

ZOMBILLANTE

Written by

John Allen

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Jballen@email.phoenix.edu

5935 NW 96th Dr.
Parkland, Fl 33076

EXT. ALBERT PACE PARK, MIAMI - NIGHT

SIERRA "PUMPKIN" PALOMA, Hispanic, tan, mid-twenties, wearing a red mini skirt and six inch red bottom heels sits on a bench smoking crack in a glass pipe. FLOYD "HO-MAN" JONES, black, mid- twenties, wearing a black ski cap, University of Miami tee shirt, a thick gold chain, and jeans set low exposing plaid boxer shorts sits next to her. Pumpkin speaks in English with a Spanish accent.

HO-MAN

How we make out tonight, Pumpkin?

PUMPKIN

Gringo Poppie had an ED issue, but I fired up his chohiba.

Pumpkin points towards Ho-mans crotch.

PUMPKIN

Cha Ching, \$200.

HO-MAN

That's why you my number one sister! Where's my cut sugar?

Ho-man slips his hand up Pumpkins mini skirt and gropes around her crotch.

PUMPKIN

(giggling)

That tickles. Stop.

(beat)

Hey, stay out of my pants! That's my 401 retirement coochie plan savings.

Pumpkin laughs as Ho-man pulls out a wad of bills from Pumpkins panties and holds it up. Hoe-man begins counting the bills.

HO-MAN

Hey baby doll? There's five hundred here.

PUMPKIN

Ok Ho, take two bills and leave me the rest.

Ho-man stretches over and plants a kiss on Pumpkin's lips. He takes two bills and puts the other three in Pumpkin's purse.

HO-MAN
Yeah Pumpkin. You my baby.

Pumpkin removes a tiny plastic bag with several crack rocks from her purse. She puts a large rock onto the steel wool positioned on the end of the glass pipe and lights it. She tokes on the pipe and holds the smoke in her lungs for a few seconds; then blows it in Ho-man's face.

PUMPKIN
You want a hit, Ho?

HO-MAN
I think I just got one. Give me some of that gin.

Pumpkin removes an open bottle of Skol gin from her purse and hands it to Ho-man.

HO-MAN
Thanks, baby doll. You my favorite ho.

A muffled thumping sound can be heard coming from the ground nearby.

PUMPKIN
What's that?

HO-MAN
What's what?

PUMPKIN
That noise?

A splash from a nearby pond draws Pumpkin's attention. She peers into the darkness and sees the glowing red eyes of an alligator.

PUMPKIN
Gator in the pond, Ho.

HO-MAN
Yeah, they're everywhere these days. Animal planet says even the crocodiles are making a come back.

PUMPKIN
Creepy. How's Tommy doing?

HO-MAN

Great. He's got a peewee game tomorrow night. Wanna come?

PUMPKIN

Yeah! For sure. Aww Ho, you're a good baby daddy.

Ho-man unscrews the bottle cap and takes a deep pull.

HO-MAN

Ahhh! Its been a great night. Let's roll back to da crib. Sun's about to come out.

Ho-man stands and turns towards Pumpkin. He extends his hand and she grasps it. As he turns his head, he sees DADIZO, 20's, black, medium height and KOUTO, 20's, black, short glaring at him from five feet away. Both are wearing baseball caps and black tee shirts with Haitian flags on the front. Kouto has a gun pointed directly at them. Daidzo has a stun gun in his left hand, which he holds down next to his pant leg.

HO-MAN

(whispering to Pumpkin)

Shit! Zoe Pound.

DADIZO

Hey, pimp, what you and your ho got for us?

KOUTO

Yeah, nigga, I heard you say it was a good night.

Pumpkin stands and faces Kouto and Dadizo.

HO-MAN

We ain't got shit.

Ho-Man watches Dadizo and Kouto carefully. He assesses the situation.

HO-MAN

What's the Pound doing down here? This ain't your turf.

DADIZO

Don't play no fool, sucker. Just hand it over peacefully or we gonna fuck you up and take it.

HO-MAN

No need to flex your shit. Put the guns down and we talk mano to mano and mano to ho.

PUMPKIN

Be easy, little man. Don't be a comer mierda.

DADIZO

Okay, nigger. Just like Burger King, have it your way.

Pumpkin and Ho-man come from around the bench and face off with Dadizo and Kouto. Dadizo raises his left hand, points the stun gun at Ho-man and pulls the trigger.

HO-MAN

(screaming)

Aghhh! Aghhh!

Ho-man falls onto the ground, writhing in pain. Dadizo kicks him in the head. Pumpkin takes a swing at Kouto and hits him on the face.

KOUTO

That all you got, bitch?

Kouto grabs Pumpkin by the hair, picks her up and slams her to the ground. He gets on top of her and punches her on the chin.

KOUTO

Who you callin' little man now?
Huh? Who you callin' a shit eater?

Pumpkin lays on the ground, dazed and bleeding. She struggles weakly but Kouto rips her shirt and begins to fondle her chest.

KOUTO

You like this, right puta?

DADIZO

If you value your cojones, get off of her. Get the cash out of her purse and let's get out of here.

Kouto rips Pumpkin's purse off her shoulder and hands it to Dadizo. Pumpkin summons up some strength and tries to push Kouto off of her.

PUMPKIN

Get off me you pig.

Kouto slaps Pumpkin hard across the face. She stares at him as blood pours from her nose.

EXT. ALBERT PACE PARK, MIAMI - SAME

As an orange sun rises in the sky, a muffled thumping sound can be heard echoing in the humid early morning air. There is momentary silence; then a loud crack gets everyone's attention. Dadizo, standing over Ho-Man's prone body, takes the money from Pumpkin's purse and turns toward the sound.

DADIZO
What the fuck?

They all turn toward a huge oak tree standing sentry in the middle of the park. The ground beneath the tree appears to move; dirt flies as if a hole is being dug from the inside out. Suddenly, dirt and pieces of a cheap wooden coffin shoot up from the ground. ZOMBILLANTE, over six feet tall, in his thirties, barefoot, brown skinned with long black hair wearing jeans and a T-shirt, leaps from the coffin and rushes toward Dadizo.

ZOMBILLANTE
(yelling)
Do you know Jesus?

DADIZO
Yeah! Yeah! Sure, motherfucker, I know Jesus.

ZOMBILLANTE
I am a disciple.

When Zombillante is within arm's reach of Dadizo, Dadizo drops the cash and sticks the stun gun to Zombillante's neck and pulls the trigger. Zombillante merely stares at Dadizo as he keeps moving forward. Dadizo stumbles backwards, falling over Kouto, who is still sitting atop Pumpkin.

ZOMBILLANTE
Pain is for the living.

Zombillante lifts Dadizo up and punches him in the mouth, knocking him out. Kouto falls sideways off Pumpkin and tries to crawl away. Zombillante rushes Kouto and kicks him hard on the side of the head. Kouto lands face down in the grass, unconscious. Pumpkin sits up, studies Zombillante, then stands.

PUMPKIN

I don't care who or what you are...
Thank you.

Pumpkin rushes over to Ho-man and shakes him. Ho-man opens his eyes and sits up. He rubs his jaw, taking in the scene around him and Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

You okay?

HO-MAN

I... What the fu... Who the fuck is that?

PUMPKIN

Don't know. Don't care. He saved us.

Ho-Man stands up.

HO-MAN

Well, I care.
(to Zombillante)
Hey, tall, dark, and dirty. Who the hell are you?

ZOMBILLANTE

Do you know Jesus?

HO-MAN

I know you ain't him. What's your name.

ZOMBILLANTE

I'm
(beat)
I'm, ugh.

Zombillante scratches his head looking puzzled. Pumpkin walks to where the coffin is sticking out of the ground. She studies the area; looking back toward the pond where Kouto's body is laying. An alligator crawls lazily out of the water and approaches Kouto. The alligator's mouth opens and snaps open and closed on Kouto's leg; it begins dragging Kouto back toward the water. Pumpkin calls to Ho-man.

PUMPKIN

I'm tweaking crazy. Look, that Haitian playin with a gator.

HO-MAN

Yeah, he playin wrong end of the food chain. Get da money and get in the car.

Pumpkin picks up the cash and stuffs it in her purse. Ho-man and Pumpkin begin to leave the park. They look back at Zombillante, who is watching their departure with a puzzled look on his face.

PUMPKIN

You gonna crawl back into that hole in the ground like a ground hog, or you want a pillow for your head?

ZOMBILLANTE

Where am I?

PUMPKIN

Miami, where the motto is "minimize attention and avoid detention." Since it's a little too late for that, you better come with us.

Zombillante follows Ho-Man and Pumpkin out of the park. He mutters to himself as he walks.

ZOMBILLANTE

Do you know Jesus? I know Jesus but I am not Jesus.

PUMPKIN

Come on, We gotta go.

EXT. CAROL CITY YOUTH FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Pumpkin and Zombillante sit in the top row of the bleachers on the Carol City Chiefs football team side of the field. Zombillante is dressed in one of Ho-Man's tee shirts and his own dirty jeans. A few rows below them, several young men dressed in gang colors, place wagers on the game. Ho-man, on the field, waves to Pumpkin. One of the gang members looks in Pumpkin's direction. He lights a joint and blows the smoke towards her. Pumpkin sees him watching her. Pumpkin stares through him. She talks to Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

Take a deep breath. That's good pot your smelling.

Pumpkin breathes deeply. Zombillante stares at the gang members.

PUMPKIN

See number twelve down there?

ZOMBILLANTE

Yeah.

PUMPKIN

That's Ho's son, Tommy. He's the star quarterback.

ZOMBILLANTE

Yeah.

PUMPKIN

Not much of a conversationalist, are you? Can you remember anything yet?

ZOMBILLANTE

My head hurts.

Zombillante turns his arms over, exposing his wrists which are rope burned. He runs the finger of one hand over the burns on the opposite wrist.

ZOMBILLANTE

Someone tied me up and beat me. Needles ... flashes of bright lights.

PUMPKIN

Any idea where you were?

Zombillante struggles for an answer.

ZOMBILLANTE

On a boat.

PUMPKIN

What boat?

ZOMBILLANTE

Don't know... wasn't supposed to be there.

PUMPKIN

Got any idea what your name might be? Getting tired of calling you dirty boy.

ZOMBILLANTE

I am one of the walking dead.

PUMPKIN

You mean like those zombie things?

ZOMBILLANTE

Zombie...

PUMPKIN

Mr. Zombie don't sound much better than dirt man, but it does have an element of fear to it. Where you learn to fight like that?

Zombillante struggles for an answer.

ZOMBILLANTE

I... must of had lessons.

A large heavysset black man, BODOCK, 30's, wearing bling and sporting dreads approaches the bleachers. He climbs and stands in front of BOOKIE, black, late 20's, who is taking bets on the game. Bodock puts his foot in the crotch of the pot smoking hood and applies pressure.

BODOCK

You're in my seat.

The pot smoker begins to lip off. Bodock presses harder. The smoker gets up and moves down the row. Bodock sits down.

BODOCK

Good to see ya, Bookie. Gimme one stack on the Hurricanes.

BOOKIE

You betting against the home team?

Bookie looks down toward the field.

BOOKIE'S P.O.V. - FIELD

The team jogs out and begins warming up.

BACK TO SCENE

BOOKIE

That's our star OB out there.

BODOCK

Hurricanes got his number.

Both Bookie and Bodock look out at the field as cheering is heard.

BOOKIE'S AND BODOCK'S P.O.V. - FIELD

The Hurricanes kick off and the game begins.

BACK TO SCENE

BODOCK

Like I said... gimme a stack.

Pumpkin has been paying close attention to the conversation between Bodock and Bookie. She whispers to Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

Did you hear that? He just bet a thousand dollars against our boys.

ZOMBILLANTE

Which ones are our boys?

PUMPKIN

I told you... we cheer for the Chiefs. Ho-Man's son is their quarterback.

Pumpkin stands up and begins to cheer the team on.

ZOMBILLANTE

Betting... that's gambling, right? I thought gambling was illegal?

PUMPKIN

You're getting your memory back. Yeah, gambling is illegal... everywhere but in Miami. Here, anything you can get away with goes.

Pumpkin sits down again and takes a joint from her purse. She lights it, takes a long draw and offers it to Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

You want a hit.

Cheerleaders are dancing and can be heard in the background. Pumpkin takes another drag and looks down at the field.

PUMPKIN

I could a been a cheerleader.

PUMPKIN'S P.O.V. - FIELD

CHEERLEADERS

Fire cracker, Fire cracker, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

Fire cracker, Fire cracker, BOOM!
(MORE)

CHEERLEADERS (CONT'D)

BOOM! BOOM!

Boys have got the muscles, coaches
got the brains,
we got the booty and we win the
game!

BACK TO SCENE

The cheerleaders booty shake during the last line of their cheer. Pumpkin again offers the joint to Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

You want a hit or not?

ZOMBILLANTE

Ain't you worried I might be a cop?

PUMPKIN

(giggling)

You ain't the man, Mr. Zombie.

ZOMBILLANTE

How do you know?

PUMPKIN

You remind me of my stoner
cousin... a teenage stoner.

Pumpkin hands Zombillante the joint. Zombillante stares at it for a minute.

ZOMBILLANTE

Why not?

Zombillante takes a large pull on the joint. He and Pumpkin pass it back and forth. Ho-man arrives and sits next to Pumpkin. He runs his hand up Pumpkin's leg and along the inside of her thigh. Pumpkin giggles.

HO-MAN

What so funny, ho?

PUMPKIN

I'm sitting here getting high with
a freakin' Mexican lookin zombie.
Don't that strike you as funny?

ZOMBILLANTE

I'm Mexican?

Pumpkin and Ho-man begin to laugh.

HO-MAN

Nah, but you ain't a spic and you ain't black...

Pumpkin jumps up and slaps Ho-Man.

PUMPKIN

Hey, watch who you calling a spic.

Ho-Man pulls her back down.

HO-MAN

Shut up, ho. You know what I mean.
(to Zombillante)
Don't know what you are other than some near dead guy who popped out of a coffin and saved our skin.

ZOMBILLANTE

Near dead better than real dead. I like cheerleaders.

A young male gangster type, face unseen, wearing a hoodie stands below the bleachers looking up at Ho-Man, Pumpkin and Zombillante. He takes out a cell phone and makes a call.

ZOMBILLANTE

I'm going for a walk.

EXT. CAROL CITY YOUTH FOOTBALL FIELD - SAME

An hour later the game is winding down with the Chiefs up by three points.

P.O.V. - SCORE BOARD

CHIEFS - 20 HURRICANES - 17

BACK TO SCENE

Ho-man and Pumpkin are cheering in the stands.

HO-MAN

(yelling)
Defense! Push em back!

PUMPKIN

Come on. Stop em.

PUMPKIN'S AND HO-MAN'S P.O.V. - FIELD

The Hurricanes' QB throws a pass. It's caught and the receiver runs in for a touchdown. The stands go silent. A yellow flag is on the field and the REFEREE, 40, stands in the middle of the field.

REFEREE

Holding... offense. Ten yard penalty. Still fourth down.

The Chiefs side of the field erupts with cheers. The Hurricanes huddle, come to the line, and then hike the ball. The quarterback drops back and scrambles. He searches for a receiver but nobody is open. He reverses the field and is sacked by the Chief's defensive end. The crowd goes wild.

P.O.V. - SCORE BOARD

Chiefs - 20 Hurricanes - 17

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. CAROL CITY YOUTH FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

HO-MAN

Whoo hoo! What a game!

PUMPKIN

Congratulations, Ho! We won!

Pumpkin hugs Ho-man. A disturbance on the field catches Ho-man's eye.

HO-MAN

What the?

HO-MAN'S P.O.V. - FIELD

Bodock is punching the Referee on the twenty yard line. A crowd gathers on the sidelines and watch the beat down. Two men on motorcycles ride onto the field. Suddenly, Zombillante appears in the end zone. The players move aside to let him pass. He heads directly towards the fracas. Zombillante picks up the football, which is lying on the ten yard line. One of the motorcycle riders hands a machete to Bodock. Bodock lifts the refs head up by his hair and raises the machete.

ZOMBILLANTE

Hey!

Bodock looks toward Zombillante.

ZOMBILLANTE

Catch.

Zombillante throws the football and hits Bodock in the nose, knocking him down. The crowd cheers. Police sirens are heard and the bikers take off. Bodock struggles to his feet.

BODOCK
I'm gonna kill you, you weird
looking mother fucker.

ZOMBILLANTE
Jesus loves you.

Pumpkin runs onto the field towards Zombillante with Ho-man jogging behind her. Zombillante throws an uppercut and knocks Bodock out cold.

PUMPKIN
(to Zombillante)
That was quite a throw Zombie
Preacher. Remember, "minimize
attention and avoid detention."

ZOMBILLANTE
That was some good weed, hugh?

PUMPKIN
(to Ho-man)
I'm taking Mr. Zombie here over to
the Casino. Can you join me after
you drop Tommy off?

HO-MAN
Sure thing Pumpkin, but I'm gonna
be a few hours with the baby daddy
duty.

Tommy runs up to join the group.

TOMMY
Dad, are you friends with that man?

HO-MAN
Yes son, I am.

TOMMY
(to Zombillante)
Did you play football Mr.?

ZOMBILLANTE
Not as good as you.

TOMMY
Thanks Mr.

A crowd is gathering and several people are shocked at how easily Zombillante took out Bodock.

PUMPKIN
Come on Mr. Zombie, Let's go.

EXT. CAROL CITY FOOTBALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pumpkin and Zombillante get into her silver 2004 Honda Accord. They pull out of the parking lot and head east on Miami Gardens Drive. Seconds later a jacked up Candy Blue 1975 Impala "donk" with huge rims pulls out with a squeal and follows them.

INT. SEMINOLE HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Pumpkin and Zombillante sit at the bar. The bartender, ADRIANA, attractive, thirties, Hispanic, well built comes over to take their order. She eyes Zombillante with open curiosity.

ADRIANA
Hi, Pumpkin. Can I get you and your friend a drink?

PUMPKIN
Hola, Adriana. Zombie man and me will have Manhattans... both doubles.

ADRIANA
Sure thing, sweet pea. Ho-man no longer your man?

PUMPKIN
There is no man like Ho-man. He's a whole ho man.

Pumpkin and Adriana laugh. Zombillante just stares at them.

PUMPKIN
He's taking his number one seed home from the game. They won.

ADRIANA
And who might this be?

Adriana nods toward Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

It's a long story. Just think of him as our new body guard. We call him Zombie.

Pumpkin makes formal introductions.

PUMPKIN

Mr. Zombie... this is Adriana.
Adriana... this is Mr. Zombie.

Adriana extends her hand.

ADRIANA

Well, nice to meet you, Mr. Zombie.
Cool name you've got there.

ZOMBILLANTE

Sure.

Zombillante wipes his hand on his jeans and shakes Adriana's hand.

Adriana mixes the drinks while Zombillante watches the flat screen TV hanging over the bar. He stares at the screen without blinking. The sports reporter is discussing the suspension of Florida State's quarterback for yelling obscenities in front of students at the student union.

ZOMBILLANTE

Is cursing a crime?

ADRIANA

College football is big business.
They want their players to be
killers on the field and choirboys
off the field.

ZOMBILLANTE

Even angels swear.

PUMPKIN

You know a lot of angels?

ZOMBILLANTE

No estoy seguro.

Zombillante scratches his head looking puzzled.

PUMPKIN

You speak Spanish? Keep trying to
remember. Every little bit helps.

ZOMBILLANTE

I don't know what I know or why I know it.

Adriana returns with the drinks and puts them down in front of Pumpkin and Zombillante. Pumpkin lays a twenty on the bar but Adriana shakes her head "No."

ADRIANA

On the house, cuz.

PUMPKIN

Thanks sis. Appreciate it.

Pumpkin picks up the drink and takes a sip. She smiles.

PUMPKIN

You still got the touch.

ADRIANA

There's magic in these hands.

Both girls laugh.

ADRIANA

Abdul's been asking about you. You know, the handsome towlie in the penthouse.

PUMPKIN

Really, now?

ADRIANA

Yeah.

PUMPKIN

He busy tonight?

ADRIANA

He is now cuz.

PUMPKIN

Call him.

ADRIANA

Done.

Adriana walks to the phone on the bar and punches in a number.

Pumpkin turns on her bar stool to look at Zombillante. She watches him stare at the TV. He ignores her, sipping his drink as he continues to watch the TV.

His eyes are focused intently on the screen as the announcers talk about the bad behavior of the quarterback.

ZOMBILLANTE

(muttering)

They're making a big deal over nothing. He stole a few crab legs. So what? Not like he beheaded someone.

PUMPKIN

Zombie man.

Zombillante tilts his head toward Pumpkin but continues to look at the TV.

ZOMBILLANTE

You say something?

PUMPKIN

I'm going upstairs for a while.

Pumpkins lays cash on the bar.

PUMPKIN

Here's \$40.00. Go gamble. Stay out of trouble.

ZOMBILLANTE

I thought gambling was illegal?

PUMPKIN

This is Indian territory. They make their own rules.

Zombillante finally looks at Pumpkin.

ZOMBILLANTE

That don't make sense.

PUMPKIN

Course it does. To make it up to the Indians for stealing their land, the crackers let the Indians steal our money.

Zombillante scratches his head. Pumpkin points toward the hallway entrance of the casino.

PUMPKIN

Casino's that way. I have rent to pay tomorrow.

ZOMBILLANTE

Okay.

PUMPKIN

Win something. You have to start paying your way.

ZOMBILLANTE

You think zombies got special gambling powers?

PUMPKIN

Just try. Wait for me here when you're through. Adriana will take care of you.

Adriana returns to the bar, smiling.

ADRIANA

Did I hear you taking my name in vain?

PUMPKIN

You know better than that, girl.
(beat)
What's the word?

ADRIANA

I told him people call you Jessica... as in Alba because you look like her. He said Mylie Cyrus would only be worth \$500 but a Jessica Alba is worth a grand.

PUMPKIN

I look like Alba and perform like Jenna Jameson. I should be worth five grand.

ADRIANA

Don't get greedy, girl. He's a big tipper, remember?

PUMPKIN

The bigger they come, the harder they pay.

Adriana and Pumpkin laugh at their own cleverness.

PUMPKIN

Zombie man gonna go gamble for a while. You watch him for me till I get back?

ADRIANA

Sure thing!

Pumpkin gives Zombillante a peck on the cheek before heading to the elevator. Zombillante rubs his face as he heads into the casino.

INT. HARD ROCK CASINO - NIGHT

Zombillante strolls past rows of slot machines and roulette wheels. He spots a blackjack table near a TV with a super wide screen. The same two announcers are still talking.

INT. HARD ROCK BLACKJACK TABLE - NIGHT

Zombillante sits down at the table and looks up at the TV. The DEALER, white, late forties cuts the deck as he nods to Zombillante.

DEALER

Ready to play?

ZOMBILLANTE

I guess.

DEALER

You a Seminole?

ZOMBILLANTE

I don't play football.

DEALER

No. I meant an Indian... like the tribe here. You sorta look like them.

ZOMBILLANTE

Could be. Don't know much for sure.

DEALER

Momma was a lose lady, huh? I grew up calling quite a few men "uncle."
(beat)
Should I deal?

ZOMBILLANTE

I don't know how to play.

DEALER

It's simple. Aces...

He shows Zombillante an ace.

DEALER

... are worth eleven points.
Picture cards like kings and queens
count for ten points. Number cards
are face value.

ZOMBILLANTE

(nodding)

Got it.

Zombillante watches the FSU game as the dealer shuffles and deals out the cards. The dealer keeps up a running banter.

DEALER

You get two cards to start. The
object is to get 21 points or
closest to 21 without going over.

Zombillante nods with one eye on the game.

ZOMBILLANTE

Ah huh.

DEALER

After you are dealt the first two
cards, I'll ask you if you want
others.

(beat)

You got that?

Zombillante glances at the Dealer, nods, and looks back at the TV.

ZOMBILLANTE

I got it.

ZOMBILLANTE

How come quarterbacks can't swear
but everyone else can?

DEALER

Damn good question. Wish I had a
damn good answer.

(beat)

It's kinda like women. There are
only two ways to understand them,
but nobody knows what they are.

Zombillante looks puzzled and then smiles. The Dealer shows him examples of the card suits. Zombillante nods unenthusiastically. He hands the dealer \$40.00 and gets four \$10.00 in chips in return.

DEALER

Two more things. Bets are \$10.00 chip minimum. If you get two cards of equal value, you can split and play two hands against my one. That increases your odds.

ZOMBILLANTE

Okay.

The dealer deals Zombillante two cards. Zombillante peels them back to look at them.

ZOMBILLANTE

How many cards are in a deck?

DEALER

Fifty two, and we deal two decks at a time.

ZOMBILLANTE

Gimme another card.

The dealer deals Zombillante another card and flips over his cards. The dealer has a four and a three. He lays another card on the table - a ten.

DEALER

I'm holding at seventeen. What's your call?

Zombillante shakes his head "no." He flips his cards over, showing a total of twenty points. Zombillante stares up at the FSU game on TV.

ZOMBILLANTE

(muttering)

Spades, four three ten down.
Hearts ten down. Clubs, queen down.

Zombillante smiles. He raises his voice.

ZOMBILLANTE

Touchdown FSU.

DEALER

Congratulations.

ZOMBILLANTE

Good team.

DEALER

(chuckling)

I meant on the cards.

ZOMBILLANTE

Oh, yeah. Jesus loves me.

The dealer slides two ten dollar chips over to Zombillante. Zombillante briefly averts his glance from the TV.

ZOMBILLANTE

Can I bet more than ten dollars per hand?

DEALER

Yes, of course.

ZOMBILLANTE

I bet forty.

A WAITRESS, twenties, black and trim comes over to the table. Zombillante doesn't notice her. He has returned to staring at the TV. The waitress bends over and presses her shoulder into his shoulder.

WAITRESS

Would you like a drink?

Zombillante doesn't turn his head.

ZOMBILLANTE

Yes.

WAITRESS

What's your pleasure?

ZOMBILLANTE

Tequila... in a big glass.

WAITRESS

You want a double?

ZOMBILLANTE

Sure... or a triple.

The Dealer laughs, looks at the waitress and shrugs his shoulders.

DEALER

Get my friend here a very big glass of the good stuff - Casa Dragones.

The waitress leaves. Zombillante continues to stare at the TV and still has not acknowledged her or the dealer's comments. A new player arrives. GHETTO BORN, black, twenties, gold chain and teeth, sits down next to Zombillante. The Dealer welcomes Ghetto Born.

DEALER

You in?

GHETTO BORN

Got me a Benjie right here.

Ghetto Born hands the Dealer the bill and the Dealer counts out ten chips, sliding them across the table. Ghetto Born eyes Zombillante suspiciously. Zombillante ignores him.

GHETTO BORN

What's up, chief?

Zombillante continues to stare at the TV.

ZOMBILLANTE

FSU by ten.

The waitress returns and a huge tumbler of Tequila in front of Zombillante.

GHETTO BORN

Whoa... you must be thirsty!

Zombillante doesn't answer him. He nods toward the Dealer.

ZOMBILLANTE

I'll bet sixty.

Almost in a trance, he mutters.

ZOMBILLANTE

Hearts, Spades,

He moves six chips in front of him. Ghetto Born moves five chips up. The waitress stands impatiently beside Zombillante. She nudges his shoulder and clears her throat.

DEALER

You gotta tip her, man.

ZOMBILLANTE

A tip?

DEALER

Yeah, a tip. You gotta pay her for her service.

The Dealer takes one of Zombillante's chips and gives it to the waitress.

GHETTO BORN

You ain't from this planet, are you, dude?

ZOMBILLANTE

I was dead but I came back.

GHETTO BORN

No shit! You a Lazarus type dude.

ZOMBILLANTE

I guess.

The Dealer deals the cards. Each man looks and takes a card from the Dealer. Zombillante wins again and chugs the glass of Tequila.

GHETTO BORN

Whoa dude. Keep drinking like that and you'll get white boy wasted.

ZOMBILLANTE

What's that?
(to the Dealer)
I'll bet 100.

The Dealer deals again and once again each man takes a card. Zombillante wins again. The waitress shows up with another Tequila for Zombillante and he tips her a chip.

ZOMBILLANTE

FSU is up by 20.

GHETTO BORN

You a Seminole?

ZOMBILLANTE

Could be. Never knew my daddy.

GHETTO BORN

Huh?

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Sheik Abdul Abdullah's BODYGUARD opens the penthouse door. Pumpkin enters and walks down the two steps into a sunken living room. ABDUL ABDULAH, mid thirties, dark hair and light brown skin, wearing designer clothing and a gold Rolex stands near the bar. He whistles when he sets eyes on Pumpkin. SENATOR ANGELO ROMAN, mid sixties, well dressed, gray hair, sits on the couch.

ABDUL ABDULAH

You are a vision... as lovely as I remember you.

Senator Roman stands.

SENATOR ROMAN
Welcome, my dear.

Senator Roman looks at Abdul Abdullah and nods approval.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Please have a seat, Pumpkin. What
can I get you to drink? You drink
Manhattans, right?

PUMPKIN
I'm impressed, you remember.

ABDUL ABDULAH
I remember you Sierra.

Abdul pours two scotches, keeping one for himself and handing
the other to Senator Roman. He makes a Manhattan for Pumpkin.
Pumpkin sits on the sofa. Senator Roman sits close beside
her. Abdul remains standing.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Why do they call you Pumpkin?

PUMPKIN
I was fat as a kid. My dad called
me that and it stuck.

ABDUL ABDULAH
(laughing)
And I thought it was because of
your nice round butt.

Pumpkins lowers her eyes and blushes slightly.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Allow me to introduce Senator Roman
from Virginia.

Abdul takes her hand and kisses it. He then sits in a chair
facing the couch.

PUMPKIN
Thank you for the kind words. You
are both very handsome gentlemen.

ABDUL ABDULAH
You are most gracious.

Abdul and Pumpkin sip their drinks. Pumpkin smiles sweetly
while gazing into Abdul's eyes. The Senator chugs his scotch.

SENATOR ROMAN

I have some business to attend to
but I will return in about 30
minutes.

The Senator stands and turns to Pumpkin.

SENATOR ROMAN

Nice meeting you... Sierra.

ABDUL ABDULAH

When you return, we will leave
immediately for the boat.

SENATOR ROMAN

Understood.

(to Pumpkin)

Enjoy your evening.

PUMPKIN

A pleasure to meet you, Senator.

Abdul stands and offers his hand to Pumpkin.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Shall we adjourn to the bedroom?

INT. BEDROOM SUITE HARD ROCK CASINO - NIGHT

Abdul pulls Pumpkin to him... her back against his chest. They gyrate slowly against each other for a few minutes while Abdul nuzzles her neck. He slides his hands down her back and unzips her dress, letting it fall to the floor. She is naked underneath. Pumpkin kicks the dress away and turn to face Abdul. She runs her hands over his chest and down to his waistline.

PUMPKIN

Have you got a present for me?

ABDUL ABDULAH

A solid gold...

PUMPKIN

Speak with your hands, not your
voice.

Abdul pushes Pumpkin onto the bed and stares at her while he undresses. Then, he straddles her.

ABDUL ABDULAH

You are like the Venus and
Aphrodite all rolled into one.

PUMPKIN
I command you to worship me.

Lovemaking begins and ends. Pumpkin feigns great pleasure.

PUMPKIN
How did you do that to me, Abdul.
I've never felt such pleasure
before.

ABDUL ABDULAH
(chuckling)
I know you are lying, my little
goddess, but I still like hearing
you sigh.

Pumpkin gets up and heads for the bathroom. Abdul calls after
her.

ABDUL ABDULAH
I am having a party on my yacht
tomorrow evening. I would like it
very much if you attended.

PUMPKIN
Will you be my escort?

ABDUL ABDULAH
If you would like.

PUMPKIN
I would like that very much.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Then, I shall make it so. I'll send
a car to pick you up.

Abdul stands and walks naked to the dresser. He opens a
drawer and removes a large roll of bills. He turns to
Pumpkin, who is now dressed, and pulls her to him, kissing
her deeply. He stuffs the money into the cleavage of her
dress.

ABDUL ABDULAH
A small token of my appreciation.

Pumpkin smiles sweetly into Abdul's eyes. She touches his
face and runs her finger over his lips. Then, she steps back
and gets her pocketbook from the floor where she dropped it.
She removes a business card and hands it to Abdul

PUMPKIN
My address and phone number...
Don't lose it.
(MORE)

PUMPKIN (CONT'D)

Not everyone is special enough to know where I live.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Bless you. Allah ybarek feeki.

Pumpkin turns and walks out of the room. Abdul's eyes never leave her until the door closes.

INT. HARD ROCK BLACKJACK TABLE - NIGHT

Zombillante is now ahead by \$4,000. He still seems more interested in the FSU game, which is paused for half time. A PIT BOSS, dressed in a coat and tie, stands beside the Dealer and stares at Zombillante.

PIT BOSS

You're outta here. We don't allow card counting.

ZOMBILLANTE

What do you mean "you don't allow" it? How do you stop someone from using their eyes and their brain?

PIT BOSS

It's illegal.

ZOMBILLANTE

For real, or did you just make that rule up because I'm winning?

PIT BOSS

Take yourself over to the roulette table, but no more black jack.

Zombillante looks at the stack of chips in front of him.

ZOMBILLANTE

I've got enough.

He picks up a hundred dollar chip and tosses it to the Dealer.

ZOMBILLANTE

Thanks.

DEALER

Thank you, chief. If you're ever interested, we can hit the Miccosukee Casino together and clean out the joint.

Zombillante gathers his chips and walks away.

PIT BOSS
 (to Dealer)
 Didn't you notice him counting?

DEALER
 I didn't notice him doing anything
 but staring at the damned football
 game.

GHETTO BORN
 That is one strange dude.

Ghetto Born stands and follows Zombillante out of the casino.
 He talks on his cell phone as he walks.

INT. SEMINOLE HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

GHETTO BORN
 Bodock, GB here.

BODOCK (V.O.)
 You got him?

GHETTO BORN
 Tailing his stupefied ass right
 now. He's headed to the hotel
 lobby.

BODOCK (V.O.)
 Girl with him?

GHETTO BORN
 No, but it looks like he's planning
 to meet someone.

BODOCK (V.O.)
 We outside. Call me when they
 leave.

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Zombillante returns to the bar, where he continues to watch
 the football game.

ZOMBILLANTE P.O.V. - BAR T.V.

A commercial for the 11:00 news come on the T.V.

NEWSWOMAN

Tonight at eleven on News 4, an update on the Northeasterner bearing down on South Florida. Also at eleven, and update on last weeks drug bust on the Seminole Reservation that left five drug dealers dead and an undercover tribal detective missing. Tune in at eleven for an update on this story from the DEA's top South Florida agent.

RETURN TO SCENE

ADRIANA

Well, how did you make out in the casino?

Zombillante empties one pocket worth of chips on the bar. Adriana's eyes grow wide.

ADRIANA

You did good.

Zombillante empties another pocket full of chips on the bar.

ADRIANA

Real good. How much is there?

ZOMBILLANTE

Don't know.

ADRIANA

Hand them over. I'll count it up for you.

Adriana counts the chips.

ADRIANA

\$4,550.00!
(beat)
That's fantastic.

ZOMBILLANTE

I guess. Can I have a rum?

ADRIANA

Sure thing, you can afford it.

ZOMBILLANTE

A big glass.

ADRIANA

Do you want me to cash in the chips for you?

ZOMBILLANTE

Cash them in? Like for real money?

ADRIANA

Of course. What did you think you were going to do with them?

ZOMBILLANTE

Didn't really know.

ADRIANA

You may be known as Mr. Zombie, but are Mr. Lucky tonight.

ZOMBILLANTE

Okay... can I buy a souvenir from the gift shop?

ADRIANA

Honey, you can buy anything you want and plenty that shouldn't have with that kind of cash.

ZOMBILLANTE

I just want a Seminole tomahawk... saw one earlier.

Adriana makes a pocket of her apron and scoops Zombillante's chips into it. She leaves and the sound of chips hitting a counter somewhere can be heard. Pumpkin enters and sits next to Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

Well, Mr. Zombie man, did you have any luck?

ZOMBILLANTE

They made me stop playing.

PUMPKIN

Why?

ZOMBILLANTE

Said I was counting cards and it was illegal.

PUMPKIN

(laughing)

Oh, well, it was worth a try.

Pumpkin opens her purse and fans a wad of bills in front of Zombillante.

PUMPKIN
I just made \$1,500.00. Awesome!

Adriana returns and drops forty-five \$100 dollar bills, three \$10 bills and a tomahawk in front of Zombillante. She places his drink in front of him. Zombillante never takes his eyes off the television.

ADRIANA
Here you go, chief.

Pumpkin looks at the money.

PUMPKIN
Oh!
(beat)
My!
(beat)
God!

Zombillante picks up the tomahawk without looking at it. He waves it in the air.

ZOMBILLANTE
(gleefully)
Tomahawk chop!!

INT. SEMINOLE HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The evaluator door opens and Senator Roman, Abdul Abdullah, and Abdul's body guard walk. Abdul waves to Pumpkin.

ABDUL ABDULAH
(yelling)
See you tomorrow night, Sierra.

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Pumpkin spins on her stool and waves.

PUMPKIN
I can't wait!

Zombillante turns halfway around and looks toward the elevator.

INT. SEMINOLE HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The Senator stares at Zombillante, then turns and walks away.

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Ghetto Born enters the bar and walks to the end opposite Zombillante.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A black limousine is parked at the curb. The driver opens the back door for Abdul and his party.

SENATOR ROMAN

The big guy sitting next to Sierra... he looked familiar. Did you recognize him?

ABDUL ABDULAH

I didn't really notice him.

INT. HARD ROCK HOTEL LOBBY BAR - NIGHT

Zombillante and Pumpkin drink and talk. Four shots are lined up in front of each of them. Two are empty. Pumpkins slides her two filled glasses toward Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

I've had enough. Drink these and let's go.

Zombillante chugs the drinks. Pumpkin calls to Adriana.

PUMPKIN

Hey, girl. We're outta here. Thanks for the hospitality.

ADRIANA

My pleasure, cuz.

PUMPKIN

If Ho-man shows, let him know I'm back at the crib.

Pumpkin places three \$100 bills on the bar.

ADRIANA

Call me.

(to Zombillante)

Nice meeting you, Mr. Lucky.

ZOMBILLANTE

Is it okay if I come back or is that illegal?

ADRIANA

You come back anytime. We'll worry about the illegal stuff later.

Pumpkin and Zombillante leave. Ghetto Born makes a call on his cell phone.

INT. HARD ROCK PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Pumpkin and Zombillante walk toward her car when another car comes to a screeching halt in front of them. Bodock and two THUGS, big, bad and stupid, brandishing guns jump out.

BODOCK

Well, now, if it isn't my favorite ho and my favorite dead guy.

ZOMBILLANTE

I'm not dead.

BODOCK

You will be.

Bodock and his men begin to act threatening toward Pumpkin and Zombillante.

PUMPKIN

You don't scare me.

Bodock waves the gun in her face.

BODOCK

Really? You're not worried about having that pretty little face of yours blown off?

Pumpkin undoes the back of her skirt and drops it to the floor. She stands naked in front of the men, who are shocked and excited. She points to her vagina and then to their crotches.

PUMPKIN

Pussy for sale! Pussy for sale!
You want some boys?

Zombillante takes advantage of the goons hesitation and launches his tomahawk which smashes Bodock on his forehead. Bodock drops to the garage floor.

His men are still standing staring at Pumpkin. Zombillante approaches them. The screeching of tires is heard behind Pumpkin and Zombillante. A car skids to a stop and Ho-man jumps out brandishing a 9 millimeter Beretta.

HO-MAN

You dogs want some of this?

GOON

We outta here, dog.

The goons drag Bodock back to his car and they drive away. Zombillante picks up his tomahawk. Pumpkin puts on her skirt.

PUMPKIN

You my hero, Ho.

HO-MAN

No body messes with my meal ticket.

PUMPKIN

If you hadn't shown up, those assholes would have been \$6,000 richer and we would have been history.

HO-MAN

Looked to me like Zombie man had things pretty much under control... with a little help from you.

Pumpkin and Ho-man man hug. Zombillante looks down at the tomahawk in his hand and smiles.

ZOMBILLANTE

(to himself)

Tomahawk chop!

INT. ABDUL'S YACHT - DAY

Abdul and Senator Roman watch the 6:00 o'clock local news in the salon of Abdul's Sapphire yacht. They sit side by side in matching leather Dragon Chairs sipping drinks. The Senator is smoking a cigar and flicking the ashes carelessly onto the floor.

ABDUL ABDULAH

The carpet I can replace, Senator, but the chairs cost \$28 million apiece.

(MORE)

ABDUL ABDULAH (CONT'D)
Unless you have that amount in your piggy bank, I'd suggest using an ashtray.

SENATOR ROMAN
Petty cash to you, Abdul. I rather like this little dingy of yours.

ABDUL ABDULAH
I bought Nobiskrug in 2011 and it has proven to be a wise investment. My personal vessels are designed with... shall we say, military capability.. and, as I am the owner of the company, I do not have to reveal these special features to anyone.

SENATOR ROMAN
All's fair in politics and war. Turn up the sound. Let's hear what Channel 7 has to say about our prototype test.

ABDUL ABDULAH
I was very pleased with the results due in great part to you finding us an engineer with considerable imagination and technical ability.

SENATOR ROMAN
Have I ever told you about my fondness for the Senoritas?

ABDUL ABDULAH
Do tell.

SENATOR ROMAN
In Mexico, sexy girls are plentiful.

ABDUL ABDULAH
How do you locate them? Social media? Twitter?

SENATOR ROMAN
I get em the old fashioned way, from brothels!

Senator Roman and Abdul laugh.

ABDUL'S P.O.V. - NEWSCAST ON LARGE FLAT SCREEN TELEVISION

A female news reporter breaks from a local story to the national desk in NYC.

NEWSWOMAN

We are breaking away for a special report from the national news desk. Grant Stone is with us live from Washington, D.C.

GRANT STONE, fifties with gray hair and movie star good looks appears on the screen sitting behind a news desk.

GRANT

The war on terrorism suffered a major setback today. The U.S. Military has adamantly refused to recognize the potential power of Man Portable Air Defense Systems -- better known as MANPADS.

(beat)

Until today, MANPADS were only capable of reaching an altitude of 15,000 feet. This rendered them ineffective against military aircraft bombing ISIS targets.

The screen changes to a taped video of a U.S. F-15 flying over Tikrit.

GRANT (V.O.)

We have reason to believe that early this afternoon a MANPAD shot down an F-15 flying a bombing run near Tikrit.

(beat)

These are scary weapons. When I was on assignment in Iraq, the helicopter in front of ours was blown out of the sky by a handheld missile and shrapnel hit our helicopter. We were forced to make an emergency landing and fend off terrorists for thirty minutes until reinforcements arrived. I thank the brave men and women from the Army 5th Division for our rescue.

(beat)

Watch the video.

On screen a handheld missile pierces the sky, flying toward it's target like a dart to a dartboard. The missile splits in two at around 18,000 feet.

The back section flames out and falls to earth. The top section fires and continues on at an accelerated speed. A giant explosion fills the screen.

On the screen, Secretary of Defense, CHUCK WILSON, 50s, black, tall; his paunch forcing him to lean into the microphone, stands at a podium in the Pentagon briefing room.

CHUCK WILSON

The Pentagon announced that an F-15 was shot down today by a MANPAD with advanced technological features.

(beat)

Current MANPAD technology are only capable of reaching an altitude of 15,000 feet. The new generation MANPAD has a second stage a ramjet that enables the rocket to reach altitudes of 30,000 feet at speeds over five times that of sound.

(beat)

If our experts are correct, and these weapons fall into the hands of terrorist groups, our current strategy against ISIS will fail miserably.

RETURN TO SCENE

Abdul and the Senator watch the news report with wide smiles on their faces.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Sheer genius, Angelo. We should pay your engineer double... but not yet. There is more we need to accomplish and we must keep him hungry to get it done quickly.

SENATOR ROMAN

Did you know he also invented the Invisiline braces?

ABDUL ABDULAH

So, should I assume his bite is worse than his bark.

Senator Roman and Abdul laugh loudly and clink their glasses together in a toast.

ABDUL ABDULAH

When can I expect delivery of 300 iPads

(MORE)

ABDUL ABDULAH (CONT'D)

(winks)
you promised me?

SENATOR ROMAN

I'm true to my word... tomorrow. We can meet the freighter in the Bahamas as planned..

ABDUL ABDULAH

Fantastic! I'll inform the captain.

Abdul stands and walks to an intercom system in the wall.

SENATOR ROMAN

Tonight we party. I don't want to miss a second with the delicious Sierra and company. The evening ahead looks very promising.

Senator Roman lifts his glass in a toast; then drinks.

EXT. HO-MAN'S HOUSE. BACK PORCH. MIAMI GARDENS - DAY

Pumpkin, sipping ice tea, and Zombillante relax on the covered back porch. Zombillante stares at a large flat screen television hanging from the ceiling. Pumpkin, holding a shopping bag on her lap, stares at Zombillante. Ho-man stands in front of a grill a few feet away flipping burgers.

PUMPKIN

I have a present for you.

ZOMBILLANTE

Ah huh.

HO-MAN

Zom, you want a beer?

ZOMBILLANTE

Ah huh.

Ho-man puts down the spatula and opens a refrigerator standing against the back wall of the house. He removes two cans of Colt 45 malt liquor and turns toward Zombillante.

HO-MAN

In coming.

Ho-man tosses Zombillante the can of beer. Zombillante, still staring at the television, raises a hand and makes a perfect catch.

HO-MAN

Don't know how you do that, man.

ZOMBILLANTE

Ah huh.

PUMPKIN

Zom, look what I got you at Walmart
this morning.

Pumpkin removes an FSU football jersey from the shopping bag and holds it up. Without turning his head, Zombillante moves his eyes to look at Pumpkin. He sees the red jersey and the number 5 and jumps out of his chair. He begins pulling his tee shirt over his head.

ZOMBILLANTE

(loud)

Jaboo Winston! Famous Jameis.

Zombillante snatches the jersey out of Pumpkin's hands and slips it on. When his head emerges, he is wearing a big smile.

PUMPKIN

It's an extra large.

Zombillante grabs Pumpkin and hugs her, lifting her off the ground. He begins to sing an old Partridge Family song, I think I love you.

PUMPKIN

And I got you these at Hunter's
World.

Pumpkin gives Zombillante six tomahawks.

ZOMBILLANTE

Awesome! I'm sleeping and right in
the middle of a good dream

Like all at once I wake up from
something that keeps

Knocking at my brain

Before I go insane I hold my pillow
to my head. And spring up in my
bed screaming out the words I dread

I think I love you.

Ho-man begins to laugh.

HO-MAN
You watchin' too much
TV, man.

ZOMBILLANTE
Ah huh.

PUMPKIN
Well, I love you, too, Zom. Now
tell me... what is it with you and
Florida State?

Zombillante sudden exuberance dies away. He sits down and
again stares at the television.

ZOMBILLANTE
Don't know. But you got a nice
ass.

Ho-man takes the burgers off the grill and puts them on a
patio table. He, Pumpkin and Zombillante begin to eat.
Zombillante dumps a generous helping of Tabasco hot sauce on
his burger.

PUMPKIN
Be careful. Zom. You might burn
your mouth.

HO-MAN
Yeah... that stuff burns on the way
in and on the way out.

ZOMBILLANTE
Okay.
(to himself)
Pumpkin makin me warm.

Zombillante stares at the television, pours more Tabasco
sauce on the burger and takes a huge bite. No reaction.

ZOMBILLANTE P.O.V. - TELEVISION SCREEN

The picture switches suddenly from the Dolphin pre-game show
to a national news desk. The NEWSWOMAN, blond, early
thirties, attractive speaks in a hushed, serious voice.

NEWSMAN
The war in Iraq is escalating. We
interrupt your normal viewing with
this special report.
(beat)
The Pentagon has confirmed that a
U.S.

(MORE)

NEWSMAN (CONT'D)

F-15 bomber on a mission near Tikrit was shot down by what is suspected to be a new hand held anti-aircraft defense system with far reaching capabilities.

(beat)

U.S. and allied government and military officials fear that a proliferation of these devices in the hands of ISIS terrorists may tip the balance in their favor.

RETURN TO SCENE

HO-MAN

Damn! Don't care what those assholes in Washington say, we'll soon be sending troops back to that miserable sand pit. One of my cousins was killed in Afghanistan; blown up while diffusing mines.

ZOMBILLANTE

It's genetic, man.

HO-MAN

What's genetic?

ZOMBILLANTE

The need to kill. War is just an excuse to satisfy our blood lust.

PUMPKIN

Abdul... that guy I was with last night... he's an Arab.

Ho-man glares at Pumpkin.

HO-MAN

You sleeping with the enemy?

PUMPKIN

I'm sleeping with anyone willing to pay me 2K. Don't remember you ever complaining before.

Ho-man stands up and glares at Pumpkin's face.

HO-MAN

Well, I'm complaining now. You ain't going.

PUMPKIN

What you worried about? Are you jealous?

HO-MAN

Don't be stupid. Jealousy got nothing to do with it. I don't trust those desert rats.

PUMPKIN

If he's a rat, Ho-man, he's the only one I know wearing Armani suits.

Pumpkin laughs at her cleverness. Ho-man rolls his eyes.

HO-MAN

Shiiiiiiiit.

ZOMBILLANTE

Syria. Someone went there and didn't come back.

HO-MAN

You think?

ZOMBILLANTE

Can't put all the pieces together yet.

PUMPKIN

I'm sorry, Zom, but, hey, you remembered something!

ZOMBILLANTE

Something...

EXT. HO-MAN'S HOUSE. MIAMI GARDENS - DUSK

A shiny new Lincoln Town car pulls up in front of the house. As the driver emerges and opens the rear passenger door, Pumpkin bounces down the front walkway dressed in a skin tight ruby red designer dress -- long sleeves, scoop neck, low cut back, high cut hem. She slides effortlessly into the car and moments later, the car pulls away from the curb. Seconds later Zombillante and Ho-man exit the house. Ho-man lifts the garage door, revealing a bass boat. He backs the truck up to the boat trailer and Zombillante connects the hitch. Zombillante gets into the truck.

ZOMBILLANTE

Let's go.

EXT. HO-MAN'S PICKUP - NIGHT

The truck turns off U.S. 1 onto SE 15th street.

INT. HO-MAN'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Zombillante points toward the parking lot of the public boat ramp.

ZOMBILLANTE

There.

HO-MAN

How do you know where we are going?

ZOMBILLANTE

Instinct... maybe.

HO-MAN

Ever done any fishing?

ZOMBILLANTE

Hope so. Jesus fished.

HO-MAN

Hope you don't get seasick.

EXT. BOAT LAUNCH PARKING - NIGHT

Zombillante guides Ho-man as he backs the boat up to the ramp. Zombillante releases the hitch and the boat slides into the water. Ho-man parks the car and returns carrying a cooler and a fishing hat. Both men enter the boat, which begins to wobble, then rights itself.

HO-MAN

Here, put on this fishing hat so you look official.

ZOMBILLANTE

Ok, Mr. Bass Master, Roland Martin.

HO-MAN

What you know about dat? You catching on home.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. ISIS COMPOUND. AL-MALIKYAH, SYRIA - DAY

SUPERPOSE: MONTH/YEAR

Abdul Abdullah, dressed in traditional Muslim clothing, stands in front of MARIA RODRIGUEZ, 30, long black hair, wearing panties and a bra. Maria is tied to a chair; her feet submerged in a water-filled metal container. Abdul holds a jumper cable close to her face.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Who is the Russian?

MARIA RODRIGUEZ
I only know him as Boris?

ABDUL ABDULAH
You slept with him.

MARIA RODRIGUEZ
He paid me.

ABDUL ABDULAH
That makes you a whore. I thought you were a journalist.

MARIA RODRIGUEZ
I am.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Then why? You don't need the money.

MARIA RODRIGUEZ
Better he thought I was a whore.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Did he tell you who his Syrian Intelligence contact is?

MARIA RODRIGUEZ
We didn't talk. We fucked.

ABDUL ABDULAH
As you will be again if you don't answer my questions only this time the payment will be in volts not rubles.

Abdul holds the cables an inch from her face.

ABDUL ABDULAH
What does he know about my operation?

MARIA RODRIGUEZ
We didn't talk about you. We didn't talk about anything.

ABDUL ABDULAH

I fear a Pulitzer is not in your future. A tombstone... perhaps.

Abdul attaches the ends of the jumper cables to the metal bowl. Maria's stiffens and jerks in the chair. She screams; then passes out.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. HO-MAN'S BASS BOAT. INTRACOASTAL. MIAMI - NIGHT

Zombillante and Ho-Man sit side by side on the deck of Ho-man's boat sipping beer and fishing. As one beer can is emptied and crushed, another is taken from the cooler. The deck is littered with empties. Ho-Man reaches into the cooler and grabs a cold one, which he tosses to Zombillante who holds a still full can to his mouth. Zombillante holds the rim of the full can in his teeth and catches the new can without turning his head.

HO-MAN

How, the hell, do you do that, man?

ZOMBILLANTE

Instinct, I guess. I've got second sight or something.

HO-MAN

Get real, man. Nobody can see the future.

ZOMBILLANTE

I didn't say I see the future. I just feel things before they happen.

The bass boat trolls slowly out into the intercoastal past two huge seafood restaurants. The boat approaches the 17th Street Bridge near the Grill 66 Restaurant and Bar Marina. Abdul's yacht is seen moored in the distance.

HO-MAN

Let me guess. That big dope boat over there. It's almost a damn cruise ship.

EXT. DECK. YACHT - NIGHT

Senator Roman stares out at the open water while sipping a scotch. He half listens to the sound of music and laughing women coming from the salon. He sees the outline of a boat drifting nearby and raises his glass in a toast.

SENATOR ROMAN
 May the bounty of the seas be
 yours, gentlemen. The booty of the
 night is all mine.

Senator Roman finishes his drink in one gulp and tosses the glass into the water.

EXT. HO-MAN'S BASS BOAT. INTERCOASTAL. MIAMI - NIGHT

ZOMBILLANTE
 (making circles in the air
 with his hands)
 Fish on. Fish off.

HO-MAN
 Seriously, man, you're watching too
 much Me TV. This is not Karate Kid.
 We're on a mission.

ZOMBILLANTE
 Teacher say. Student do. Bring the
 net.

HO-MAN
 I'm nobody's stu...

The boat begins to rock.

ZOMBILLANTE
 The net!

Ho-Man picks up the net and holds it over the side of the boat. Zombillante skillfully reels in a fish the size of Delaware. Ho-man moves into position and scoops the fish into the net and onto the deck.

HO-MAN
 (excited)
 Holy shit. This is one big mother
 fucker.

ZOMBILLANTE
 A snook - 35 pounds.

Ho-Man raises his hand for a high five and Zombillante gives his palm a loud smack.

HO-MAN
 I was wrong about people not being
 able to see the future. I see us
 enjoying a Red Lobster dinner at
 home tomorrow night.

Ho-Man takes his iPhone from his pocket and hands it to Zombillante.

HO-MAN

Here. Take a picture of me with this monster. Gonna send it to WPLG and make the early morning news.

Zombillante snaps the picture and hands the phone back to Ho-Man. He grabs two beers from the cooler and tosses one to Ho-Man, who misses it.

ZOMBILLANTE

Can't have second sight unless your first sight is working properly.

HO-MAN

I didn't know you was going to throw the can to me.

ZOMBILLANTE

Like I said.

Zombillante pops the top on his beer.

ZOMBILLANTE

The white haired guy from the elevator.

HO-MAN

What?

Zombillante nods toward Abdul's yacht.

ZOMBILLANTE

On deck... I know that guy. He came off the elevator at the casino with Abdul.

HO-MAN

How do you know?

ZOMBILLANTE

He looked at me then.

HO-MAN

What the hell you talkin' about, man?

ZOMBILLANTE

I don't know, but I think we should dock and take a walk along the pier. Get a closer look at the boat.

HO-MAN

You are one crazy son of a bitch.
(beat)
Okay. Okay. Whatever you say. Just make sure nothin' happens to my dinner. Lock the cooler.

EXT. GRILLE 66 DOCK - NIGHT

With Ho-Man at the wheel, Zombillante grabs a mooring rope and secures the boat to the dock. Ho-man grabs two beers from the cooler and tosses one to Zombillante.

HO-MAN

In coming.

Zombillante once again catches the can without looking.

HO-MAN

Damn! One of these days, you're gonna miss and I'm gonna score a touchdown.

Zombillante shrugs his shoulders, opens the beer and takes a swig. Ho-Man does a quick dance as he sings along with the hip-hop music coming from the nearby bar.

HO-MAN

(singing)
Booty going down, bouncing back on up, girls gettin all my damn money!

Ho-man laughs. Zombillante looks at him and frowns.

ZOMBILLANTE

You auditioning for Ho-man got no talent or are we on a serious mission?

HO-MAN

Sorry, dog. Let's check out this towel head's rust bucket.

Ho-man and Zombillante approach the Sapphire yacht from the deck. Ho-Man whistles.

HO-MAN

Shit. This motherfucker is jacked.
We gotta get a piece of that, Zom.

ZOMBILLANTE

Let's make sure Pumpkin is okay
before we start eating pie in the
sky.

HO-MAN

Yeah, you're right.

Just as Ho-Man and Zombillante reach the yacht, the engines roar to life and the gangplank retracts. As the boat pulls away from the dock, Senator Roman appears at the railing. He stares at Ho-Man and Zombillante, a sardonic look on his face.

SENATOR ROMAN

Well, if it isn't the walking dead
and the pimp. Ocean run out of tuna
or are you after bigger fish to
fry?

HO-MAN

I just wanted to offer the sheik
more girls for his party. My babies
are booty-full!

SENATOR ROMAN

(chuckling)

Abdul has a harem. He doesn't need
a ghetto pimp procuring for him.

The boats is now about 15 feet off the dock. Zombillante yells to be heard.

ZOMBILLANTE

Where's Pumpkin?

SENATOR ROMAN

If you mean Sierra, she has decided
to leave these humid shores for a
drier climate.

HO-MAN

You motherfucker. She would never
willingly leave me.

SENATOR ROMAN

Happy fishing, Captain Ahab.

EXT. ABDUL'S YACHT. DECK - NIGHT

Abdul appears beside Senator Roman. He stares at Ho-Man and Zombillante.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Are they a threat to us?

SENATOR ROMAN
Everyone is a threat. It's the
nature of our business.

ABDUL ABDULAH
What do you suggest?

SENATOR ROMAN
Why take chances. I'll call an
exterminator and rid ourselves of
these pests.

ABDUL ABDULAH
What if they are agents?

SENATOR ROMAN
All the more reason to set out
traps.

The yacht continues to pull into the intercoastal as it picks up speed.

EXT. GRILLE 66 DOCK - NIGHT

Zombillante and Ho-man sprint back to their boat, weaving around a group of revelers blocking their path. A BIG MAN, 30s, overly tall intentionally plants himself in front of Zombillante.

BIG MAN
Going somewhere important, big
shot?

Big Man pushes Zombillante on the chest but Zombillante is planted firm. Big Man takes a swing, which Zombillante effortlessly blocks. Without seeming to move, he picks Big Man up and tosses him into the intracoastal waterway. The remaining revelers stare at the floundering man; then move aside.

HO-MAN
Hope that cracker can swim.

Ho-Man and Zombillante reach their boat and untie the ropes. Ho-man fires up the engine while Zombillante stands on the bow keeping an eye on Abul's yacht.

ZOMBILLANTE

Nobody is taking Pumpkin away against her will. Get us close, Ho-Man.

HO-MAN

On it, Zom. On it.

The bass boat is 20 feet behind as the yacht approaches the inlet. Zombillante stands anxiously on the bow. Ho-man steers the boat closer and Zombillante prepares to jump. Suddenly the bass boat engine sputters and stalls.

HO-MAN

Shit!

ZOMBILLANTE

What happened?

HO-MAN

Ran out of gas.

ZOMBILLANTE

How could... Crap! Just give me your phone.

Ho-Man tosses his phone to Zombillante, who catches it with ease.

HO-MAN

You gonna call the Coast Guard?

ZOMBILLANTE

No.

HO-MAN

How we gonna get gas?

ZOMBILLANTE

We're not.

Zombillante throws Ho-Man's iPhone toward the yacht. It lands on the deck.

HO-MAN

What the fuck, man? Why'd you do that?

ZOMBILLANTE

Tracking.

A small pleasure boat approaches and Zombillante waves his arms to get their attention. The PLEASURE BOAT CAPTAIN, an old sea salt with a vast knowledge of Florida waterways, calls to Zombillante.

PLEASURE BOAT CAPTAIN
(Russian accent)
Run out of gas, boys?

ZOMBILLANTE
Yeah. Could you give us a tow?

PLEASURE BOAT CAPTAIN
What's your destination?

HO-MAN
Can you take us to the 17th street
boat launch?

PLEASURE BOAT CAPTAIN
That, we can do.

A crew member on the pleasure boat tosses a line to Zombillante. He ties the line to the stern.

ZOMBILLANTE
Much appreciated.

INT. THE CORNER STORE. 207TH ST. MIAMI GARDENS - NIGHT

Aslem, a.k.a. ALEX, 24, tall, dark hair, piercing green eyes stands at the counter, waiting on customers. A MIDDLE-AGED BLACK MAN holds a can of Schlitz Malt Liquor in one hand and cash in the other. RED HO, a Hippo sized black girl wearing a red wig and a very tight, very short mini-skirt, stands in front of a gambling machine, dropping coins in the slot. Alex hands the black man just as the phone on the counter begins to ring. Alex picks it up.

ALEX
Corner store.

ABDUL ABDULAH(V.O.)
Aslem? Abdul here.

ALEX
Yes, sir. How can I help you?

ABDUL ABDULAH(V.O.)
There's a girl who lives in your
neighborhood. She resembles the
actress Jessica Alba...

ALEX
That's Pumpkin. Hottest girl in
the Baja Gardens.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
She has a pimp...

ALEX
Ho-Man. He comes in here for beer.

ABDUL ABDULAH
And there is another man... someone
they call Zombie.

ALEX
Yes, sir. Word is he knocked out
Bodock at Ho-man's son's football
game.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
What else do you know?

ALEX
Just rumors. Word on the street is
he did a number on a Zoe Pound
member; left him hurting. Talk is
another member is missing.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
Get word to Zoe Pound and Bodock
that you can arrange for them to
get revenge on the pimp and his
friend.

ALEX
How will I do that?

ABDUL ABDULAH
Make friends with Ho-Man and the
Zombie. Invite them to a party. Be
sure to invite Zoe Pound and Bodock
as well.

ALEX
Yes, sir.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
Your continued efforts on our
behalf are much appreciated. You
will be rewarded both in this life
and the next.

ALEX
Thank you, sir. Praise Allah.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
Lanet Fahise.

Alex hangs up the phone.

RED HO
Somebody looking for Pumpkin?

ALEX
No. Ho-Man and the weird dude.

RED HO
Weird dude gives me the creeps, but
Ho-man, he can't resist pussy.
Gimme 30 and I'll work my magic.

ALEX
20.

RED HO
Thirty and I'll throw in a blow
job.

ALEX
Deal.

RED HO
Thirty up front. Blow job when I
get back.

Just as Red Ho is about to leave, Ho-man and Zombillante enter.

HO-MAN
Damn, Red, you thick as shit.

RED HO
Better shit than you've ever had,
Ho-Man. Want to give it a try?

Ho-Man gives Red Ho a slap on the butt.

HO-MAN
What you offering, woman?

As Ho-Man and Red negotiate, Zombillante walks over to the counter where Alex is making careful mental notes.

ZOMBILLANTE
You got any phones with GPS
tracking.

ALEX

You're in luck. Got a few iPhone sixes in the safe. Never been opened.

Alex walks to a small office near the front of the store. Zombillante taps his fingers on the counter while he waits. Without turning around, he follows the conversation between Ho-Man and Red Ho.

RED HO

You like sweets, don't you, Ho-Man. I can give you some sweet tasty sugar, best you ever tasted.

HO-MAN

Don't tempt me, woman. Pumpkin is in trouble and me and Zom got to save her.

RED HO

What kind of trouble?

Zombillante turns and calls to Ho-man.

ZOMBILLANTE

Ho-man! Grab us some beer.

HO-MAN

I was just...

ZOMBILLANTE

I'm thirsty. Get us some beer.

Ho-man turns away from Red Ho and walks to the refrigerator case. He grabs a six pack and takes it to the counter.

HO-MAN

What's your problem, man. You resent me getting a little taste of honey?

ZOMBILLANTE

You can taste whatever you want as long as you do it with your mouth shut. Don't tell nobody what we doing unless they can walk on water.

Red Ho stands behind Zombillante and starts to play with his ear.

RED HO
You're a cute one. How about you
and momma play a little game.

ZOMBILLANTE
Sure. Can you walk on water?

RED HO
No, but when I'm through with you,
you'll be lucky to crawl.

ZOMBILLANTE
Not interested. An angel and a
devil are sailing the seas. We got
to send both of them back to hell.

Alex returns holding an iPhone 6, which he places on the
counter.

ALEX
iPhone 6. New. In the box. Still
sealed.

ZOMBILLANTE
How much?

ALEX
Three hundred dollars.

ZOMBILLANTE
Sold. We need some guns.

ALEX
That will take a little time. Be at
the Muffin Lounge in Carol City in
two hours. Meet me there.

Zombillante and Ho-man pick up their bags. Ho-man slaps Red
Ho on the butt again.

HO-MAN
Another time, sweet thing.

Zombillante and Ho-Man head for the door; Red-ho close on
their heels. Zombillante stops short and she falls into him.

ZOMBILLANTE
Ho-Man said, "Another time."

INT. MUFFIN LOUNGE. CAROL CITY - NIGHT

The Muffin Lounge is packed with a noise level set to cause
permanent deafness.

The MC, 30, sunglasses sits in a raised booth playing lively Hip Hop. Zombillante and Ho-man push through the crowd and find two stools at the back of the bar. The locals watch Zombillante and Ho-Man while Zombillante and Ho-Man watch a well-endowed stripper get intimate with the pole. Alex watches from a secluded table. He stands and approaches Zombillante and Ho-Man.

ALEX

Glad you could make it boys. What do you need?

HO-MAN

Yeah. What have you got?

MC

(to the crowd)
Hershey on the pole. Where the dollar bills at?

ALEX

How much do you have to spend?

HO-MAN

We're flush. My man here has a way with the wheels.

DIAMOND, black, 25, wearing a thong and six inch heels slides up next to Zombillante. She practically purrs in his ear.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CHEVY CAMARO - NIGHT

Zombillante sits handcuffed in the back of the Camaro as its drives through a neighborhood in Rivera Beach. Zombillante is drugged, light-headed, and his vision blurry but he can see outside as the car passes a large sign that says "Do you know Jesus?" They go another block and then he sees a billboard that says "Do you know Jesus?". A MAN IN BLACK, 40, large, dressed in black with his face hidden by a hoodie holds a gun on Zombillante.

MAN IN BLACK

We'll take the Indian cop with us to the drop and bury him in Miami.

Zombillante goes unconscious.

END FLASHBACK

DIAMOND

Hey, baby, you want a dance?
Special price for you... just
\$5.00.

ZOMBILLANTE

Do you know Jesus?

DIAMOND

I do, baby. He's my best customer.

ZOMBILLANTE

Okay. I'll take that dance.

Diamond proceeds to give Zombillante a bar lap dance at the bar while a dancer works the pole on the bar stage.

HO-MAN

Zom, we ain't got time for this.

MC

(to the crowd)

Show some love boys! That pussy
bouncing. That's what I'm talking
about.

ZOMBILLANTE

She knows Jesus. Got to show love.

HO-MAN

No, she don't. She knows Hay-zus.
Probably had a hundred Hay-zuses in
her pocket and not one of them was
the son of God.

ZOMBILLANTE

You take care of the guns. I'm
gonna say me some prayers.

HO-MAN

Make it a novena -- not a high
mass. We ain't got time for saints
or sinners.

Alex interrupts their conversation.

ALEX

If you gentlemen would be so kind
as to show me the money...

HO-MAN

Outside. Can't flash no cash in
here.

Ho-Man holds out his hand to Zombillante who takes a large roll of cash out of his pocket. He peels off a hundred dollar bill and sticks it down Diamonds cleavage; he holds it in front of Alex's face and then he put the wad back in his pocket and stands. Several men at the end of the bar take note of the roll of bills and confer with one another.

HO-MAN

(upset)

Zom, keep the cash stashed.
Gangsters in here.

Zombillante makes wave with his hand to Ho-man as if to tell him to shut up. Zombillante looks up at one of the TV screens, a blond ex-football coach is rambling about how he loves the way the middle linebacker plays with reckless abandon.

ZOMBILLANTE

No temptation has overtaken you
that is not common to man. God is
faithful, and he will not let you
be tempted beyond your ability to
endure it.

(beat)

Play with reckless abandon.

DIAMOND

Huh?

Alex smiles. Some men throw dollars to the dancer on the stage.

MC

That's it boys. Show some love to
Hershey.

ALEX

Okay. Lets go make the deal.
Follow me.

Alex begins to move through the crowd with Zombillante and Ho-Man close behind. A large black man, Bodock blocks their path as several other men form a circle around them.

BODOCK

Toll booth pimp.

HO-MAN

That your name?

BODOCK

You got a smart mouth. I can make
it bleed.

HO-MAN

How much?

BODOCK

An easy two thousand.

Zombillante moves in front of Ho-Man.

ZOMBILLANTE

Do you know Jesus?

BODOCK

What? You remember me?

ZOMBILLANTE

Yeah, fool that can't protect the end zone with a machete.

(beat)

Don't you know "Thou shall not steal."

BODOCK

Jesus never said that to me. Bring him here and let him tell me his self.

Bodock slides his hand into his jacket pocket and eases out a 44 magnum Ruger pistol.

ZOMBILLANTE

I'm his messenger.

Zombillante slips the tomahawk out of his thigh pocket and uses an underhand motion to hit Bodock in the nuts. Alex pulls a large knife from the inside pocket of his jacket and waves it in the air.

ZOMBILLANTE

Just like in the bible. We play with reckless abandon.

Bodock is crying with pain. The crowd parts and lets Alex, Ho-Man and Zombillante pass by.

EXT. PARKING LOT MUFFIN LOUNGE - NIGHT

A poorly dressed, disheveled looking SCAVENGER, 35, scavenges the parking lot looking for something on the ground blocking the path Alex, Zombillante, and Ho-man are taking to their vehicles. The Scavenger bends down to pick something off the ground. Zombillante puts his hand in his pocket and grabs the tomahawk's handle.

ZOMBILLANTE

(to Scavenger)

Move.

The Scavenger picks a half smoked joint off the parking lot and holds it up for Zombillante to see.

SCAVENGER

(high pitched)

He he he he. Weed. Weed. Weed.

HO-MAN

(to Scavenger)

You lucky dog. You almost got cracked upside the head.

SCAVENGER

He he he.

Ho-man and Zombillante walk towards Ho-mans pickup truck. Alex walks in front of them and turns to face them.

ALEX

Follow me to the warehouse, about two miles.

Alex turns and hits the open button on the keys to his Mercedes S-class Coupe.

SCAVENGER

He he he. Weed. I got weed.

Alex jumps into his car and Zombillante and Ho-man get into the pickup truck. Alex guns Mercedes and peels out of the parking lot. Ho-man tries to start the truck twice to no avail, on the third try it starts and they lurch out of the lot. Diamond comes out of the front door of the Muffin as they drive by and blows them a kiss. A tall blond white man slides out behind Diamond and watches Ho-man's truck pass. Zombillante waves to Diamond and she jumps and waves excitedly. The tall blond man mutters something in Russian.

EXT. ALI BABA BLVD - NIGHT

Street lights illuminate Alex's Mercedes and Ho-man's truck, which are parked beside the barricades on Ali Baba Boulevard/NW 151st Street - AKA The Triangle. The vehicles shield Alex, Ho-man and Zombillante, who are deep in conversation.

ZOMBILLANTE

Why the barricades?

ALEX

The cops are trying to keep the addicts, hookers and thieves from mingling with polite society. It don't work. Polite society has a way of finding this place... especially when they need to score.

ZOMBILLANTE

The trapped are doing the trapping.

HO-MAN

Let's get the guns and get out of here. Where they at?

ALEX

In a real safe place...

Alex points to the Souls of God church a half block away.

ALEX

God is protecting them.

The three men start walking toward the church.

EXT. SOULS OF GOD CHURCH - NIGHT

Alex takes a key from his pocket and unlocks the front door of the church. Zombillante watches the street, paying close attention to three drunk hookers teetering on their five inch heels. The only sound is beer bottles breaking in the shadows and the hookers manic laughter.

INT. SOULS OF GOD CHURCH - NIGHT

The three men enter the church. Alex waits to turn on the lights until the door is closed and locked behind him.

HO-MAN

Where the gats at?

Alex motions toward the altar with his head and the three men walk up the aisle. Ho-man and Zombillante look around uneasily.

HO-MAN

You think God is watching us?

ALEX
God's only watching to make sure we
don't leave without filling the
collection basket.

Alex and Ho-Man step onto the sanctuary and walk behind the altar. Zombillante stays below watching the front door.

INT. SOULS OF GOD CHURCH - REAR OF ALTAR

Alex unlocks a compartment at the rear of the altar, revealing a custom gun cabinet. Ho-man bends down and stares inside.

HO-MAN
Wheew! I feel a prayer of thanks
coming on.

ALEX
God is omnipotent.

HO-MAN
Omnipotent? Since when God got a
sex drive?

ALEX
No, asshole, it means he's all
powerful.

HO-MAN
He's also one hell of a munitions
man. We got AK 47s, S&Ws...

Ho-man reaches into the compartment and picks up one of the weapons.

HO-MAN
He even got my favorite... a Glock
20.

Zombillante's voice comes from the front of the altar.

ZOMBILLANTE (O.S.)
What's an S&W?

HO-MAN
Smith and Wesson dog. Where you
been hiding? Come back here and
I'll make the introductions.

Ho-man returns the Glock to the compartment and retrieves two .50 caliber Magnums.

Zombillante joins Alex and Ho-Man behind the altar. Ho-Man holds one of the Magnums and hands the other to Zombillante.

HO-MAN
Mr Smith, meet Mr. Wesson.

Ho-man takes a shooting stance and points the gun toward a crucifix on a nearby wall.

HO-MAN
Bam!

ALEX
That's sacrilegious.

HO-MAN
Yeah... like hiding guns in a church makes you a saint.

ZOMBILLANTE
Saints and sinners... all depends on which side of the bullet you're on.

Alex motions to the compartment.

ALEX
There's a lot to choose from. Take your time. I'll give you a good price.

Ho-man and Zombillante examine the weapons in the compartment. Alex takes a dart gun out of his jacket pocket and shoots Zombillante and Ho-man in their butts.

HO-MAN
Fuck man! What you do...

Ho-man drops to the floor in a fit of giggles. He suddenly grows quiet. Zombillante is motionless, still bent over looking into the compartment.

ALEX
Death to the infidels! Jihad is our sacred duty.

Zombillante stands and turns to face Alex. In the silence of the church, the faint strains of Haitian music can be heard.

ALEX
The anger in your eyes cannot hurt me, Infidel. Another second and you will be kissing the floor.

The Haitian music grows louder. Zombillante blinks and reaches around his back. Alex looks confused.

ZOMBILLANTE

Didn't your mother ever teach you to carry your wallet in your back pocket?

Alex reaches again for the dart gun but Zombillante pulls his tomahawk from his waistband and hits Alex in the arm, breaking his wrist. Alex screams in pain. Zombillante punches him in the nose. Alex screams again as blood pours down his face.

ALEX

You broke my nose.

ZOMBILLANTE

I'll break your head if you don't pick up Ho-Man and carry him outside.

ALEX

My wrist is broken.

ZOMBILLANTE

Only one of them. Isn't that why God gave you two... so that you would have a spare?

Alex manages to lift a woozy Ho-man to his feet and guide him towards the front door. Zombillante picks up his tomahawk. He takes the altar cloth and makes a sack in which to carry the guns and ammunition. He hoists it over his shoulder and follows Alex and Ho-Man.

EXT. SOULS OF GOD CHURCH - NIGHT

Alex and Ho-man stagger along the sidewalk toward The Triangle. Zombillante follows carrying the sack of weapons. Music blares from a car radio and the sound of approaching vehicles force Zombillante to give Alex a shove.

ZOMBILLANTE

Let's move.

Zombillante turns to look in the direction of the music. The headlights of four cars riding side by side light the street.

EXT. ALI BABA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Zombillante throws the gun sack into the back of the pickup truck. He shoves Alex into the middle seat.

ZOMBILLANTE

(to Alex)

Move and your dead.

Zombillante hoists Ho-man into the window seat and stands by the front door of the pickup. The music gets louder. Four cars, pimped out with Haitian flags pull to a stop twenty five yards away from Ho-Man's truck, blocking the road.

Several of the men in the cars get out and stand behind the car doors with weapons drawn. Dadzio gets out of the lead car and stands behind the driver's door.

DADIZO

Hey, dead man walking... remember me?

ZOMBILLANTE

Yeah, Creole, I remember you. What do you want?

Zombillante nonchalantly leans against the rear of the pickup truck -- one arm behind his back and the other arm dangling over the gate into the bed. His fingers find a five gallon gasoline canister and slowly unscrew the cap. He grabs the handle on the can. With the hand behind his back, he takes a tomahawk out of waistband.

DADIZO

We're gonna turn you into chop meat and feed you to the gators. Gonna make a fuckin' gator taco out of you... just like you did to my brother.

ZOMBILLANTE

That so? Don't you know Jesus?

Zombillante spins like a discuss thrower and tosses the gas can so it slides under the front end of one of the cars. Gas pours onto the ground. He throws the tomahawk into the air, knocking out the streetlight and sending sparks into the pool of gasoline. The gasoline ignites and spreads to the cars. The gangsters run in all directions as their cars explode. Those who are not killed lay injured on the ground. Zombillante get in the truck and spins it around, barely missing the burning cars.

INT. ABDUL'S YACHT. PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Pumpkin spins on the pole in the boat's party room. She begins twerking as the music gets louder and heavier. Another party girl begins twerking with her. Abdul, joint in hand, dances to the music. ROSCO, bartender, watches silently from a few feet away. As Pumpkin gyrates, her skirt rides up her thighs, exposing her thong clad backside. The song ends and a drunken Pumpkin sits down on the stage.

PUMPKIN

Can you get me more Goose, sexy?

ABDUL ABDULAH

Hey, Roscoe, bring over a Goose martini for my special lady.

PUMPKIN

(slurring)

Wooo. Damn. My head's spinning and it feels like the floor is moving.

ABDUL ABDULAH

It is, baby. We're riding the waves to the Bahamas.

PUMPKIN

For real? For realio? Dealio?

ABDUL ABDULAH

The real realio dealio, baby. Casino Royale here we come.

PUMPKIN

Casin...

Roscoe brings Pumpkin her drink but as she reaches for it, she passes out, falling backwards onto the stage. Loud snores are heard.

INT. HO-MAN'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Zombillante guns the truck up 17th Avenue and swings onto 826 heading east.

HO-MAN

(slurring)

You fucking jihad mother fucker. When I can stand up without puking, I'm gunna stick a jihad up your ass punk.

ZOMBILLANTE

Why wait? Puke on him now.

ALEX

You can't fuck with the Ansara Ho.

HO-MAN

Ansara Ass holes... You're a fucking terrorist.

ALEX

And you are a fool and an infidel and undeserving of life.

HO-MAN

I thought you were a friend.

ALEX

As I said, you are a fool. Tell me, how much respect does a black man get in this Spic barrio?

HO-MAN

Not a lot but, at least, the police don't kidnap my top cash pussy and blow up my neighbors.

ALEX

(to Zombillante)

How can you stand staying with all these niggas?

ZOMBILLANTE

I ain't a racist. When I see a black woman, I just see a woman. Until I look at her butt, then I see a black woman.

ALEX

That makes zero sense.

Zombillante chuckles and smacks Alex across the top of his head.

ZOMBILLANTE

(to Alex)

Yeah, it does. Give me your wallet.

ALEX

Fuck you.

Zombillante chops Alex's throat with the back of his hand. Alex chokes and struggles to breath.

ZOMBILLANTE

Pray to Allah that when I kill you, I do it quickly. Give me your wallet.

Alex hands Zombillante his wallet and Zombillante hands it to Ho-man.

ZOMBILLANTE

See what you can find in there. We need information.

Ho-man looks in the wallet and whistles. He holds up a credit card.

HO-MAN

Alex, here, travels large... an American Express Black Card.

ZOMBILLANTE

Jackpot. You got anything to drink in this rattle trap?

HO-MAN

You need to ask?

Ho-man reaches under the seat and pulls out a bottle of Hennessy and a bottle of Johnny Walker Blue Label.

HO-MAN

What's your poison?

ZOMBILLANTE

Gimme the blue, man.

Ho-man passes the bottle to Zombillante. He drinks. Ho-Man takes a pull on the Hennessy and a bottle of MD20/20

.

ZOMBILLANTE

Ahh.

HO-MAN

Ahh.

HO-MAN

I was saving this for a special occasion.

ZOMBILLANTE

Yeah? Like what?

HO-MAN

I don't know. Tuesday, maybe.

The truck heads east and goes over a bridge across the intercoastal. Boats decorated with Christmas lights bob on the water and the marina lights are visible in the distance.

ZOMBILLANTE

Since when does Santa bring gifts by pontoon?

HO-MAN

Miami is little Cuba. Here El Nino Jesus brings the children gifts. Santa's reindeers were last weeks dinner.

ZOMBILLANTE

Well, tonight Alex is our Santa and his black card is gonna get us a boat... a very fast boat.

Ho-man reaches over and pinches Alex's cheek hard.

HO-MAN

Thank you, Santa. Jesus loves you.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Zombillante pulls into the marina parking lot and finds a space near a charter fishing company. Four boats are docked at the pier. GROUPER SMITH, 40, a lumberjack sized man wearing a captain's hat and carrying bags of ice on his shoulder stops beside one of the boats. Zombillante gets out of the truck and hails the man.

ZOMBILLANTE

Hey, Captain.

The man turns and acknowledges Zombillante with a nod of his head.

ZOMBILLANTE

Hold up a minute.

Zombillante takes his tomahawk out of his waistband and leans into the truck. He waves the tomahawk in Alex's face, grazing his nose and lips.

ZOMBILLANTE

Now, Alex, I've got pretty good aim with this here tomahawk, but sometimes...

Zombillante's hand drops quickly and he slams the tomahawk into Alex's crotch. Alex groans and doubles over.

ZOMBILLANTE

... sometimes I miss my mark. Should you refuse to rent a boat for us with your Amex card... well, let me put it this way. How attractive are you going to be to those 72 virgins waiting in the afterlife with flattened nuts?

ALEX

(coughing)
Ugh. Okay.

Zombillante slams the door of the truck. He grabs the sack of guns and walks toward Captain Smith. Alex and Ho-man follow behind him.

ZOMBILLANTE

Captain, we need a charter to Bimini.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

How's later this morning... say around 11:00 am?

ZOMBILLANTE

We need to go now.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

No can do, man. I have a charter going out at 3:00 AM.

ZOMBILLANTE

This is a matter of national security.

Ho-man pushes Alex in front of him and holds up the American Express Black Card.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Unless you're with the CIA... these are my best customers. They drop a lot of cash to hit some dolphin off Biscayne.

HO-MAN

Now, we're your best customers.
See... put \$20,000 on this Arab
terrorists card. He'd down with it
or dead with it. Savvy?

Ho-man holds a gun to Alex's head.

HO-MAN

(to Alex)

Tell the man you authorize the
transaction.

Alex nods his head yes.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Okay... I guess I can find someone
else to take my other customer
out.

A Chevy Suburban pulls into the parking lot and parks in
front of the boat. Hands come out the window and wave to the
Captain.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Wait here. I'll explain that our
country's security is a stake.

HO-MAN

You do that... and do it fast.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT - NIGHT

Zombillante climbs onto the boat and drops the sack to the
deck. He picks up a machine gun and slings it over his
shoulder. Ho-Man follows, pushing Alex on board. Ho-Man grabs
a gun and stands watch beside Zombillante.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Captain talks to BOBBY BALBONI, mid-forties, overweight
but carrying it well on a 6'3" frame.

Hey, Bobbie! How ya doing?

BOBBIE BALBONI

Awesome, Grouper. We got company
this morning?

Bobbie looks at Zombillante and Ho-Man, a look of fear in his
eyes.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
Yeah... we got a situation here...
a matter of national security.

BOBBI BALBONI
Look more like drug dealers than
Homeland Security.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT - NIGHT

Zombillante and Ho-Man watch the Captain argue with Bobbi Balboni.

HO-MAN
This is bull shit. We're wasting
time.

Ho-Man jumps to the dock and, waving his gun, gets in Bobbi Balboni's face.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - NIGHT

HO-MAN
Listen, you shit head... I'm
Lieutenant Secret Fucking Santa and
your coming with us.

BOBBIE BALBONI
What the fuck... this has got to be
some kind of a joke.

HO-MAN
Get on the boat.

BOBBI BALBONI
No... I...

HO-MAN
Get on the boat. You, too,
Captain.

Ho-Man, Bobbi and the Captain climb onboard.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT - NIGHT

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
(to Zombillante)
You can't do this. It's kidnapping.

ZOMBILLANTE

Ho-Man, show the Captain our authorization.

Ho-Man waves a 9 millimeter Baretta in the air.

ZOMBILLANTE

If you don't cooperate, you'll be floating on a leaking life raft 30 miles from shore. What's it gonna be?

Ho-man undoes the mooring lines and the Captain fires up the engine. The boat pulls out of the dock and into the intracoastal behind a decorated boat.

INT. ABDUL'S YACHT PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Abdul and Senator Roman sit at the bar watching ESPN on an oversized flat screen. The men are engrossed in a story of pending sex charge against the FSU quarterback. Pumpkin is passed out on the couch. The bartender looks at the TV, his back to Abdul and Senator Roman.

ABDUL ABDULAH

All this indignation over a sports figure having sex... I don't understand why. No one seemed to care when priests were raping little boys.

The Senator chuckle.

SENATOR ROMAN

That's not indignation. It's envy. Announcers are sex deprived when compared to the free pussy available to players.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Ah, jealousy. That's as I thought it would be.

SENATOR ROMAN

It's time you called Alex to check on the rodent extermination.

Abdul looks at Pumpkin.

SENATOR ROLLINS

The whore is dead to the world. She couldn't hear you if you put a megaphone next to her ear.

Abdul makes a call on his cell phone.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Alex... what's the status on our infestation?

ALEX (V.O.)

Those fucking asshole outsmarted the Haitians. Half the Zoe Pound gang is dead or dying. The zombie and the pimp have commandeered a fishing boat and are heading your way.

ABDUL ABDULAH

What? Incred...

ALEX (V.O.)

They have me tied up on the boat but forgot about the blue tooth in my ear.

Abdul laughs.

ABDUL ABDULAH

What boat?

ALEX (V.O.)

Grouper Smith's charter.

ABDUL ABDULAH

I know it. How far out are you?

ALEX (V.O.)

A few hours.

ABDUL ABDULAH

We'll be ready when you get here.

ALEX (V.O.)

The walking corpse is smarter than we thought. I suspect he's had some military training.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Let's see just how well-trained he is. Give him the phone.

ALEX (V.O.)
Hey, Zombillante, phone call for
you.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT - NIGHT

Zombillante approaches Alex and sees the blue tooth in his
ear.

ALEX (V.O.)
Somebody wants to talk to you.

Alex indicates his shirt pocket with a nod of his head.
Zombillante puts Alex's cell phone to his ear.

ZOMBILLANTE
Yeah? Who is this?

INT. ABDUL'S YACHT PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Abdul takes a vodka bottle from the bar shelf and approaches
Pumpkin. He pulls off her panties and holds the bottle above
her unconscious body. Pumpkin moans in her sleep.

ABDUL ABDULAH
(into phone)
You hear that, dead man? Your woman
can't get enough of me.

Abdul uncaps the bottle, turns it over and pours its contents
on Pumpkin's face. She begins to choke as vodka fills her
nostrils and seeps into her mouth. Abdul hold the phone near
Pumpkins face.

PUMPKIN
Zom... Zom, is that you? Help me.

ZOMBILLANTE (V.O.)
Leave her alone, you filthy pig.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Or what? What are you going to do
to me?

ZOMBILLANTE (V.O.)
I'm gonna kill you.

ABDUL ABDULAH

If you don't stay out of my affairs, I'm going to make chum out of your little woman. I'm sure the sharks will enjoy feasting on her fleshy thighs.

ZOMBILLANTE (V.O.)

You fucking...

ABDUL ABDULAH

It's been nice talking to you.

Abdul hangs up the phone and chuckles. Pumpkin whimpers on the couch.

PUMPKIN

Don't hurt me... please.

ABDUL ABDULAH

(to the bartender)

Take her below and lock her up. Don't let her talk to any of the other girls.

The bartender grabs Pumpkin by the arm and half carries/half pulls her towards the door. Pumpkin stares with hatred at Abdul.

PUMPKIN

(sarcastic)

Is the honeymoon over already, sweetheart?

ABDUL ABDULAH

For now.

PUMPKIN

Good, a monkey is a step up from you.

The bartender smacks Pumpkin in the mouth. Abdul and the Senator laugh as she is dragged away.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Call your Italian friend... the one with the fast boat. Have him intercept Captain Smith's vessel and sent it to Davy Jones locker.

SENATOR ROMAN

Aye, aye, Admiral.

Senator Roman laughs uproariously.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT. STERN - NIGHT

The boat sails toward the Haulover Inlet. Captain Smith steers the vessel from the pilot's chair. Alex, Ho-man, and Bobbie are seated in the boats stern. Zombillante stands at the railing. He walks over to Alex and kicks him in the leg.

ZOMBILLANTE

You're a fucking piece of shit, you know that?

ALEX

Fuck you.

Zombillante slides behind Alex and chokes him.

ZOMBILLANTE

I should kill you.

Alex struggles to get free.

ALEX

(to Ho-Man)

Stop him!

HO-MAN

Why? You are a fucking piece of shit.

Ho-man stands and walks to the side of the boat. He stares at the horizon, then turns to Zombillante.

HO-MAN

I can't believe my number one girl asked you for help.

Zombillante and Alex are still struggling.

ZOMBILLANTE

She likes me better.

HO-MAN

After all I done for you, you stole my girl... talk about pieces of shit.

ZOMBILLANTE

Hey, don't forget how I saved your ass in the park.

HO-MAN

Bull shit... I could have taken those Zoe Pound mother fuckers.

Zombillante chuckles. Ho-man's face breaks into a grin.

HO-MAN

Pumpkin may like you better but she loves me.

Alex begins to turn blue.

HO-MAN

Let him go.

Zombillante releases his grip and Alex falls to the deck.

ZOMBILLANTE

Gonna dangle him over side and let the barracudas fill their bellies.

Zombillante gives Alex once last kick; then walks up the steps to the Pilot area.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT. PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT

Zombillante stand next to Captain Smith staring into the darkness.

ZOMBILLANTE

Let's make some time.

Zombillante shows Captain Smith the GPS tracking signal on his phone.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

How are you tracking them?

ZOMBILLANTE

Threw Ho-man's phone onto their deck when they were leaving port. Guess they haven't found it yet.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Looks like they have a couple hours on us. I'll take her up to 35 knots.

ZOMBILLANTE

Where are we?

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Haulover Inlet. What's your plan?

ZOMBILLANTE
Stop the perps. Save the girl.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
Right... and you're James Bond.

ZOMBILLANTE
I'm Dirty Zombie.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
You mean Dirty Harry.

ZOMBILLANTE
No. He's white too.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT. STERN - DAY

As the boat continues across the stream towards Bimini, the swells increase to 15 feet. Captain Smith continues to steer from the pilot's chairs, while Alex, Ho-Man, Zombillante and Bobbie are seated in the stern. Bobbie grabs a beer out of the cooler.

ZOMBILLANTE
I could use one of those.

Bobbie pulls out another beer out of the cooler and throws it to Zombillante, who catches it without looking.

ZOMBILLANTE (CONT'D)
Thanks.

BOBBIE BALBONI
How, the hell, did you do that?

ZOMBILLANTE
It's a gift.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
(yelling above the wind)
Buckle yourselves in. This
Northeaster is generating some big
swells.

Zombillante chugs his beer while looking out over the swells. The boat bobs up and down on the waves.

ZOMBILLANTE
Looks like torpedoes moving under
the waves.

BOBBIE BALBONI

Those are sailfish. These are
damned perfect conditions to catch
some.

Bobbie takes a rod and gets a bait fish out of the bait well.
He baits the hook and straps himself into the fighting chair.

Captain Grouper sits in the navigational chair staring into
the oncoming swells. Zombillante and Ho-man watch a large
fish jump behind the boat as Bobbie strains against the rod
while sitting in the fighting chair.

ZOMBILLANTE

(yelling)

Fish!

Spray comes over the bow and hits Ho-man.

BOBBIE BALBONI

I got this sucker.

Bobbie begins reeling in the fish. Captain Grouper throttles
down the boat to about half it's prior speed.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Reel it in quick Bobbie. I need
speed to punch through these
swells.

The boat rides up the crest of another swell. Ho-man points
to a fast boat in the distance while spitting out some salt
water.

ZOMBILLANTE

We have company.

(yelling to Captain Smith)

We have company. Pedal to the
metal.

HO-MAN

Zom, you don't know shit. The
proper nautical term is

(yelling)

full speed ahead. Dog.

As the boat slides down the crest of a large swell they can
see the fish in the water about ten feet above them. Bobbie
pulls on the line and the sailfish leaps out of the water and
into the boat. Zombillante grabs the gaff and gaffs the
sailfish.

BOBBIE BALBONI

Got it men! We did it!

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
Put that fish on ice in the hold.

Machine gun fire shoots over the boat as it sinks into the trough between waves.

ZOMBILLANTE
Incoming!

Ho-man goes over to the cooler and fires a beer at Zombillante who snatches it out of the air.

ZOMBILLANTE
Thanks Ho, but I mean there shooting at us.

HO-MAN
My bad.

Zombillante chugs the beer and goes to the weapons bag and pulls out a rifle. Ho-man helps Bobbie throw the fish into the hold while Captain Smith throttles the boat speed higher. The boat goes up the side of the next swell faster and they clear it.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
(yelling)
Holy shit! Strap in boys, monster waves!

INT. DOMINICK VALACHI'S SPEED BOAT - DAY

DOMINICK VALACHI, 33, tall, tan, wearing a black tee shirt and sunglasses guns the Donzi 38 ZR Competition's throttle as he steers the boat between mountainous swells. ANTHONY, fat, 40, wearing a black shirt and black pants, sits beside Dominick, an M-16 strapped over his shoulder. A shoulder fire rocket is on the floor beside him. Dominick's cell phone rings.

DOMINICK
Dominick here.

ABDUL (V.O.)
We have them at Latitude 25 degrees 43 and Longitude 79 28. What's your position?

DOMINICK
About two hundred yards back and closing fast.

ABDUL (V.O.)
Show no mercy.

As the swells get bigger, water cascades onto the boat.

DOMINICK
Neither I nor the waves are in a
merciful mood.

Lightning flashes, illuminating the darkness.

DOMINICK
We have met the enemy and they are
ours.

ABDUL (V.O.)
Huh?

DOMINICK
We've got them.

Dominick turns off his cell and pockets it.

DOMINICK
(to Anthony)
Get the launcher ready.

Anthony straps the RPG missile launcher to his shoulder.

ANTHONY
Just say "when."

ZOMBILLANTE P.O.V. - DOMINICK VALACHI'S SPEED BOAT

Zombillante watches as Dominick Valachi's boat speeds over the swells, quickly crossing the distance between them. He watches as a man shoulders a missile launcher and fires -- a yellow orange flash causing him to blink. The water around Grouper Smith's boat sprays in all directions, soaking Zombillante to the skin.

RETURN TO SCENE

Captain Smith's boat glides gracefully down the backside of a wave.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
(relief in his voice)
For a minute, I thought we weren't
gonna make it.

ZOMBILLANTE
Jesus is watching out for us.

HO-MAN

Good to know, Zom, especially since
the Devil is on our tail.

As the boat is lifted on the next wave, the men can see
Dominick Valachi's speedboat capsized and slowly sinking. A
life boat bobs on the water; Valachi and his henchman scream
curses that are silenced by the wind.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Too dangerous for a rescue.

HO-MAN

Why, the hell, would you want to
rescue them? They tried to kill us.

BOBBIE BALBONI

We can't leave them here to die.

HO-MAN

Says who?

ZOMBILLANTE

Call the Coast Guard. They're not
our problem anymore.

The ocean grows calmer and Captain Smith throttles down,
picking up speed

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Ten miles to Bimini.

ZOMBILLANTE

Ten miles til retribution... and
Pumpkin.

ALEX

If I was you, I'd turn back now.
If there's going to be retribution,
Allah is going to take it on your
souls.

HO-MAN

(holding up his middle
finger)

Give Allah a message for me, would
you?

INT. CAPTAIN GROUP SMITH'S BOAT - DAY

The boat slows when its about 200 yards from Bimini Fish
Safari Marina. Abdul's yacht and several smaller boats are
docked in the marina.

ZOMBILLANTE

There's Abdul's yacht. We need a plan.

HO-MAN

What are you thinking, Zom?

ZOMBILLANTE

(to Captain Smith)

Drop anchor here. We're far enough away not to be visible.

(to Ho-Man)

Get out the scuba gear. We're going to pay the Senator and Mr. Abdula a surprise visit.

HO-MAN

Hell, no... this black man don't scuba dive. Don't you know black men can't swim. We sink like lead.

ZOMBILLANTE

You'll be fine.

HO-MAN

No way, man. If by land or by sea... I choose land. We can get them at the casino.

ZOMBILLANTE

We don't even know if they're going to the casino and Pumpkin may be in trouble.

Alex's phone rings and Zombillante answers.

ZOMBILLANTE

Yeah... what do you want?

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)

I see you made it safely across the Gulf Stream. Welcome to Bimini.

ZOMBILLANTE

(into phone)

Let's dispense with the pleasantries. Give us Pumpkin and we'll be on our way.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)

Without even a farewell drink? Now, how would that make your sister feel... you not wanting to say hello to her.

ZOMBILLANTE

What sister?

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)

It was going to be my little surprise... a welcome to Bimini gift for you.

(to Maria)

Maria, come here and talk some sense into your brother.

MARIA (V.O.)

Roberto, don't be a fool. Go home. Abdul will take good care of Pumpkin... just like he's been taking good care of me.

Zombillante, with a puzzled look on his face, glances at the phone.

INT. ABDUL ABDULAH'S YACHT - DAY

Abdul stands beside the beautiful MARIA RODRIQUEZ, spitting image of Zombillante if he were in drag. Maria speaks into a cell phone.

ZOMBILLANTE (V.O.)

Who, the hell, are you, and who is Roberto?

MARIA

You are Roberto, my twin brother... you are Roberto Rodriguez.

ZOMBILLANTE (V.O.)

This is a trick. I'm not buying it.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT - DAY

Zombillante looks from the phone to Ho-Man, a confused look on his face.

ZOMBILLANTE

I have a sister?

HO-MAN

You might dog, being as you can't remember who you are.

MARIA (V.O.)

Roberto, Abdul's mission is just. America is at fault, not the Arabs.
(MORE)

MARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They must fight because the west
and the Jews have oppressed them.

ZOMBILLANTE
Yeah... right... put Abdul on the
phone.

MARIA (V.O.)
Remember what Papa always said,
"When you know Jesus first, you
know the truth."

ZOMBILLANTE
It's a tribal war? Lion of Zion?

MARIA (V.O.)
Jesus loves me yes I know, for the
bible tells me so. Do you remember,
Roberto... you used to sing that
song to me.

Suddenly, Abdul's voice is heard.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
Listen to your sister, Roberto.
Put the phone on speaker.

Zombillante hits a button on the cell phone and everyone
gathers around.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
Can everyone hear me?

ZOMBILLANTE
We're all here. Say what's on your
mind.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
I'll give each of you \$250,000 to
turn around and go back to Miami.

BOBBIE BALBONI
Sounds good to me.

ZOMBILLANTE
(to Bobbie)
Shut up, idiot.
(to Abdul)
I don't make deals with terrorists.

HO-MAN
(whispering)
But, Zom, your sister said he's not
a terrorist.

(MORE)

HO-MAN (CONT'D)

And Pumpkin's probably having the time of her life.

ZOMBILLANTE

I don't even know if I have a sister. And, since when did you start making deals with the devil? You heard what he did to her on the phone.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Listen to your Home nan.

HO-MAN

Ho-Man... the name's Ho-Man.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH

Whatever... you and your buddy commandeered my boat and I need to be paid -- big time.

Alex reaches for the phone in Zombillante's hand and pulls it free.

ALEX

Addul, the zombie is outnumbered. They'll take the money.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)

All cash... no taxes for you honest citizens to worry about. Boat's on its way.

ZOMBILLANTE

(to Ho-Man)

I can't believe you. Abdul was hurting Pumpkin. You heard her cry. He threatened to kill her.

Zombillante pushes Ho-Man lightly in the chest.

HO-MAN

Don't put your hands on me, dog. Maybe when you come back from the dead, you're filled with religious fervor, but the living... we need to eat. I'm taking the money.

Zombillante leaves and returns a short time later wearing diving gear. His tomahawk and a knife are tucked into the diving belt around his waist.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
Now, you're stealing my diving
gear? Where, the hell, are you
going?

Zombillante flips Captain Grouper the finger and pulls the
face mask up over his eyes. He sits on the edge of the boat
and drops over backwards into the water and disappears.

BOBBIE BALBONI
He's gonna fuck up our payday.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
Not if I can help it.

Captain Smith climbs into the cockpit and fires up the
engine. He trolls the boat in the direction of Abdul's
docked yacht. Alex looks over the side of the boat,
searching for Zombillante.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
Bobbie, make up a bucket of chum.

Bobbie puts several large bait fish in a bucket and begins to
chop them with a sharp knife.

ALEX
I see him! I see him! He's up ahead
about twenty feet.

Captain Smith guides the boat a few feet past Zombillante and
yells orders to Bobbie.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
Throw down that chum.

EXT. UNDERWATER NEAR BIMINI FISH SAFARI MARINA - DAY

Zombillante swims toward the marina. Several reef sharks and
a bull shark circle him. The shadow of Captain Smith's boat
passes overhead. The bull shark bumps Zombillante.
Zombillante smacks the shark on the nose with his tomahawk.
The shark is motionless and Zombillante grabs a fin and flips
it on its back. Zombillante strokes the bull shark's belly
putting it into a state of tonic immobility. Zombillante
senses a presence behind him and turns to see a huge great
white shark bearing down on him. The great white brushes
Zombillante's arm and bites the bull shark in half.
Zombillante swims rapidly away as the sharks blood begins to
spread out in the water.

INT. CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH'S BOAT. MARINA - DAY

Alex, Ho-Man, and Bobbie watch for signs of Zombillante's demise. Captain Smith remains in the cockpit.

BOBBIE BALBONI
Can't see shit but blood down
there.

HO-MAN
Brothers don't do salt water. No
danger a black man will ever be
shark bait.

ALEX
Enough with the show. Let's get the
money.

Captain Smith trolls the boat towards the marina's docks about fifty yards away. The cell phone rings and Alex answers.

ALEX
Yeah.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
Tell the Captain to drop anchor.
We'll send a boat to pick you up
and then we'll send you back with
the cash.

ALEX
Zombillante went overboard in scuba
gear. We chummed the water... lots
of sharks... he shouldn't be a
problem anymore.

ABDUL ABDULAH (V.O.)
That fucker has more lives than a
cat. If he survives, he's gonna
wish he hadn't.

Alex hangs up the phone.

ALEX
Hey, Cap... set anchor here. A
boat's coming for me. I'll be back
with the cash.

EXT. MARINA. DOCK - DAY

Five thirty-foot U-Haul trucks pull into the marina parking lot. Men leap out and begin to unload them.

Four of Abdul's armed guards with machine guns supervise the unloading. The men use small automated forklifts to cart pallets loaded with long wooden boxes to Abdul's yacht. The planks are lifted onto the yacht and lowered in the hold. Zombillante clutches a piling under the dock and watches the activity above him.

INT. CAPTAIN SMITH'S BOAT. MARINA - DAY

Ho-Man paces while the Captain lowers the anchor. He talks to himself.

HO-MAN
(to himself)
Aww shit. Ho, don't do this.

Ho-Man grabs a small life raft and a paddle and moves to the edge of the boat. He pulls the inflation cord and tosses the raft into the water. Climbing in, he paddles toward the marina.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

As the last of the cargo boxes is loaded onto a forklift, two fall off and crash to the ground. Zombillante uses the distraction to climb onto the dock.

INT. ABDUL'S YACHT'S MUNITIONS ROOM - DAY

A prone Zombillante slides into the munitions room on the conveyor platform. The hatch closes behind him. Zombillante stands and sees about 300 wooden boxes. He opens one and takes out a large canvas bag. He slices open the bag with his tomahawk and pulls out the MANPAD launcher. He opens another box and discovers five feet long missiles. He puts a missile in the launcher and shoulders it.

ZOMBILLANTE
Humm. Not too heavy.

Zombillante closes the boxes he opened, picks up the MANPAD and leaves the munitions room. He goes down a hallway to the stern of the boat and stashes the MADPAD behind a life raft. Zombillante moves stealthily along the walkway along the side of the boat. As he passes the door to the party room a guard steps out behind him holding a Glock. Another guard, gun drawn, comes out of the cockpit floor in front of Zombillante.

GUARD

Welcome aboard Mexico, we've heard
a lot about you. Hands up.

Zombillante puts his hands up over his head.

INT. SMALL LIFEBOAT BIMINI FISH SAFARI MARINA - DAY

Ho-man paddles toward the dock, looking behind him he sees a large fin breaking the water heading in his direction. Ho-man turns and paddles feverishly towards the dock parallel to the one where Abdul's yacht is moored. The shark closes the distance when Ho-mans raft is about ten feet from the dock. The shark submerges and thrusts up against the raft which flies in the air and propels Ho-man face down upon the dock. Ho-man coughs and pushes himself up.

HO-MAN

So noaw. I'm finna kill that
ignerant fucking fish.

Ho-man looks menacingly towards the water. The sharks fin breaches the surface and Ho-man scampers off the dock towards the Fish Safari Marina Watersports Building. Ho-man looks left and right to see if anyone is looking, then ducks inside the side door of the building.

INT. FISH SAFARI MARINA WATERSPORTS BUILDING - DAY

Ho-man looks around the locker room and opens a couple lockers finding a clean pair of khaki shorts and a shirt with a Fish Safari Watersports logo.

HO-MAN

(to himself)

Need me a change of clothes. Got
to be on point. Undercover brother.
Gonna save that hoe. Number one
earner. Mealticket dog.
Mealticket.

Ho-man puts on the shirt and shorts, a pair of leather sandals and a safari style hat. Ho-man gazes in the mirror at himself.

HO-MAN

(to himself)

Hot damn! Polloed down muther
fucker! Yayus!

(beat)

Hot damn, how may I help you mam?
Gota save my mealticket today.

Ho-man slips out the side door and begins to walk towards the dock where Abdul's yacht is docked. A WATERSPORTS SUPERVISOR, 50, black, wearing the Bimini Fish Safari outfit, spots Ho-man.

WATERSPORTS SUPERVISOR

Yo mon!

Ho-man stops and turns.

HO-MAN

Yes boss.

WATERSPORTS SUPERVISOR

I got a party of two for the para sail. I need you to take them out.

HO-MAN

(to himself)

Shit.

WATERSPORTS SUPERVISOR

Come now mon.

HO-MAN

Coming sir.

The supervisor points to the para sail boat. A pair of sexy but slightly overweight 30 year old girls, SUE and RENEE, sit on the bench seats on the back of the boat.

WATERSPORTS SUPERVISOR

The boats gassed up and ready to go.

HO-MAN

Ok boss, thank you boss.

INT. PARA SAIL BOAT - DAY

Ho-man walks over to the para sail boat and climbs aboard. Ho-man looks at the girls and raises his eyebrows.

HO-MAN

Well hello dolly!

The girls giggle.

HO-MAN

My name is Ho, I mean Harry Belofonte. I'll be your para sail guide today.

SUE
I'm Sue and this is my little
sister Renee.

HO-MAN
A pleasure to meet you ladies.
Sue, do you mind untying the
mooring rope?

SUE
No problem captain.

Sue turns and bends over and unties the rope. Ho-man watches her and nods his head in approval.

HO-MAN
(whispering)
I could make some jack with these
hoes. Ebony booty covered in
ivory. Uh uh, I think that's a
song too.

RENEE
What did you say Captain?

HO-MAN
I mean I said, I'll get the bow
rope baby doll.

Ho-man goes over to the boat console, sits, and turns the key. The engine starts and Ho-man trolls slowly along the dock. Ho-man hears a large engine start and looks in the direction of the noise. Renee and Sue sit next to each other on the passenger chair and stare at Ho-man.

SUE
Captain Harry. Your crew is at
your command. Do you have any
orders for us?

HO-MAN
Damn, I could get used to this.

SUE
What captain?

HO-MAN
Oh yeah, look in that cooler and
get ne a beer Sue.

Sue looks in the cooler and pulls out beer.

HO-MAN

Great toss that to me. Sue you are
an excellent first mate.

RENEE

Can I be the second mate?

Sue tosses the beer to Ho-man and he drops it. Renee gets up and picks up the beer while brushing her butt up against Ho-mans arm. Ho-man eyes pop wide as he stares at Renee's butt. Ho-man flips open the beer and it sprays in his face. Sue chuckles. Ho-man manages a swig of the beer. Abdul's yacht starts to pull out of the marina, the large wakes rocks other docked boats.

SUE

Captain, look at that beautiful
yacht.

HO-MAN

Humpf. Yeah, its a nice one.

RENEE

Can I sit on your lap captain? I
get nervous on the open water.

SUE

I'll give you a massage captain,
you seem tense.

Sue stands behind Ho-man massaging his shoulders. Renee straddles Ho-man's left leg rubbing her ample breasts against Ho-man's chest. Abdul's yacht heads in the direction of Captain Grouper's Bertram.

INT. ABDUL'S YACHT'S PARTY ROOM - DAY

Abdul and Senator Roman sit at the bar conversing. Abdul picks up a ship intercom microphone and speaks into it. Zombillante is handcuffed to Maria on one wrist and Pumpkin on the other. The three of them are sitting on a couch.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT V.O.

Yes Admiral.

ABDUL ABDULAH

Torpedo the Bertram when we are 200
yards past it. Use a hole cutter, I
want them to sink quietly.

LIEUTENANT V.O.
Aye aye Admiral.

MARIA RODRIGUEZ
(to Zombillante)
I told you to stay away. Abdul
don't play.

ZOMBILLANTE
(to Pumpkin)
Ho is on that boat, he wanted the
fuckin money.

Pumpkin looks upset and begins to tear up. Maria begins to pick the lock on her handcuff with a pin that was attached to her sleeve.

INT. GROUPER SMITH'S BERTRAM - DAY

Grouper Smith sits in the cockpit. He can see Abdul's yacht pulling past him heading out to sea. Bobby Balboni sits below in the Bertram's stern. Bobby turns to watch Abdul's yacht and Alex grabs a kick board and jumps into the water.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
(yelling towards the
passing yacht)
Hey! Where's my money?

A large thud is heard as the torpedo smashes the hull of the Bertram under water.

BOBBIE BALBONI
Holy shit! What was that?

Captain Grouper climbs down off the cockpit and onto the stern. The boat begins to list to one side. Captain Grouper switches on the bilge pumps but the Bertram continues to sink. Captain Grouper grabs two life preservers and he and Bobbie put them on and jump into the water.

CAPTAIN GROUPER SMITH
Damn, the water's chummed!

INT. PARA SAIL BOAT - DAY

Renee sits on Ho-mans lap and begins to rub his crotch. Sue is massaging his shoulders.

RENEE
Captain, your big pipe is turning
into steel.

SUE
How'd you like to mate your mates,
Captain? Can you handle us?

HO-MAN
Hell to the yes girls. But I got a
confession.

RENEE
Ok.

HO-MAN
I'm a CIA agent. That yacht is
owned by an Arab terrorist. And we
need to stop it.

SUE
Wow! That's exciting Captain.

Renee continues to strokes Ho-man's crotch.

RENEE
Yes, how are we going to stop a
big, fat, ship like that?

HO-MAN
(coughing)
Oh man. What a distraction, Renee.

RENEE
Good idea Captain. Am I
distracting you?

HO-MAN
That's slammin! A full moon in the
day distraction. Have either of
you ever para sailed before?

SUE
We're both experienced.

Renee spreads her legs, looks down, and nods her head yes.

HO-MAN
(to Sue)
That's tight.

RENEE
I know.

INT. ABDUL'S YACHT'S WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The YACHT CAPTAIN, dark complexion, 40, in a formal ship captain's uniform looks scans the seas. Suddenly the naked buttocks of a young woman blocks his vision of the ocean. A crew member runs to the front of the boat cheering at Sue who's para-sail swings her left and right in front of the captain.

YACHT CAPTAIN

A lunar eclipse. A damn full moon.

The Yacht Captain throttles down the yacht and the boat slows and then stops. Sue then makes a smooth para sail landing onto the front deck.

YACHT CAPTAIN

(into ship's PA mike)

A naked woman has just landed on the front deck of the ship. Send security.

The Yacht Captain can see the para sail boat circling the yacht. He sees a woman in a bikini, Renee, driving the boat.

INT. BOW DECK OF YACHT - DAY

A naked Sue smiles seductively at the SAILOR, 25, in a uniform on the boat's deck. An armed SECURITY GUARD, guard in black pants and black shirt, 30, joins them on the front deck.

SAILOR

(to Sue)

Nice landing and better tits. You do this often?

SUE

Well handsome, my sister and I were out parasailing and we saw this pretty yacht. And she said to me, I bet there's some handsome young men on board in need of two mermaids.

SAILOR

Aye Aye baby!

SECURITY GUARD

Not so fast. We have to check her out.

SAILOR

She's naked. I checked her out and she looks damn fine to me.

SECURITY GUARD

I hear a boat.

The Security Guard walks over to the yachts railing and looks down. He sees a woman in a bikini in the para sail boat below, smiling and waving.

INT. PARA SAIL BOAT - DAY

Renee continues to wave and blow kisses at the men on the deck of the yacht. Ho-man, holding onto the back the para sail boat, releases his grip and swims underwater to the back side of the yacht. Ho-man climbs up the back of the yacht and slips inside.

RENEE

(yelling to the men on the yacht)

Hi guys, have you seen my sister?

EXT. BOW DECK OF YACHT - DAY

SECURITY GUARD

If she's naked and looks like you, she's right here. I'll throw you a line.

RENEE

I bet that's her!

The Security Guard tosses a line to Renee who ties off the para sail boat. The guard then takes a walkie talkie out of his belt clip and lifts it to his mouth.

SECURITY GUARD

(into walkie talkie)

Abdul, we have a naked girl on board and her sister on a para sail boat tied off on the side.

ABDUL ABDULAH V.O.

Why are they here?

SECURITY GUARD

(into walkie talkie)

Apparently looking for some kind of sexual adventure. Probably escorts trying to shakedown rich boaters.

ABDUL ABDULAH V.O.
Bring the them both to front deck.

Abdul puts down the microphone and nods toward Zombillante.

ABDUL ABDULAH
(to Senator Roman)
Keep an eye on them. I'll send
some guards up.

Senator Roman pulls out a pistol.

SENATOR ROMAN
With pleasure.

Abdul walks out of the door of the party room which closes.

INT. BOW OF ABDUL'S YACHT - DAY

Abdul and five armed guards eye Sue and Renee.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Hummm. Nice addition to the harem.

The guards chuckle.

INT. PARTY ROOM ABDULS YACHT - DAY.

Maria finishes picking the lock of her handcuff. Senator Roman averts his eyes from his captives as a loud scuffle can be heard outside. Zombillante leaps at the Senator pulling Pumpkin via the handcuff with him like a rag doll. Zombillante pummels the Senator with his free hand.

SENATOR ROLLINS
(wincing)
Ughhh!

The Senator's gun drops onto the bar. As the Senator falls, Zombillante sees in the reflection of a tequila bottle of two guards marching Ho-man threw the door. Zombillante grabs the gun off the bar, spins and shoots. The two guards drop. Pumpkin is spun around and mid-spin snatches the Tequilla bottle off the bar. Senator Roman, behind Zombillante, has pulled a derringer out of his boot and is taking aim at Zombillante. As Pumpkin completes her spin the bottle whips into Senator Roman's head, knocking him out.

HO-MAN
You almost kilt me dog! Damn.

ZOMBILLANTE
If Jesus let me I woulda.

Ho-man, Zombillante, Maria, and Pumpkin head out the door and head to the stern.

INT. BOW DECK ABDUL'S YACHT - DAY

Abdul and the guards hear the shooting and start running towards the commotion, leaving Renee and Sue behind.

RENEE
Do you want to be in a harem Sue?

SUE
Not this week.

RENEE
Didn't think so. I got the Para
Sail Captain all worked up anyway.

Renee and Sue walk over to the boat railing and slide down the mooring rope, one after another. When they get in the para sail oat they untie the rope and start the engine. Then they maneuver the boat to the stern of Abdul's yacht.

INT. STERN DECK ABDULS YACHT - DAY.

Ho-man and Maria begin to climb aboard the para sail boat. Zombillante, still attached to Pumpkin, is lifting the MANPAD he stashed earlier from behind the life raft.

SUE
Hurry up.

ZOMBILLANTE
Ahh, here's my my little amigo.

Zombillante and Pumpkin climb aboard the para sail yacht with the MANPAD. Renee guns the boat. The para sail boat is about 40 yards away as Abdul and four guards reach the yacht's stern.

ABDUL ABDULAH
Shoot the infidels!

Several guards open fire on the speeding boat but the boat is moving out of range.

ABDUL ABDULAH
(to a guard)
Tell the captain to torpedo that
boat.

The guard runs off towards the pilot wheelhouse.

INT. PARA SAIL BOAT - DAY

Zombillante sits on the back chair of the para-sail boat with Pumpkin attached to his left wrist. He shoulders the MANPAD on his right side. Zombillante kisses Pumpkin and she kisses him back. Ho-man, Sue, and Maria sit on the other seats while Renee drives the boat. Bullets come near the boat and splash in the water.

MARIA RODRIGUEZ

Robert, Robert.

Maria tries to hug Zombillante but he ignores her and continues to kiss Pumpkin.

MARIA RODRIGUEZ

He doesn't know me, doesn't know
he's a tribal police officer.

HO-MAN

No he ain't no cop girl. He smokes
weed!

(to Zombillante)

Hey, you kissin my number one Zom.
That'll be fifty.

Zombillante stops kissing Pumpkin.

ZOMBILLANTE

First I gotta pay back Abdul.

Zombillante takes aim and fires the MANPAD missile. It takes off towards Abduls yacht. Pumpkin hugs Zombillante's arm.

ZOMBILLANTE

You got any beer?

Sue opens a cooler and tosses Zombillante a beer. He catches it without looking, opens it, and takes a swig.

ZOMBILLANTE P.O.V.

Zombillante sees the smoky trail of the missile approach the yacht which then explodes. Multiple explosions occur from the munitions on the yacht. The yacht sinks while on fire.

RETURN TO SCENE

Zombillante gives Ho-man a menacing glance.

ZOMBILLANTE

(to Ho-man)

You still needing a payback?

Ho-man weaves his arms in a gesture saying no. Zombillante looks at Pumpkin.

ZOMBILLANTE

(humming)

Jesus loves me yes I know. For the bible tells me so.

Maria looks over at Zombillante with surprise on her face while Pumpkin latches onto Zombillante's arm.

MARIA RODRIGUEZ

He used to sing that to me.

Pumpkin grabs Zombillante's head and pulls it towards her, then she kisses him deeply.

PUMPKIN

I love you too.