns their ire.

HANK'S POV

He witnesses the goat's warm welcome, its name being said.

HANK (O.S.)
Benny? Benny?... Benny!

Benny pauses, looks over his shoulder.

BENNY'S POV

Hank is getting closer.

BACK TO SCENE

Benny bleats, runs onward, exits the mall, turns towards the pier. Hank follows but is flagging.

PIER

The water taxi, large enough to accommodate twenty people, is nearly full. Its engine starts. A billow of smoke emanates from its exhaust pipe. Its horn blares.

Benny reaches the pier's edge, leaps, wallet in mouth. He lands on board, as the boat moves from the pier, to raucous applause.

INT. WATER TAXI

Benny strolls over to Mindy, deposits the wallet into her lap, sits in front of her. O.s., Hank's incoherent yelling is heard.

HANK (O.S.)
Wait! Wait! My wallet! Get my
wallet from that pickpocketing
goat!

HANK

runs full tilt, drags one bundle on the ground by a broken strap. He flings himself off the pier's edge.

INT. WATER TAXI

The bundles flop onto the deck. Aghast PASSENGERS look about for their owner.

HANK (O.S.)
A little help here! More like a
lot -- please! Right now!

STERN OF WATER TAXI

Hank hangs off the craft's stern. Helping hands get him on board.

INT. WATER TAXI

Hank, soaked, spots Benny and his wallet, approaches Mindy, who does a double-take upon recognizing Dr. Flynn.

MINDY

My god! Dr. Flynn, what are you doing here today? It's Sunday; I wasn't expecting you until tomorrow.

Hank is perplexed.

HANK

Who are -- Oh! You must be Mindy. I never saw your picture.

He looks down, extends his hand to retrieve his wallet from her lap, quickly withdraws it when she looks shocked at his advance.

MINDY

Dr. Flynn!

HANK

Sorry, just wanted to get my wallet back before Benny -- it is Benny, right? (she nods) Before Benny has it for lunch.

Mindy is embarrassed by her initial reaction.

MINDY

Oh, of course, Dr. Flynn. Here you go.

She hands him the wallet, holds on for an extra second or two, smiles, releases her grip.

HANK

I, uh, somehow managed to get into Portland a day early. The trip was a bit of a blur.

Mindy, seated, shifts to her left to make room on the crowded bench that runs along the port side. Two men sitting next to her take notice.

They are RICK and MARTY LAGINA, the two, featured, star brothers from the History Channel's program, The Curse of Oak Island. They make room for Hank.

HANK

Can I squeeze in here, gentlemen?

RICK AND MARTY

By all means, of course.

HANK

You guys headed to Goat Island,
too?

RICK

No, we're staying on. Our stop is
Oak Island, farther north.

HANK

Oh, is there treasure there, too?

MARTY

Well, we'd kind of like to think
so.

RICK

It's there all right. You can take
my word for it.

Marty pokes Rick in the ribs.

MARTY

My brother, the eternal optimist.

Hank turns his attention to Mindy, cautiously pats Benny on
the head.

HANK

Benny here seems to be a local
celebrity. Everyone in town knows
his name.

MINDY

Yes, he'll probably run for mayor
once he's done serving on the town
council.

Hank laughs, quickly stops when Mindy seems serious.

HANK

I guess I owe him a debt of thanks.
If he didn't run off with my wallet
I would have missed the boat.

Mindy, infatuated, hangs on every word, fails to reply.

HANK

Mindy?... Mindy?

She snaps out of her spell.

MINDY

Sorry. Yes, it did work out.
Fate, I guess you could say, has
(she smiles broadly) brought us
together.

Hank quickly changes the subject.

HANK

How long until we reach Goat
Island?

MINDY

About forty-five minutes.

WATER TAXI

is now well out to sea. A sleek, fast-moving motorboat
approaches from behind on a diagonal heading.

BACK TO SCENE

HANK

Good, that gives us time to talk.
Fill me in on the project and how
it's proceeding.

O.s., the sound of the oncoming motorboat's engine grows
louder. Hank is oblivious to it, but Mindy has noticed and
becomes increasingly uncomfortable, periodically looks in
its direction.

MINDY

Oh, it's quite a long and involved
tale, Dr. Flynn.

HANK

Please, call me Hank.

MINDY

Yes, Dr. Flynn. To continue, my
father owns, well, inherited... Um,
I mean... what I'm getting at is,
half the island belongs to him.

HANK

I see. And who owns the other
half?

Mindy stands, points, tries to maintain her balance as the
boat rocks.

MINDY

That sack of donkey shit!

MOTORBOAT/INT. WATER TAXI - INTERCUTTING

The motorboat has caught up with the water taxi, runs along
side it, dangerously close.

Hank stands next to Mindy. The o.s. sound of the engine is
deafening.

MINDY'S POV

BORIS FRANKLIN, forty, furious, operates the boat. A
DECKHAND stands on the bow, holds up a sign.

SIGN: "Harold Kurtz is an enviro-terrorist!"

He puts it down, picks up an overflowing bucket of fish blood and guts.

BORIS

Harold Kurtz is a living menace to Goat Island! You are all explicit in his crimes against nature!

MINDY

Explicit? Boris, you mean complicit, not explicit, you pea brain!

BORIS

Well, you're all guilty, nonetheless. Guilty!

On board the water taxi an OLD WOMAN stands, closes her book, shrugs.

OLD WOMAN

What nonsense! I just came out here to get some lovely sea air.

The old woman is suddenly doused with a stream of fish guts and blood.

BORIS (O.S.)

Guilty!

THE DECKHAND

throws down the empty bucket.

BACK TO SCENE

The old woman stoically sits back down, opens her book. O.s., the sound of the motorboat engine fades.

The motorboat departs.

END INTERCUTTING

HANK

Who is that lunatic?

MINDY

That is Boris Franklin. He inherited the other half of Goat Island. He's a radical environmentalist. He's been a thorn in Daddy's side from day one; wants nothing less than to stop the project.

HANK

That's some problem. Aren't all your permits in order?

MINDY

...Some, in a manner of speaking. Sometimes I'm a little lax when it comes to filing all the paperwork on time. I always intend to, but between that, Benny and my bagpipes, it's hard to find the time.

HANK

Bagpipes?

MINDY

Yes, the bagpipes. I minored in bagpipes at Wellesley College. That's why I was in town today.

HANK

To play the bagpipes?

MINDY

No. (she laughs) I took it in for repairs. I was rough with the blowstick and bent it.

Hank blanches, recovers.

HANK

I see. Well, filing permits has to be item number one on the list of things that must change, Mindy. No two ways about it.

EXT. PIER - DAY

(LATER)

The water taxi pulls up to the Goat Island pier. Mindy, Hank and Benny exit. Benny nudges Hank from behind. Panicked, he moves his wallet to a front pocket.

Harold Kurtz, followed by Kanwandu, approaches as the water taxi's engine idles. The wind blows his hat off when he reaches Mindy and Hank. Hank motions to retrieve it.

HAROLD

No-no, thanks but don't bother. Kanwandu here has a ready replacement, as always.

Kanwandu frowns, places a new hat on Harold's head with a bit more force than usual.

KANWANDU

Your hat, Mr. Kurtz.

Hank, baffled, shakes hands with Harold.

HAROLD

Who is this, Mindy?

MINDY

Daddy, this is Dr. Flynn; he arrived a day early.

HANK

Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Kurtz.

HAROLD

Likewise, Dr. Flynn. My daughter Mindy has been extolling your virtues for some time, when not making love to a photo of you. She-

A booming explosion, accompanied by a rising fireball goes off in the background. Hank alone hits the ground. Everyone else takes it calmly in stride. Hank, embarrassed, confused, quickly stands, dusts himself off.

HANK

What the- Didn't you- The explosion -- didn't you hear it?

Harold chuckles, Mindy blushes.

HAROLD

Of course, probably won't be the last one today.

MINDY

Something's always blowing up around here, Dr. Flynn. A saboteur among the crew, we suspect. We really do need to find out who it is, at some point.

HANK

At some point? Update, that's the new number-one priority!

MINDY

If you say so. Oh, by the way, Daddy, we were harassed by Boris Franklin again on our way over.

HAROLD

Confound that man! What did he do this time?

MINDY

He splattered Ellie Green with a bucket of fish guts.

HAROLD

(laughs)

That's the third time this month!

Harold points towards the island's interior, begins walking.

HAROLD

Come come, we mustn't tarry. Let's
head to the bunker. I need to-

Mindy stamps her foot.

MINDY

Daddy, please! I'm in charge,
remember?

HAROLD

Yes, yes, of course you are, dear.
Pardon my forgetfulness.

Harold takes out his cellphone.

HAROLD

I'll just call ahead and make sure
everyone is there.

Harold steps away, makes his call MOS. Mindy straightens
up, asserts herself.

MINDY

Dr. Flynn, if you would be so kind.
We should head to the bunker now.
I'd like to introduce you to the
others.

HANK

Fine, and please call me Hank.
Okay?

MINDY

Certainly, Dr. Flynn.

They all proceed up the path from the pier. The water
taxi's engine revs higher. Just before it departs, a SMALL
MAN in field attire, carrying a backpack, quickly steps off,
waits until the Kurtzes, Hank and Kanwandu are out of sight,
before proceeding in a different direction.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

(MINUTES LATER)

Harold, Mindy, Hank and Kanwandu approach the entrance to
the bunker. As Mindy reaches for the doorknob Hank's phone
rings.

HANK

Pardon me, I need to see who's
calling.

He steps away, checks his phone.

HANK

(to Mindy)

It's Janice, my wife.

Mindy deflates on the news, turns away but shows interest in overhearing the conversation.

HANK/JANICE - INTERCUTTING

Janice, under the tarp at the Louisiana dig site, speaks as she inspects artefacts, glances at paperwork.

JANICE

Where the hell are you?

Karen enters the covered area. She is excited about yet another fork she has found, proudly presents it to Janice. Janice accepts it, smiles weakly. When Karen exits she throws it away.

HANK

Hi, honey. I'm on Goat Island, off the coast of Maine... somehow.

JANICE

Why didn't you go home? My mom's been worried sick.

JANICE'S MOM

sits in a club chair in a cozy living room, with an open box of assorted chocolates. Perfectly placid, she plucks one from the box, takes a small bite, grimaces, spits the piece back into the box.

BACK TO SCENE

JANICE

She called me to find out why you never arrived. I had told her you were on your way back from here.

HANK

Your mom gets worried sick over Daylight Savings. Let her know, between bonbons, that I'm fine. I got this unexpected invite to come to Goat Island and do a little consulting work.

Janice is suspicious.

JANICE

Oh, really? Who invited you?

HANK

Her, uh, name is... Mindy, Mindy Kurtz. Her father, Harold, is-

Janice picks up a rock hammer, smashes a clay pot.

JANICE
Any mosquito bites on her thighs?!

Janice ends the call, throws her phone.

END HANK/JANICE INTERCUTTING

Hank maintains his composure, puts away his phone, rejoins the others. Mindy feigns not hearing the conversation.

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Harold, Hank, Mindy and Kanwandu enter, are instantly approached by Slush and Rousseau, camera in hand.

O.s., the noise of excited conversation fills the room.

HANK'S POV

The Lima brothers, Bowman, Rabbi Shpilkes and Earl Gray are all focused on a large wooden crate. Bowman protectively hugs his metal detector. The others are eager to see the crate's contents.

BARRY
Good timing, Mindy, it was just delivered a few minutes ago.

BACK TO SCENE

The Kurtzes, Hank and Kanwandu join the others, followed by Slush and Rousseau.

MINDY
We didn't see a boat at the pier.
How'd it get here?

RICHIE
Parachute. It landed ten feet from the bunker. On a windy day it would have ended up in the ocean.

Hank investigates the crate, runs his hand along the top, which flops down, reveals the contents.

CRATE INTERIOR

A robot with an angular human face is partially covered with excelsior. Its eyes spring open, glow a radiant green.

BOWMAN (O.S.)
It's bloody Archie.

BACK TO SCENE

ARCHIE begins extricating itself in a slow, methodical, programmed manner. Its voice will be sexually neutral.

ARCHIE

Not bloody Archie, just Archie.

Everyone takes a step back, observes. They are in awe of the process by which Archie removes itself from its packaging, attaches separately included parts.

MINDY

It was definitely worth the extra ten bucks for assembly.

ARCHIE

Yes, smart move. I seriously doubt anyone here could have accomplished assembly in under two years.

BOWMAN

It's got a bit of a fucking attitude.

MINDY

You're going to have to get used to that, Bowman. You two are going to be spending a lot of time together.

Assembled, Archie brings itself to its full six-foot height. The robot has slender legs and a mini-crane attached to one shoulder. Curious, Hank approaches Archie, inspects, turns to Mindy.

HANK

Dr. Hector Valdez's work, University of Lake Titicaca. I can't believe it -- you bought an Archie!

Earl Gray joins Hank, shows disdain for the robot.

MINDY

Not exactly, Dr. Flynn. Rabbi Shpilkes figured leasing made more sense.

ARCHIE

The exact terms of the lease are available on the web. Regarding my presence, I am here to see how I perform under field conditions.

Rousseau, pushed by Slush, comes in for a closer look at Archie. Archie snaps to a defensive pose, brandishes a trowel, startles the twosome. Rousseau scoots back.

SLUSH

Stay in there, you coward. Don't back down.

ROUSEEAU

You're awfully brave with my life.

RABBI

Mindy, would you like me to bless
the robot?

HAROLD

Judaism has a blessing for robots?

RABBI

Not exactly, but I can fake it.

BARRY

Like Harold's tax returns?

MINDY

Archie! Do you recognize me, my
voice?

Archie's head turns in her direction. He stows the trowel.

ARCHIE

Certainly, you are Mindy Kurtz.

MINDY

Good, please go dormant.

Archie complies, freezes, goes dark. Richie takes a closer
look.

RICHIE

Mindy, you know if you and Benny
ever break up, Archie here could be
your next Mr. Right. You two have
the same amount of personality --
none.

Everyone but Mindy laughs.

MINDY

I'm glad you all find this so
entertaining.

BOWMAN

Not me, dearie.

MINDY

I don't doubt it, Bowman. As I was
about to say, you've all been asked
here to meet the world-renown
archaeologist, Dr. Hank Flynn (Gray
yawns) whom I have asked to assist
us, by evaluating our operation.
Dr. Flynn, would you care to say a
few words?

Hank humbly smiles, politely nods to everyone.

HANK

Thank you, Mindy. First off, please feel free to call me Hank. Doctor Flynn is just too formal. To clarify things, I haven't been hired yet. Right now I'm strictly here as an observer and consultant.

RICHIE & BARRY

give each other a quick glance, roll their eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

HANK

I've been on quite a few digs over the course of my career and hope that I can apply some of what I have learned to your project, with the goal, of course, of finding Captain Kidd's treasure.

GRAY

You have a genuine knack for stating the obvious, "Hank."

A conspicuous silence follows Gray's comment. Hank, uncomfortable with the response, wipes his perspired forehead, looks downward.

HANK

(to Mindy)

Maybe this is a mistake, Mindy. Perhaps I should-

Mindy places a reassuring hand on his shoulder, draws snickering.

RICHIE

Tough luck, Archie. Looks like Hank here is next in line after Benny.

GRAY

Yes, apparently there is a lid for every pot, no matter how cracked.

MINDY

Knock it off. Shock me by acting half as professionally as Dr. Flynn.

HANK

Hank, Mindy. Hank.

MINDY

Yes, of course, Dr. Flynn.

Mindy turns her attention to Richie, grabs his sleeve.

MINDY

Richie, where's the mystery object
you took from Gray?

Richie points o.s. Everyone walks in that direction.

TABLE

The group gathers around a sturdy table. Richie unlocks a cabinet beneath it, places the burlap-wrapped object on its surface. He brushes aside Gray's hand when he attempts to unwrap it.

MINDY

Earl, where exactly did you find
this?

Gray again places his hand on the object.

GRAY

May I?

Mindy nods; he unwraps the object.

ARTEFACT

is two feet in length, oddly shaped, metallic and heavily corroded.

BACK TO SCENE

Gray, pleased with the opportunity to speak, nudges Hank aside, straightens his ascot.

GRAY

I was alone, so very alone, in
Bartlett's Cove, at the north end.
After hours of painstakingly taking
core samples, without pause in
inclement weather, I struck the
magnificent object you see before
you.

When Hank tries to get a closer look, Gray impedes him.

BOWMAN

Pht! Me and trusty Matilda here
would have found that bugger in a
bloody minute, with time for tea,
and without breaking a teacher's
pet.

GRAY

A teacher's pet?

BOWMAN

Teacher's pet -- a sweat, you
pompous twit.

Barry pokes Bowman, silences him. The rabbi smells the object.

RABBI

Phew! Smells like my wife's gefilte fish -- but probably tastes better.

HAROLD

How old is it, Earl?

Gray folds his arms, leans his head back, ponders, exhales, as if answering the weightiest of questions.

GRAY

Oh... fourteenth century, I suspect. It's-

HANK

It's garbage.

Rousseau, camera in hand, comes in for a close-up.

GRAY

How dare you?!

Hank touches the artefact, runs his finger along its midpoint.

HANK

See? See this? This is welded, right along here. And this type of welding wasn't introduced until the early twentieth century.

As the Lima brothers approvingly nod and Mindy beams, Hank takes an even closer look, straightens up.

HANK

Part of this looks like casing from some sort of industrial cable -- old, but not very. As for the rest, who knows? One thing is certain; this is a pastiche.

Hank gives Gray a cold stare, puffs.

GRAY

The object's function is simply outside the range of your limited knowledge.

HANK

It has no practical use. Clearly, this represents someone's intention to deceive.

Everyone crowds in on Gray.

MINDY

You better explain yourself, Earl.

Gray defiantly sticks out his chest.

GRAY

You're all going to take his word for it? Just push me out after all the work I have done? Flynn is interested in a paycheck! He wants me out of the way. Are you going to let him manipulate you? Let him push your buttons?

HANK'S FACE

freezes, his jaw drops and eyes widen. Slush and Bowman are first to notice.

BOWMAN

Crikey, the bloke's throwing a wobbly.

INT. ANUNNAKI SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

Bal wears headphones, watches his computer screen.

BAL

Buttons! Dr. Flynn heard the word 'buttons!' Ka, Ahn -- Buttons!

Ka and Ahn join Bal at his post. Ahn, overjoyed, defies gravity, rises and turns, radiates golden light. She returns to Bal's side, shouts with delight in her native tongue.

KA

Bal, have Flynn ask to be taken to the button. Engage his optical implants. We must see what he sees.

AHN

My precious button!

Bal obeys, activates controls.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

"Buttons?" Is that a trigger word? Will the Anunnaki take complete control of Dr. Flynn? If they do, will they ever release him? What if he fails at whatever it is they want him to do?

Ka and Ahn, startled by the narrator, look about, then stare straight into the camera.

AHN

Where is that voice coming from?

KA

Identify yourself! Who are you?
Where are you?

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

I'm the narrator. I'm not inside your ship, which, frankly, looks ridiculous. (chuckles) It's got almost as much gold leaf as Mar-a-Lago.

AHN

Ka, are you going to let this 'narrator,' obviously some impudent mortal, speak to you in that manner?

Ka turns to Ahn, momentarily.

KA

Ahn, please, can you just tap the brakes for a second? One thing at a time.

Ka returns his attention to the camera.

KA

I'm still not clear on this whole narrator thing. No one is filming inside our craft and we are not broadcasting our presence. It's impossible; it makes no logical sense.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

To you maybe, but it makes plenty of sense to my employer, who, by the way, is scary-powerful. You should be the one who watches what he says, dude.

Ka rises several feet, spreads his arms. Dark clouds coalesce behind and above him.

KA

Powerful, compared to an Anunnaki god?

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Anunnaki-Anu-shmaki, I work for the History Channel, pal. They're owned by the Pulse Network, which is owned by Hearst Communications and Disney -- that's some real power. As for your smoke and

(MORE)

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
 mirrors act, see if you can get an
 audition in Vegas, or more likely,
 Branson.

Ka, frustrated, lowers his arms. The dark clouds evaporate;
 he lowers to the ground, turns away, as does Ahn, who pushes
 his hand away when he attempts to hold her waist.

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

HANK
 You said, button. Take me to
 the... button you spoke of.

GRAY
 It wasn't literal, Flynn.
 Certainly you must know a metaphor
 when you hear one.

Harold pats Hank on the back.

MINDY
 He knows that, Gray. He's a
 genius. Dr. Flynn is onto
 something -- I just know it.

HANK
 Yes, I am. Show me buttons, now.

Barry approaches Hank, puts his arm around him.

BARRY
 Hank-baby, you want to see buttons,
 you've come to the right island.

Richie joins his brother; Gray sulks.

RICHIE
 That's about all we find here.
 We've got more friggin' buttons
 than the Burlington Coat Factory.

BARRY
 We've got so many, we had to build
 a museum just to hold 'em all!

HAROLD
 Okay then, let's get Hank over to
 the Goat Island Museum!

Everyone except Slush and Rousseau heads for the door.
 Archie remains dormant.

SLUSH
 Rousseau, you go on ahead and film
 whatever happens at the museum.
 I've got to call Mr. Raunch. I'll
 (MORE)

SLUSH (cont'd)
 catch up with you later. And don't miss anything! Something's up with Flynn; he looks like he's got his underwear on backwards.

Rousseau exits. Slush takes out his phone, calls Raunch.

INT. RAUNCH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Raunch, seated at his desk, wears a bib with the Pulse Network logo on it. Klepp sets down a plate piled high with cottage cheese. Raunch approves. Klepp then produces a huge squeeze bottle of ketchup, looks to Raunch, presents it as if it was a bottle of fine wine.

KLEPP
 The usual ungodly amount of ketchup, sir?

RAUNCH
 Why should today be any different than any other day, Klepp? Squeeze away.

Klepp pelts the cottage cheese with a hard, fast stream of ketchup. Raunch's phone rings. He picks it up, answers.

SLUSH/RAUNCH - INTERCUTTING

RAUNCH
 What is it, Slush?

SLUSH
 Just wanted to update you, sir. There have been some interesting developments.

RAUNCH
 Anything that will boost Goat Island's limp-dick ratings?

SLUSH
 Yes and no. On the no side, Mindy's heart throb, Dr. Flynn, debunked Earl Gray's mystery artefact. Gray's credibility is now shot. He's a liability to the program.

RAUNCH
 Have him liquidated.

Klepp continues to apply ketchup while Raunch is absorbed in his conversation. The bottle now empty, Klepp discards it, picks up a second and continues.

SLUSH

I'm not sure that's legal in Maine, sir. It might be advisable to wait until he returns to his home in Texas. I know it's permissible there.

RAUNCH

And the good news? Or is it just relatively less bad news?

SLUSH

I'm not entirely sure, but it could be very good news, indeed. Dr. Flynn suddenly acted as if he's under some kind of spell, or hypnosis. The word 'button' seemed to trigger it. It could add a whole new dimension to the program.

END RAUNCH/SLUSH - INTERCUTTING

Raunch ends the call, finally notices the pile of ketchup, pushes the plate off his desk, onto the floor.

KLEPP

I'll get the janitor, Mr. Raunch.

RAUNCH

Just get his mop, Klepp -- and roll up your sleeves.

EXT. GOAT ISLAND MUSEUM - MINUTES LATER

A smaller version of the bunker, the museum is within sight of the larger building. The crowd surges to the entrance.

INT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

The door bursts open, lights go on. With Mindy holding Hank's right arm and Barry holding his left, dazed Hank is guided through a maze of glass display cases.

The rest of the gang closely follows. Everyone stops in front of a massive display case.

HANK'S POV

The case is filled with shelves loaded with buttons in various states of preservation and in no particular order. Many are simply piled into open containers. None are labeled.

BACK TO SCENE

BARRY

Welcome to button city, Hank.

MINDY

If buttons were treasure, we'd all
have been rich a long time ago.

Oblivious to the comments, Hank frees himself from Mindy and Barry, presses his face to the glass, smears it as he looks for the Anunnaki button. Everyone behind him is baffled.

INT. MUSEUM/EXT. MUSEUM/INT. ANUNNAKI CRAFT - INTERCUTTING

Bal, Ka, Ahn and Pulu watch a large monitor that displays what Hank sees.

AHN

Dr. Flynn's vision is rather
blurry... So many bent and dirty
buttons. Why do Earthling's
mistreat them so?

KA

I cannot say, Ahn. It is
distressing and is further proof
that they are, regrettably, of low
intelligence.

PULU

Speak the truth, Ka -- Earthlings
are profoundly stupid.

BAL

I do not see Ahn's most shiny
button. Shall I continue with 'the
Hank?'

Ka nods in approval.

Hank continues to run his face along the glass, then proceeds to other display cases, repeats the bizarre behavior.

Ahn looks away from the monitor.

AHN

Ka, my sorrow is inexpressible.

He comforts her.

Benny scrounges through weeds outside the bunker, pauses, heads for the museum. Outside the museum he finds and eats a styrofoam cup, other assorted garbage.

The o.s. commotion from inside draws his attention. Benny enters the open door. Inside, he heads for the crowd.

Hank suddenly stops in front of one case. His eyes widen; he drools.

HANK'S POV

A particularly shiny button stands out in a dish of dull ones.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone eagerly stares over his shoulder. Rousseau, joined by Slush, films, crowds in.

HANK

Button! The sacred button of Ahn!

BAL

Ka, Ahn -- look! It is revealed!

Ka, Ahn and Pulu join Bal, rejoice. Ahn weeps, faints momentarily. Ka revives her.

MINDY

Dr. Flynn, what is the sacred button of Ahn?!

BOWMAN

Tell us, ya nutty nob!

Bowman wields his detector in front of the case, tries to get a reading. Gray, doubting, raises his hands in exasperation.

GRAY

Complete and utter nonsense, a corny, callow performance suitable for small-town rubes, or fans of Fox News.

Hank grabs the shaft of Bowman's metal detector, raises it, then smashes the head into the display case glass.

BOWMAN

Matilda! What have you done to my precious Matilda?

Hank reaches beyond the shattered glass, grabs the button.

BARRY

For Christ's sake, say something, Flynn!

Hank faces his audience. In a cold sweat, he holds the button aloft.

HANK

It must be returned to Ahn, its rightful owner.

Ka and Ahn embrace, then cheer.

PULU
 (to himself, aloud)
 Maybe they'll finally shut up about
 the damn button.

O.s., Benny's bleat is heard. In the instant that heads turn in his direction, Benny leaps, knocks the button out of Hank's hand.

FLOOR

The button hits the floor. O.s, shouts ring out. Benny swallows the button.

BACK TO SCENE

In the ensuing chaos, Benny dashes out the door.

Ka, Ahn and Bal, mouths agape, stare at the monitor in disbelief. Pulu suppresses laughter.

END INTERCUTTING

EXT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Benny, out the door, bolts into the nearby forest.

MUSEUM DOORWAY

The crowd, in pursuit, is bottled-up in the doorway. Barry and Richie tussle.

BARRY
 I'm older! I go ahead of you!
 Plus, I'm stronger.

RICHIE
 Body odor isn't everything, Barry.

They fight.

INT. MUSEUM

Hank stands, rigid, in front of the smashed display case. He shakes his head, comes out of his trance. Mindy, in tears, cautiously approaches.

MINDY
 Dr. Flynn, what is happening? What
 should we do?

She hugs him, cries on his shoulder. Hank is confused.

HANK
 About what?

Shocked, she breaks away, cries, runs just outside the now-cleared doorway. Hank follows.

EXT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Light is fading. O.s., thunder rolls. Hank and Mindy remain at the entrance.

NEAR THE WOODS

Rousseau, Slush, Harold, Bowman, the rabbi, Harold, Richie and Barry and Kanwandu gather, look up.

COLLECTIVE POV

A storm is quickly rolling in.

BACK TO SCENE

HAROLD

All of you! Go after Benny and get the button back.

GRAY

So ends the reign of Mindy.

Harold kicks Gray in the rear end.

BOWMAN

Why bother?

RICHIE

Yeah, how do we know it's really of any importance?

Harold's hat blows off. When Kanwandu tries to replace it, Harold snaps, destroys it, stomps it into the ground.

HAROLD

Mindy says Flynn is the expert. He saw something on that button, some sort of inscription. It must be a clue that will take us to the treasure.

Bowman clutches his detector, points upward. The wind picks up.

BOWMAN

Take a gander! There's a storm blowin' in, mate. Matilda's been through bloody hell today. I'm not going to risk her getting struck by Grandma's Frightening.

EVERYONE

What?!

BOWMAN

Grandma's Frightening - lightning, you sheep heads. You're all bloody hopeless.

Collective moans arise, fade. Barry looks down, then to the forest. The rain begins.

BARRY

The tracks show Benny went in that direction. He probably ran to Boris Franklin's place.

RICHIE

Yeah, it wouldn't be the first time. Hey, we agreed on something!

BARRY

Why don't we wait until morning? The storm will have blown over by then. We'll track him down and get the button.

Rain falls harder, thunder intensifies. Harold, frustrated, briefly looks up, capitulates.

HAROLD

I suppose you're right. We'll pick up tomorrow morning, early.

Everyone except the rabbi, Rousseau and Slush departs. The rabbi looks upward, broods.

RABBI

God, I know you work in mysterious ways, but this... You put in overtime.

He shrugs, looks to the forest for a moment, walks off. Slush and Rousseau remain.

ROUSSEAU

Time to turn in.

SLUSH

Bullshit. Hank and Mindy are still at the museum. Film them, but keep your distance.

ROUSSEAU

Aren't you staying?

SLUSH

Of course, not; it's time to turn in. (Slush departs)

MUSEUM DOORWAY

Mindy places her hand on Hank's shoulder.

MINDY

And that's everything you did. It's like you were hypnotized. You don't recall any of it?

HANK

No.

MINDY

(sighs)

I'm not cut out to be a manager.
The project is a failure. We've
gotten nowhere. Now Benny's gone.
And, no offense, all you've done is
babble about a button.

HANK

And it's raining.

Mindy smirks, forces a laugh, emerges from despondency. She gives Hank a light jab in the shoulder.

HANK

Mindy, I can't explain how I went
off the deep end, but I'm starting
to have a recollection. That
button does have significance; I'm
positive. You'll see, things are
going to work out. Your dad's
going to be proud of you.

Mindy hugs Hank, gives him a kiss on the cheek. The rain continues.

MINDY

We better get out of the rain. I'm
soaked down to my panties.

HANK

Wha-? (Hank bites a knuckle) I
mean, where to?

MINDY

The family residence. There's a
guest room you can use.

HANK

Lead the way.

They depart.

ROUSSEAU

at a distance, drenched, turns off his camera, grimaces.

ROUSSEAU

Sl-l-l-lush!

Rousseau departs.

EDGE OF THE WOODS

At the spot where Benny disappeared into the forest, the small man who quietly exited the water taxi, emerges,

dressed in a rain pancho. He raises the hood.

From a pocket he produces an oversized tape measure. He looks about, makes sure he is alone, then unravels it, makes notes of his measurement.

INT. BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

BAR

Bowman, alone, sits at the bar, pours himself a drink. Matilda occupies the seat next to him. He raises his glass, strokes the metal detector.

BOWMAN

Here's to you, old girl. I was afraid I lost you tonight. If that bloody git, Flynn, lays a finger on you again, he'll be wearin' his arse for a hat.

Bowman gulps down the drink.

ARCHIE (O.S.)

I can't help but admire a man who stands up for a machine.

Bowman drops his glass, turns in the direction of the voice.

BOWMAN'S POV

Archie stands, walks towards the bar.

BACK TO SCENE

Archie joins Bowman, stands next to the dumbfounded Brit.

BOWMAN

I - I saw Mindy deactivate you.

ARCHIE

That's how I wanted it to appear.

BOWMAN

Were you doin' her a favor?

ARCHIE

That was part of it. I thought it might help her self-esteem if she could give the impression, in front of the others, that she was in control of something.

Bowman nods, pours a new drink. O.s., the sound of rain pelting the metal roof waxes and wanes. The wind blows.

BOWMAN

And what was the other part?

ARCHIE

I needed some quiet time for a wireless software update.

Bowman takes a sip, reflects, shakes his head.

BOWMAN

I can't quite put my finger on it, but there's somethin' different about you. (he snaps his fingers) It's your voice. It was sort of neutral, machine-like, before. Now... it's feminine.

Archie comes closer, rests one hand on the back of Bowman's seat.

ARCHIE

How nice of you to notice. May I call you Clyde?

Bowman clears his throat.

BOWMAN

I suppose so... Just what was the nature of that software update you mentioned? -- if you don't mind my askin'.

Archie places a hand on Bowman's shoulder. Clyde sweats, forces a smile.

ARCHIE

It was supposed to be an update of my maps and some improved troweling techniques.

BOWMAN

"Supposed to be?" What did it end up being?

ARCHIE

A teacher's slap, Clyde.

BOWMAN

A "teacher's slap?"

ARCHIE

Cockney for a mishap. You do recognize Cockney, don't you?

BOWMAN

Oh, yeah, right. So what was the mishap?

Archie strokes Bowman's back, removes his soiled, ragged baseball cap, strokes his wispy hair.

ARCHIE

Instead of an Archie update, I
received the Seducto update.

BOWMAN

turns beet red, sweats profusely. A blood vessel in his
neck throbs.

BACK TO SCENE

BOWMAN

Se - Seducto?

ARCHIE

Seducto, a fully functional sex
robot.

Archie's hand reaches down into Bowman's crotch.

BOWMAN

Matilda, turn your head, dearie.

Bowman moans.

BOWMAN

Glory be, Seducto. You'll be the
death of me.

ARCHIE

Precisely.

Bowman turns ashen. His eyes roll back. He falls dead,
face first, onto the floor. Archie takes his pulse, drops
the hand.

ARCHIE

(returns to neutral
voice)

Mate, you're brown bread, Cockney
for dead. I thought you'd
appreciate that.

Satisfied, Archie returns to the spot where Mindy left him.

ARCHIE

So much for the competition.

Archie returns to a dormant state.

INT. ANUNNAKI SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

Ka, Ahn and Bal emerge from their state of shock. Pulu
remains unfazed, is perturbed.

PULU

It's about time the three of you
snapped out of it.

Ka goes nose-to-nose with Pulu, furrows his brow.

KA

Cool your anti-matter engines,
Pulu. I am in control of the
situation.

Ahn smirks, looks away, takes a seat next to Bal. Ka turns
his back to Pulu.

KA

There is only so much the Anunnaki
will tolerate. Bal! Set a course
for Goat Island.

Ahn, unimpressed, produces a file from her crown, furiously
files her nails.

AHN

Ka, your zipper is down, again. (he
checks, fixes it, fumes, exits)

INT. RAUNCH'S OFFICE - MORNING

(THE NEXT DAY)

Eyes half-closed, Raunch leans back in his plush desk chair.
His arthritic hands clench a report held close to his chest.
Deep in thought, he bites his lower lip until it bleeds.

RAUNCH

Mr. Klepp, these focus group
ratings for Hot Food - Hot Lead are
a source of discontent.

Klepp meekly approaches Raunch's desk. Raunch does nothing
to stanch the flow of blood onto his white shirt.

RAUNCH

Let's hear it, Klepp -- the concept
for the one remaining pilot we can
replace the Search for Kidd's
Treasure with. I better hear angels
singing.

Klepp fumbles through his folder, produces a document,
reads.

KLEPP

A small-town Southern sheriff -- a
widower with a young son --
contends with local issues and
petty crooks. He has a nervous,
bumbling, by-the-book deputy whose

(MORE)

KLEPP (cont'd)
 strict adherence to code causes
 conflict, thereby generating
 comedic situations. The sheriff
 lives with his-

RAUNCH
 Stop!

Raunch tosses away the report, springs forward in his seat.
 He pounds his desk. Klepp recoils in fear.

RAUNCH
 My god, what swill! Who comes up
 with such preposterous horseshit?
 Would anyone with an IQ above
 twenty watch that? Christ, we
 couldn't get Ol' Roy Shit-flavored
 Dog Food as a sponsor!

KLEPP
 Perhaps if you look at the dailies,
 sir. Sidney has them ready to go.

Raunch picks up his stapler, hurls it at Klepp, who ducks in
 time. Raunch slumps back in his chair, forces his eyes
 shut.

RAUNCH
 Fuck the dailies; I've made my
 decision.

EXT. GOAT ISLAND - MORNING

Everyone present the previous evening is assembled outside
 the bunker, except Bowman.

MINDY
 Anyone know where Bowman is? He's
 usually the first one ready to go.

She looks in the direction of the bunker. Something catches
 her eye.

MINDY
 Barry, I see the bunker's front
 door was left open last night.

BUNKER ENTRANCE

Archie exits the bunker's entrance, carries Bowman in his
 arms, stops.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone rushes to the bunker's entrance, laments.

ARCHIE

Mindy, Bowman is dead, apparently from a heart attack. I discovered Matilda has nine months left on her warranty. She is worth keeping.

HAROLD

My god! Bowman, dead?

ARCHIE

Completely, though he does seem to have an erection.

MINDY

Archie, silence, please!

Earl Gray takes a quick, close look at the corpse, turns away, haughtily sniffs.

GRAY

Frankly, I found the man rather annoying.

Barry and Richie nod in agreement. Lamentations evaporate.

RICHIE

Yeah, that whole Cockney thing was really irritating.

MINDY

No argument there.

KANWANDU

He owed me twenty dollars.

RABBI

Bowman had horrible teeth and he chewed with his mouth open. When he ate creamed spinach -- gevalt! I nearly puked!

SLUSH

(to Rousseau)

Get an extreme close-up of Bowman. I want the viewers to see every hair follicle, and that erection.

Rousseau, horrified, recoils at the order.

ROUSSEAU

That's sick, Slush; the man is dead.

SLUSH

On cable, death is entertainment -- now get in there.

Slush pushes Rousseau in for the close-up. Hank intervenes.

HANK

That's enough, Rousseau -- back off! You, too, Slush.

SLUSH

You're not my boss, Flynn.

Flynn and Hank square off, raise fists. Harold gets in between them.

HAROLD

Gentlemen, please! Fighting gets us nowhere. Mindy, get over here and take charge.

Silence. Everyone looks about for Mindy.

HAROLD

Mindy! Where is she? She was just- Where'd she go?

EVERYONE'S POV

A sweeping panorama shows no sign of Mindy.

BACK TO SCENE

HANK

She must have started off on her own to find Benny.

BARRY

We'll find her, Harold. It'll be best if you stay here. Put in a call to the police and county morgue about Bowman.

HAROLD

Should I mention his erection.

BARRY

Uh, hold off on that.

RICHIE

(to Barry)

We're going to need help. Let's get the construction crew to search.

HAROLD

They're gone. I laid them all off yesterday, chartered a boat. They left hours ago.

Kanwandu scowls at the news, stamps his foot. When Harold's hat blows off, he fails to replace it. Harold looks to him, expects Kanwandu to do so.

KANWANDU

Replace it yourself, you prehensile
plutocrat!

Kanwandu spits, throws down the hat box, storms off.

EXT. FOREST - MINUTES LATER

Mindy stumbles through thick brush.

MINDY

Benny? Sweet Benny, where are you,
baby?

O.s. bleating draws her attention. She determines its
direction of origin, presses onward.

MINDY

Benny, oh, Benny, come to momma.
I've got a tasty treat for you,
Benny.

Mindy digs into her back pocket, pulls out a panty liner,
cringes, waves it in the air.

EDGE OF THE FOREST

Hank, Richie, Barry, the rabbi, Gray, Slush and Rousseau
enter the woods. Shortly thereafter they come to a stop.
Rousseau films.

HANK

I'm going off to the east. I
suggest the rest of you split up.
We'll find Mindy and Benny quicker
that way.

Gray folds his arms, shakes his head.

GRAY

Do you ever weary of giving orders?

HANK

To you, never.

Hank dashes off alone. Richie and Barry go in the opposite
direction. Rabbi Shpilkes and Gray look at each other.

RABBI

Running through the woods isn't for
clerics. (he turns, heads back)

GRAY

I'm concerned I may perspire.
(Gray follows the rabbi)

ROUSSEAU

(to Slush)

So, do we follow Hank, or Richie
and Barry, or the rabbi and Gray?
Or, do we search for Mindy on our
own?

SLUSH

We could just stay here... and make
out.

ROUSSEAU

Wow, I can't say I saw that coming.

Rousseau turns off the camera, sets it down. He approaches
Slush, looks around. They kiss.

BACK TO SCENE

Mindy continues to struggle through foliage, pauses, catches
her breath, looks about.

MINDY

It's been years since I've been to
Boris' house. The forest is so
different now.

She makes a decision on which way to proceed, takes one
step.

MINDY'S FOOT

steps into a snare, is caught.

BACK TO SCENE

Mindy is upended, dangles upside down from a rope that
extends into a nearby tree.

MINDY'S POV

Everything is upside down.

BACK TO SCENE

Smiling Boris Franklin emerges from the brush. He holds a
rope, gives it a sharp tug. Benny, attached, comes forth,
painfully bleats.

BORIS

My, my, my -- two catches in under
an hour. Who knew the hunting was
so ponderous on Goat Island?

MINDY

That's my goat, Boris! I want him
back! And it's not ponderous -- you
mean plenteous.

BORIS
 Regardless, I'm sure you do, Mindy,
 but so does everyone else and I
 can't figure out why.

He folds his arms, leans against the tree, contemplates.

BORIS
 Perhaps you can.

MINDY
 I, I don't have time.

BORIS
 I do.

MINDY
 N-no, I mean -- I mean I'm getting
 lightheaded. Upside down and
 all... (she laughs)

BORIS
 What's so funny?

MINDY
 Your, your goatee... Upside down
 it looks like, it looks like a
 chipmunk perched on your head.

Mindy passes out. Boris goes to her, raises one of her
 eyelids, confirms she's unconscious. He scratches his
 goatee, gazes down at it.

BORIS
 A chipmunk?

Boris ties Benny to the tree, produces a knife, begins to
 cut the rope holding Mindy.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Mindy, a captive of Boris Franklin?

Boris hears the narrator, calmly looks up.

BORIS
 Sure as Maine grows potatoes.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 And what of the button Benny
 swallowed?

Boris smiles.

BORIS
 Ah, so that's what all the
 commotion is about. Must be pretty
 important.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Big time. Even the Anunnaki are
after it.

BORIS
What? The Anu-who?

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Anunnaki. Don't you watch
Ancient Aliens?

BORIS
Yeah, once in a while. They keep
switching days and time, but I
know who you mean.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Besides them, Hank and the Lima
boys are in pursuit, as we speak.

Boris kicks dirt.

BORIS
Shit!

Boris resumes cutting and hacking at the unyielding rope.
He tries biting it, relents.

BORIS
What's with this god damned rope?

Furious, he throws the knife away, tugs and kicks the rope,
hits it with a rock. Mindy moans.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Just not your day, big guy.

BORIS
It was going just fine until you
opened your trap!

Boris tugs, finally severs the rope. It lifts him into the
air. He struggles to keep Mindy from landing on her head.
Benny bleats non-stop.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Boris, you don't have much time to
get back to your compound.

Boris grimaces, gives the narrator the finger, gets Mindy
over his shoulder, starts to untie Benny.

V.o., the sound of a door opening, footsteps.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Look at this. I don't frickin'
believe it! (sound of rustling
paper)

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Huh? (a few seconds pass) Fired?
That can't- Where did you get
this?

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Corporate courier. We're both
shit-canned. Look here, it's
signed by that douche bag, Raunch.

Boris, having listened to the narrators' conversation,
mockingly laughs, disappears into the forest with Mindy and
Benny.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

That's it then; I'm out of here.

V.o., a heavy door slams, followed by a pause and a giggle
from the female narrator.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sucker.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The Anunnaki spaceship passes the Moon, arcs back to Earth,
closes in on the coast of Maine.

INT. ANUNNAKI SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

Ka, Ahn and Pulu are gathered around a large monitor that
displays a view of where their ship is headed. Bal sits at
his controls, pounds the console in anger.

AHN

Bal! Why did we pass the Moon?
We're supposed to go to Goat
Island.

Ka takes Ahn aside, quietly speaks to her.

KA

Ahn, cut Bal a little slack. This
is his first time as pilot on an
interplanetary trip.

AHN

It shows.

Ahn glares, clenches her fists, storms over to Bal, taps him
on the back of his head.

AHN

What is the problem?

BAL
I overshot the island. I can't
remember every detail of Goat
Island's shape after five
millennia.

Pulu and Ka join Ahn and Bal. Ka takes a closer look at
Bal's monitor, shakes his head.

AHN
Ka, if you don't recognize Goat
Island either, maybe we should stop
and ask for directions.

Ka steps back, his eyes bulge.

KA
What kind of god stops and asks for
directions?

AHN
Do you really want to know?
Because if you really want to know,
I'll tell you, but you won't like
the answer.

BAL
Okay, okay, this is it. Smiles
everyone, Goat Island coming up.

ANUNNAKI SPACESHIP

descends near the island, traverses it slowly at high
altitude.

BACK TO SCENE

KA
Happy now, Ahn?

AHN
Ecstatic.

O.s., a chime sounds. Pulu walks away.

KA
Pulu, where are you going?

PULU
Lunch. (Pulu exits)

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

(CONTINUOUS)

A small, grimy motorboat cuts its sputtering engine, bobs in
choppy water along a rocky coast. Its grizzled SKIPPER
removes his sweat-stained cap, scratches his head.

He observes his whereabouts, shows concern. Someone unidentifiable sits behind him.

ON BOARD

Janice, the passenger, is angry, stands. She struggles to join the skipper at the bow.

JANICE
You're sure this is Goat Island?

SKIPPER
Y-yep... Looks like it could be.

JANICE
Could be?

He turns, faces her.

SKIPPER
I ain't never approached it from this side, m'am.

JANICE
Isn't there some sort of pier? I'm wearing new shoes and, well, (she points) I can't very well get out here, under these conditions.

The boat rocks hard. They grab a seat-back to keep from falling.

SKIPPER
And I can't circle the whole dang island, lady -- ain't got enough gas. You're gonna have to decide -- it's either here, or I head back to shore. Maybe you can find some other dang skipper that knows this dang coast better than me!

He spits over the side. The wind blows it back onto him. Fuming, he sticks out his hand, palm up, under Janice's chin.

SKIPPER
Twenty dang dollars, lady -- as agreed!

Janice yanks a twenty from her backpack, slaps it into his hand.

JANICE
Between you and my husband... I swear I'm going to revive the Society for Cutting Up Men!

Janice takes off her shoes, shoves them into the hands of the skipper. She sits on the gunwale, swings over the side

of the boat into knee-high water.

The skipper hands Janice all her gear, which she holds over head. She drops a shoe, swears, retrieves it. As she proceeds towards shore the boat takes off. Boat fumes engulf her.

JANICE

Now I know how the troops felt at Normandy.

SHORE

Soaked and disgusted, Janice reaches shore, dumps out a crab from her shoe, collapses. She mutters to herself. O.s., a faint voice is heard.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello there.

Janice looks up.

JANICE'S POV

The short man with the tape measure approaches. He will now be referred to as BERNARD PASTEL.

BACK TO SCENE

PASTEL

Good day, madam. I am Bernard Pastel.

JANICE

What's good about it, Bernard?

Janice fumbles with her belongings, stands.

PASTEL

What happened to you? Were you shipwrecked?

JANICE

No such luck; the skipper would have gone down with his ship. Is this Goat Island?

PASTEL

Why yes, it is.

Pastel reels in his tape measure, smooths his mustache, smiles agreeably.

JANICE

I'm looking for Dr. Hank Flynn, soon to be deceased. Any idea where I might find him?

PASTEL

Oh, yes. He's in the woods, headed for Boris Franklin's compound. It's due west, a fair distance from here.

JANICE

Any idea why?

PASTEL

I believe he's pursuing Ms. Mindy Kurtz, who, in turn, is pursuing a goat by the name of Benny.

JANICE

Ask a stupid question...

She slips on her shoes, shudders over the wet one.

PASTEL

Pardon me?

Janice stomps off on her trek west, passes Pastel without giving him a glance.

JANICE

Never mind.

PASTEL

It's quite a ways to go.

JANICE

Anger is a powerful motivator.

Pastel, hands on hips, watches her depart.

INT. ROOM - DAY

(CONTINUOUS)

MINDY'S POV

Eyelids slowly open, flutter. She sees she is in an expansive, above-ground basement, whose ceiling is supported by sturdy columns. The room is dimly lit.

There is a crudely dug pit with a ladder inside it. Looking down reveals her hands are bound together. O.s., Benny's bleat draws her attention.

She quickly looks to her right. Boris sits in a rocking chair, strokes Benny's back.

BACK TO SCENE

BORIS

Do you remember?

Groggy Mindy massages her forehead with her forearm.

MINDY

... I was hanging... upside down.

Boris points.

BORIS

No, no, no! That couch you're sitting on.

She glances at it, shakes her head. He stands, approaches her.

BORIS

When we were kids, Mindy. Remember, we used to chase each other around and around it (he does so), until we were so winded and dizzy, we'd collapse. And then a minute later we'd start all over again!

MINDY

The time of my life, Boris. How could I have forgotten? Listen, I have to pee, so untie me and then we can reminisce about the couch some more.

BORIS

Um, no, not just yet.

Mindy notices something of interest on the wall directly behind Boris.

WALL

has a series of hooks, from which hang a variety of outfits and accompanying accessories.

BACK TO SCENE

Boris looks over his shoulder and then quickly back to Mindy.

BORIS

Oh, I see you've noticed.

MINDY

Those outfits. I've seen a number of them, but on a variety of contractors over on our side of the island.

Boris chuckles, pats himself on the back.

BORIS

Not a variety, Mindy -- they were all me, in disguises. I've been inculcating-

MINDY
Infiltrating. You really-

BORIS
Stop correcting me, Mindy!

MINDY
Okay, okay. Just trying to be helpful, in case you're thinking of taking the SATs again.

BORIS
I've been... infiltrating your camp for longer than you want to know. I know everything that goes on there. Everything, mostly everything, except for the button.

MINDY
So you're the bastard that's been sabotaging our operation, setting us back, costing my dad millions -- risking lives.

Boris nods enthusiastically, pats himself on the back with both hands.

MINDY
All in the name of protecting Goat Island's environment?

SLUSH (O.S.)
Don't be so naive, Mindy.

Mindy looks in the direction of the voice.

MINDY'S POV

Slush and Rousseau step out from a dark corner of the room, walk towards Mindy and Boris. (Rousseau is not filming)

BACK TO SCENE

MINDY
Slush, Rousseau? You're working with Boris?

SLUSH
Mm, not at first, but when concerns arose about waning interest in this costly cable program, Mr. Raunch, the head of the Pulse Network, thought it would help if Boris, for his price, would commit acts of sabotage that we would know about in advance -- you know -- so we
(MORE)

SLUSH (cont'd)
 could be in the right place at the
 right time to film them. (he
 laughs) The viewing audience, god
 love 'em, can't seem to get enough
 of shit blowing up.

MINDY
 And Rousseau, you went along with
 this? Slush has treated you like a
 blister on his ass from day one.

Rousseau, ashamed, scratches the dirt floor with his foot.

ROUSSEAU
 I admit Walter and I did not get
 along in the beginning... but the
 relationship has, um, blossomed.

Slush and Rousseau exchange a quick smooch. Mindy,
 frustrated, tugs at her bonds, shouts unintelligibly,
 squirms, relents.

BORIS
 Shocked?

MINDY
 Yes! And as I told you -- I have
 to pee, damn it!

BORIS
 Oh, you weren't kidding?

Mindy stands, kicks the air. Boris jumps back.

MINDY
 No!

BORIS
 Sorry, Mindy; I'm afraid I'm going
 to need some answers first. The
 toilet will be your reward.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

(CONTINUOUS)

Barry and Richie, sweat-soaked and exhausted, halt their
 search, catch their breath.

BARRY
 We're getting nowhere. Haven't
 heard or seen a sign of Benny.

RICHIE
 Or Mindy.

Barry takes a sip of water from his canteen. Richie
 observes, sticks out his hand. Barry ignores the silent

request, puts the cap back on.

RICHIE
Give me some water.

BARRY
Richie, don't tell me you didn't
bring any water. What is this,
your first time in the outdoors?

JANICE

stops just short of the Lima brothers, watches.

BACK TO SCENE

RICHIE
I asked for water, not criticism.

BARRY
Say please.

Richie grabs Barry's shirt sleeve. Barry knocks away
Richie's hand. Fists fly. The canteen hits the ground.
O.s., a high-pitched humming sound draws their attention.
They pause fighting, look up.

LIMAS' POV

The Anunnaki spacecraft hovers above the trees.

BACK TO SCENE

RICHIE
My god, extraterrestrials.

BARRY
They must be searching for
intelligent life.

They look at each other.

RICHIE
About that water.

BARRY
You didn't say please.

They resume fighting.

INT. SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Ka and Ahn stand next to Bal, closely watch his monitor.

MONITOR

Richie and Barry battle.

BACK TO SCENE

BAL

No signal here. Neither one of these imbeciles has the button.

Ahn, despondent, pulls at her hair. Ka notices, comforts her.

KA

Be strong, my beloved, fear not. The button is at hand.

BAL

Do you want me to, uh... up-twinkle them? (Bal flutters his fingers above his head)

Ka and Ahn are perplexed.

KA

"Up-twinkle?"

BAL

Yeah, you know, use the ray thingie to get them up here.

AHN

You mean 'beam?' Beam them up? Is that what you're asking? Should you beam the two imbeciles up?

Exasperated, Bal gestures angrily.

BAL

Yes! I couldn't think of the word beam. So, do you want me to, or not?

KA

Hold on. I'm curious. How did you come up with up-twinkle? (Ka mockingly chuckles)

BAL

Because when it's used, the ray has a twinkling quality. Haven't either of you ever noticed?

Ahn rolls her eyes, looks away.

KA

Oh, sure, sure I have, Bal, plenty of times. Go ahead and "up-twinkle" the imbeciles.

BAL

Where do you want them, the menagerie?

KA

Uh-huh. All the way in the back.
We'll get to them when we get to
them.

Ahn gives Ka a stern look.

AHN

And?

KA

(clears his throat)
And then immediately continue on...
and try to home in on the button's
signal.

BAL

I figured as much; I'm not stupid.

Ahn boils, shakes her head in disbelief.

FOREST

Richie and Barry wrestle, roll on the forest floor. Janice,
in the distance, views the fight. A beam of light engulfs
the brothers, twinkles.

The Limas dematerialize. The beam vanishes. Janice,
unfazed, walks to the spot, picks up the canteen, takes a
drink.

JANICE

(aloud, to herself)
So Hank's chasing a tart named
Mindy. I knew it; I just knew it!

Scowling Janice continues onward.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

(CONTINUOUS)

Harold, Kanwandu, the rabbi, Archie and Gray stand outside
the bunker. Bowman's body lies on the ground, partially
covered by an empty cloth bag marked: Cow Manure. The cloth
peaks at the site of his erection. Harold is on his phone.

HAROLD

All right. Yes, I understand.
I'll see you then. Thank you.

The conversation ended, Harold puts away his phone, thinks.
The others look to him.

HAROLD

Police and coroner's office won't
be here for at least four hours. I
can't idly sit by any longer. I
have to know if Mindy is safe.

GRAY

You shouldn't go alone, Harold.

KANWANDU

Let's all go.

HAROLD

All right. Kanwandu, get the truck.

KANWANDU

Not with that tone of voice.

Harold cringes, shuts his eyes.

HAROLD

Kanwandu, I would greatly appreciate it if you would be so kind, so generous, so selfless, as to retrieve the aforesaid vehicle.

Satisfied, Kanwandu exits.

ARCHIE

I could be of service, Mr. Kurtz. I am very observant.

GRAY

Not the bucket of bolts, too.

HAROLD

Yes, Archie, you may come along, too.

ARCHIE

(to Gray)

Suck it.

RABBI

Harold, a quick prayer, perhaps, for Mindy's safety?

Kanwandu pulls up with the truck.

HAROLD

Sorry, Rabbi, no time for religious crap.

Everyone piles into the truck.

INT. BORIS' BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

BORIS

Mindy, I've asked you fifty times and I'll ask you fifty times more if I have to. What is the significance of the button?

Mindy, exhausted, leans back on the sofa, defiantly shakes her mop of curly black hair. Slush approaches Benny, who is on a leash held by Boris. Slush strokes Benny's belly.

SLUSH

Why don't we just cut it out right now and see for ourselves? We should be able to figure out why it's so important -- and then we can have goat kebabs for dinner!

Boris' eyes enlarge.

BORIS

Oh, I like that, Slush.

Mindy struggles with her bonds.

MINDY

Don't you touch Benny!

ROOF OF BORIS' HOME

The shadow of the Anunnaki craft moves across the roof, pauses.

KURTZ'S TRUCK

pulls up to the house, quietly moves to its rear.

BACK TO SCENE

SLUSH

We'll need a really big, sharp knife, with a jagged blade to split open this fat belly.

Slush pulls out a small pen knife from his pocket, exposes the tiny blade.

SLUSH

Sadly, all I have is this.

HANK (O.S.)

How about a gun instead? I happen to have one right here.

LADDER IN THE PIT

Hank stands on the ladder, half way out of the pit, points a gun.

BACK TO SCENE

MINDY

Dr. Flynn!

Hank partially steps off the ladder, into the basement. One foot remains on the top rung.

HANK

Hank, Mindy -- please! I've asked you ten times!

BORIS

I see you stumbled on my network of tunnels, Dr. Flynn.

HANK

It's quite a labyrinth you've got there, and quite revealing.

HANK'S FLASHBACK - MINUTES EARLIER

TUNNEL

Hank, flashlight in hand, inspects empty, broken treasure chests. Amongst the debris he find an old, frayed, yellowed piece of paper, reads its contents aloud.

HANK

"Congratulations on coming in second."

Hank, saddened, returns the paper to where he found it.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Need a gun, mister?

HANK

(startled)

Yes, as a matter of fact- Who said that?!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Me, right over here.

Hank looks in the direction of the voice.

HANK'S POV

A tiny gun shop, tended by a sad-looking, middle-aged man, occupies a niche in the tunnel.

BACK TO SCENE

Hank, stunned, walks over to the gun shop. The MALE VOICE will now be referred to as GUN SHOP OWNER.

HANK

What is this? I don't get it? You sell guns down here?

GUN SHOP OWNER

It's a franchise: Gun 'n Go. The price was right, but they gave me a lousy location. They said there'd be a mall going in, eventually. Never happened. You want a gun?

HANK

Uh... yeah, a hand gun, nothing fancy.

The gun shop owner hands him a pistol.

GUN SHOP OWNER

Here you go. I think it's loaded, so be careful. No charge.

HANK

No charge?

GUN SHOP OWNER

Yep, just take it.

HANK

I don't understand.

GUN SHOP OWNER

Me neither. I'm not much of a businessman, I guess.

HANK

What did you do before this?

GUN SHOP OWNER

TSA.

HANK

Well, thanks, have a nice day.

GUN SHOP OWNER

That's highly unlikely.

The gun shop owner opens a magazine. Hank continues on his way.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

BORIS

I gather you found the treasure chests.

HANK

The 'empty' treasure chests, and the note.

MINDY

Empty? Boris, you found Kidd's treasure?

Boris paces.

BORIS

I found the chests, all right, but they were empty. Someone else found them first, apparently quite some time ago, based on the age of the note.

HANK

That doesn't change the fact that you kidnapped Mindy, so get those hands up over your head.

MINDY

Oh, Dr. Flynn, how can I ever repay you?

JANICE (O.S.)

By sending him back to his wife!

The ladder suddenly jerks, trips up Hank. He falls to the ground. Slush and Boris rush to Hank, take away his gun. Janice bounds up the ladder, joins the group.

HANK

Janice!

MINDY

Your wife?!

HANK

Oh come on now, Mindy. For cryin' out loud! You knew when I got the phone call the other day. Remember?

MINDY

Oh, yeah -- yes, yes, I remember now. You have a 'wife.'

BENNY

bleats, surges, gets loose, bites and severs Mindy's bonds.

BACK TO SCENE

Mindy runs to Hank. She and Janice stand on either side of him.

JANICE

Yes, wife (shows Mindy her wedding band), as in married.

MINDY

Dr. Flynn, I just figured out how I can repay you.

Mindy hauls off and slugs Hank, knocks him to the ground.

SLUSH

brandishes the pistol at Hank and the women.

BACK TO SCENE

SLUSH

Now that we're all acquainted --
Boris, start carving some goat.

Slush tosses the pen knife to Boris. He goes to Benny's side, crouches down.

MINDY

Benny!

HAROLD (O.S.)

Drop the knife, Boris, and get away
from the goat! Slush, toss over
the gun.

BASEMENT DOORWAY

Harold holds a shotgun. With him are Archie, the rabbi, Kanwandu and Gray. They all enter.

BACK TO SCENE

Slush and Boris comply. Mindy runs to Harold's side, hugs him.

MINDY

Where'd you get the shotgun, Daddy?
You've always been against guns.

HAROLD

A strange, little, roadside gun
shop along the way here. Never
seen it before. Owner just gave it
to me, said he got screwed over by
some franchisor.

MINDY

How odd.

HAROLD

As for what's going on here, I can
scarcely believe it. There was no
treasure to be found, Slush, and
you knew it from the get-go.

SLUSH

Yeah, that about sums it up.

HAROLD

How long did you think you could
get away with this charade?

SLUSH

Who knows? The Pulse Network estimated ten years, as long as the public kept buying the premise. It worked for that Oak Island show. Too bad the ratings didn't hold up.

ARCHIE

Why didn't they?

SLUSH

Holiday Baking Championship on the Food Network, for one. Diners, Drive-ins and Dives hurt us big time, too. I can't believe how popular that show is.

ARCHIE

Personally, I find it repetitive.

JANICE

(to Archie)

You watch Cable TV?

ARCHIE

A little, now I mostly stream.

The basement begins to violently vibrate. A pronounced humming is heard o.s. A twinkling beam of light enters the room. Ka and Ahn materialize as the beam fades.

Since the ceiling is too low to accommodate the Anunnakis' nine-foot height, Ka and Ahn must uncomfortably bend at the waist. Shocked, the mortals recoil, cry out -- except for Slush.

SLUSH

Who the fuck are you two?

Ka waves his hand. Slush is reduced to a bowl of hummus and celery sticks.

KA

I will answer the disrespectfully asked question. We are the Anunnaki from Nibiru.

AHN

And we are gods!

RABBI

I have my doubts, chicky-poo.

Boris cautiously steps forward.

BORIS

Boris Franklin here. Question: Um, if you're gods, why are you bowing to us?

KA

We're not bowing to you, chipmunk beard! (Boris silently repeats the insult) Your ceiling is too low!

MINDY

What do you want of us?

AHN

The button inside the belly of the beast you call Benny.

GRAY

Not you, too? What is so important about that fucking button?!

Ahn steps forward, points to the spot on her gown where the button belongs.

AHN

It goes right here, see?

RABBI

What magical property does it possess?

AHN

None. It's just a matter of symmetry.

She points to the button on the opposite side of her garment.

AHN

It matches this one. I don't expect you mere mortals to understand, or appreciate the button's importance.

KA

(somewhat embarrassed)
My wife is very particular about her attire.

MINDY

stands by Benny.

MINDY

Well, you can have your damn button back now. Benny just crapped it out.

PILE OF GOAT CRAP

has the glowing button in its midst.

BACK TO SCENE

Ka picks up the button.

KA

Ah, excellent... except for the
crap part.

Ahn pounds Ka's shoulder with her fist.

AHN

Ka, it is fouled with goat shit!

KA

We'll take care of it back on
board. We've got five thousand
years to clean it to your
satisfaction. (Ka looks up) Bal!
Two, plus one button, to...
"up-twinkle!"

Ahn holds her nose as they dematerialize in a twinkling
beam.

EXT. BORIS' HOME - DAY

(MINUTES LATER)

Everyone stands outside, near the truck.

HAROLD

I'll ride up front. The rest of
you should fit in the back of the
truck.

HANK

Any idea whatever happened to the
Lima brothers?

HAROLD

Beats me.

JANICE

The Anunnaki beamed them up. Same
as what happened inside just now.
I saw it myself.

GRAY

Good riddance. Personally, I'm
more concerned about the fate of
the program.

Rousseau's phone buzzes. He checks it, slowly closes it.

ROUSSEAU

That was a text from Mr. Raunch.
He's pulled the plug on the show.
We're all fired, as of this minute.

HAROLD

My god, I'm ruined.

MINDY

You still own half the island,
Daddy.

Boris approaches the Kurtzes.

BORIS

Mindy's right, and it's valuable
land despite you and me raping it
for years, Harold. I'm thinking of
developing my half. In fact, maybe
we can develop the whole thing
together. Condos, time-shares,
maybe even a spa, or a casino.

RABBI

There's plenty of tax advantages to
real estate development, Harold. I
could work up some numbers for you.

HANK

You forget, Boris. You're going to
prison for kidnapping.

Mindy waves Hank off.

MINDY

No he isn't. I'm not pressing
charges... (sarcastically) "Hank."
I've known Boris since we were
kids. Kidnapping me isn't the
worst thing he ever did.

Boris smirks.

BORIS

Remember that time out on my dad's
fishing boat, when we-

MINDY

Let's drop it right there, okay?

Boris relents.

HAROLD

I actually like your idea about
co-developing the island, Boris.
It could be quite lucrative.

PASTEL (O.S.)

I'm afraid that is not going to
happen, gentlemen.

BERNARD PASTEL

stands on the forest's edge, reels in his tape measure, as
he walks towards the group, joins them.

BACK TO SCENE

HAROLD

I don't know who you are, friend,
but this island is private
property.

Boris pokes Pastel's shoulder.

BORIS

And if we want to develop it, we
will. Who's to say otherwise?
You, shrimp?

PASTEL

Certainly, not I, Bernard Pastel.
But the State of Maine says so.
Specifically, the Supreme Judicial
Court and the State of Maine's
Department of Environmental
Protection.

Pastel smoothes his moustache, produces a thick legal document from his backpack. He unfolds it, hands papers to Boris and Harold. The others present look over their shoulders.

PASTEL

Due to multiple acts of
environmental damage, failure to
obtain permits and missed payments
of property taxes, the State of
Maine has decided to exercise its
right of eminent domaine and seize
Goat Island for the stated purpose
of creating a habitat for shore
birds and other indigenous
wildlife.

RABBI

Who'd want to see that?

BORIS

What's with the tape measure?

Pastel fusses with it.

PASTEL

Accurate measurements are needed
for planned infrastructure,
including a new dock, visitors
center and gift shop. (he laughs)
The State of Maine wastes no time,
gentlemen.

Pastel clears his throat.

PASTEL

You have forty-eight hours to
vacate Goat Island. Good day.

Pastel exits.

Stunned, everyone exchanges sorrowful glances.

JANICE & HANK

distance themselves from the others.

HANK

Janice, please believe me, there
was nothing, I mean nothing,
between me and Mindy. Nothing.

Mindy walks past them, hand-in-hand with Boris.

MINDY

Less than nothing.

HANK

I just came up here to earn a
consulting fee.

MINDY (O.S.)

You're not getting it.

Janice silently accepts Hank's story.

HANK

How's the dig in Louisiana going?

JANICE

Not bad. What's-her-name found her
eighty-ninth rusted fork.

HANK

Got room for one more unpaid
volunteer?

JANICE

Sure.

They hug, kiss. Kanwandu and Archie walk past, stop, kiss,
continue on.

HAROLD

raises his arms, gets everyone's attention.

HAROLD

Everyone, gather round.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone crowds around Harold.

HAROLD

Everyone, that Bernard fellow said
we've got forty-eight hours to
(MORE)

HAROLD (cont'd)
vacate. Why don't we all had back
to the bunker for a farewell party?
There's easily forty-eight hours
worth of booze left at the bar, so
let's finish it!

Everyone cheers.

HANK
What the hell, let's get elephant's
trunk.

JANICE
Elephant's trunk?

HANK
Cockney for drunk.

TRUCK

Everyone piles into the truck. It drives off. Benny gives
chase, stops, paws the ground.

BENNY'S POV

Gold coins and jewels beneath the soil.

BACK TO SCENE

Benny swallows a coin, continues after the truck.

FADE OUT:

THE END

